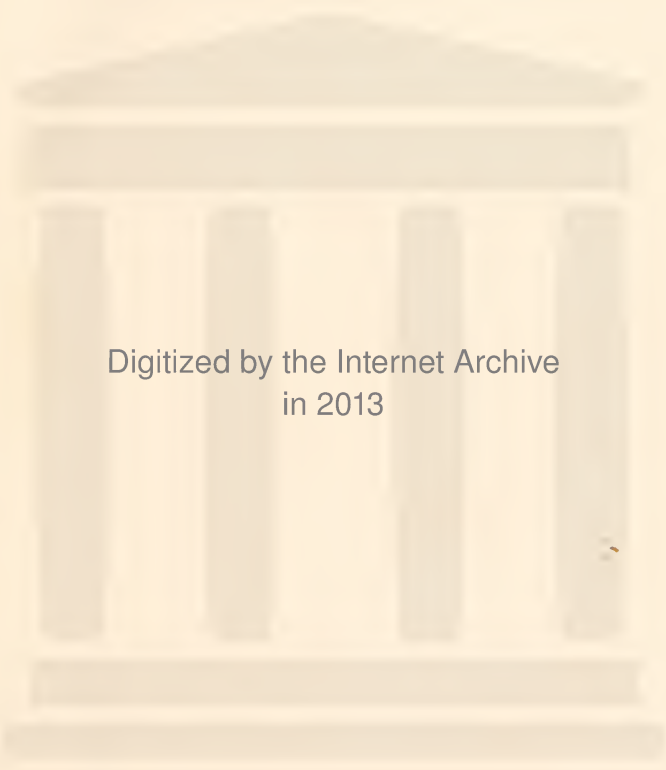


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The Chronicle

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VOL. XVIII. No. 1

SEPTEMBER, 1914

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Total	\$90,438.21	\$754,540.83
Interest from investments and other sources	18,954.20	130,771.72
Total Income	\$109,392.41	\$885,312.55
Income Multiplied More Than Eight Times in Nine Years		

Admitted Assets Dec. 31. 1904 \$333,977.61 1913 \$2,204,634.91

Assets Multiplied More Than Six Times in Nine Years

	1904	1913
Insurance in force	\$2,937,353.00	\$24,146,909.00
Insurance in Force Multiplied More than Eight Times in Nine Years		
Dividends paid to Policyholders during 1913 and amount set aside for payment during 1914	\$62,120.95 per cent.	
Interest earned during 1913 on mean amount invested in Mortgage Loans Considering saving in taxes on non-taxable securities, interest earned on total mean invested assets during 1913 is equivalent to	6.6 per cent.	
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The
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The Clemson College Chronicle

Valeat Quantum Valere Potest

Vol. XVIII.

Clemson College, S. C., October, 1914.

No 1.



EDITORS:

H. D. BARKER, '15

D. F. FOLGER, '16

C. G. HARRIS, '17

Gone

By W. J. H., '15.

ONE the bright vacation days
With all their wealth of joy and fun;
Lost within the autumn haze,
Lost beneath the golden sun.

Though often o'er our books we pore,
Though often burn the midnight oil,
Vacation days will come once more
Our lab'ring spirits to assail

"Col. R. A. Thompson"

S. C. STRIBLING, '16.

WE THINK it meet and proper that a few pages of the "Chronicle"—a publication edited by the boys of our beloved South Carolina, boys who are descendants of those brave and loyal wearers of the gray who so gallantly stood up and fought for their rights, boys who are proud of their State, and the stand she has always taken in the great questions with which she has been confronted—should be set aside to the memory of the lately deceased Col. Robert Anderson Thompson, of Walhalla, S. C.; who before his death was the last survivor of that grand body of men who met in convention first in Columbia and later in Charleston, in 1860, and adopted the ordinance of secession. There were 160 members in this convention, and to Col. Thompson fell the sad duty of burying his 159 comrades. Sad, sad, indeed, must have been his thoughts as he saw his beloved fellow-members go one by one until he alone of all that grand array of men was left. Truly we young South Carolinians should bow our heads in honor to this great man.

Robert Anderson Thompson was born in Pickens District, South Carolina, June 13th, 1828, and died at his home in Walhalla, S. C., August 7th, 1914. He was therefore at the time of his death passing into his eighty-seventh year. For all these long years he lived an honest, honorable, conscientious life. For long years he was called "Oconee's Grand Old Man," and truly he was grand in every sense of the word. He was a self-made man. In the thinly settled portion of the State where he was born and reared to young manhood there were few educational advantages. However, he was very eager to learn, and by diligence and perserverance he managed to get education enough to enable him to take a position on the old "Pendleton Messenger." This added to his educational

advantages, and he was not slow to grasp them. He later bought and edited "The Keowee Courier" which he moved from Old Pickens Court-house to Walhalla, after the division of Pickens District into Pickens and Oconee Counties. This paper today is acknowledged as one of the finest weekly newspapers of the State, and in no small degree does it owe its true greatness to the high tone imparted to it by Col. Thompson. He had been in public life for a great number of years. As early as 1853 he was appointed "Commissioner of Equity" for Pickens District, and held that office continuously until 1870, when the office was merged into that of Clerk of Court. For a number of years he represented Oconee County in the legislature. In 1860 he was elected a member of that convention, which assembled first in Columbia and finally in Charleston, and drew up the ordinance of secession, for which he voted. It is a rather peculiar circumstance that his was the central name among the signers of that famous document, there having been 160 signatures, and that of Col. Thompson, the last to survive, being the eighty-first.

Truly, the *Tall Mountain Spruce* of secession, has fallen. Like the mountain spruce, his home was at the foothills of the mountains. He was reared, surrounded, and supported by the pure air, wholesome mountain water, and nourishing products of this picturesque, virgin soil. All this environment forecasting the physical foundation of a man near to nature, with mental power, physical endurance, and religious convictions. All these combined to make this mountain spruce take deep and spreading roots, tall, trim, and neat trunk, broad and spreading branches, and in age, achievements, endurance, and power to serve, towering head and branches far above the surrounding forest of man-hood.

In secession convention he was conspicuous in standing equi-distant in the long line of 160 signers of the secession ordinance. He stood proudly on until the storms of reconstruction had passed and the balmy breezes of

the rebuilded south made life pleasant again. He lived to see Times' woodman fell all of those 159 splendid specimens of manhood.

Then, after a long life of faihtful service, he yields to the mid-summer breeze and falls and the sad heavy sound echoes throughout the first secession State.

Half-Breed Blood

FRANCIS PIERRE was a half-breed. He was tall, straight, dark-haired and as agile as a cat. He had a very quiet disposition but when aroused he reminded me of a raging torrent.

I made the acquaintance of Pierre during my college career at the University of Chicago. It happened in this way. Pierre was making his way through college by taking in every odd job that he could get, and from all appearances, I guessed that he was having a pretty hard time of it. One day I caught him in a very despondent mood. He looked so worn and down-cast that I could not help but express my sympathy by inquiring of him his trouble.

"I'm in a financial difficulty," he replied, "my college expenses have increased so much that I can't meet them, and work is hard to get."

Having more money than enough to meet my own expenses, I offered him aid. He gratefully accepted it with profuse promises to repay me at a later date. This was the beginning of my friendship with Pierre.

My room-mate's name was James Darr. He was a good fellow, gay and dashing, but at times inclined to be frivolous. We were the best of friends, though our natures were entirely different.

A few days before Pierre, Darr, and I graduated, for we were all in the same class. Darr made some frivolous remark about Pierre's personal appearance. Pierre resented the remark, and the quarrel that followed ended in a fight in which Pierre, who knew nothing of the art of boxing, was decidedly worsted. Being a friend of both boys, I tried to make peace between them; and, although Darr was willing, Pierre refused to be pacified.

Several years after our graduation, Darr and I planned a hunting trip to Canada. Early in November, we reached a little village in the province of Manitoba. We stayed there for the night.

The next morning we arose early; for it was necessary for us to secure a guide. During the course of our search for one, we ran upon Pierre. He was very generous with his greetings to me and doubly so I thought with Darr, considering the relationship which existed between them when they parted at college. However this feeling of surprise soon passed away. Learning of our failure to find a guide, Pierre volunteered his services.

Before leaving the Village, we went to the bar-room and ordered a hot breakfast, and, while we were consuming it, Pierre aroused our interest to the highest pitch by recounting to us some of his exploits while trapping and hunting.

On one occasion, he had barely escaped death. He had just completed the rounds of his traps with the exception of one, which was a bear trap. On this particular occasion, he had caught a fair-sized bear cub. In his efforts to free the cub, Pierre had laid aside his gun, and the mother of the cub was almost upon him before he became aware of her presence. A desperate struggle ensued. Pierre's only weapon was a large bowie knife. He finally stabbed the bear in a mortal spot, but not before he had received several ugly scratches.

This incident was only one of the many adventures, Pierre had met with; everyone of which aroused our interest and sharpened our eagerness for adventure.

By the time we had completed our preparations, the earlier part of the day had passed away. Pierre was to take us to his hunting cabin, which was situated at the head of a small lake thirty miles to the North. The ground was covered with snow, which had hardened until it was very firm and slick.

Our outfit consisted of a sled drawn by eight dogs, provisions sufficient for a fortnight, furs, three Marlin repeating rifles, three revolvers, and three bowie knives. In addition to this, we had a supply of snow-shoes.

By nightfall we reached Pierre's cabin in which we were soon installed. After preparing and eating a hot supper, we lighted our pipes, and before a roaring log fire we made ourselves comfortable for the night.

Lying lazily before the fire, James and I listened for hours to Pierre's glowing description of the country about us. Now and then, we were interrupted by the barking of the gray timber wolf as he passed by in search of food. We turned in for sleep at about midnight.

The next morning James and I were awakened by Pierre, who had prepared breakfast for us. The repast was keenly enjoyed by all. During the consumption of it, Pierre, informed us that snow was falling too heavily for us to venture out that day. So we had to be content until weather conditions favored us.

The snowfall continued for the day and far into the night. The next morning I was awake before my companions, and finding that the snow had ceased to fall, I ventured out alone for a morning walk. A brisk wind was blowing, and I found the air very invigorating. I took no notice of land marks or direction, relying on the footsteps I made in the soft snow to guide me back to the cabin. During the walk, I several times, came very near falling head foremost into the snow that had collected in drifts. My walk probably lasted fifteen or twenty minutes, before I concluded to return to the cabin. Turning about, I had retraced my steps fifty yards when I was suddenly brought to a halt. The wind had risen until there was a fierce gale. My tracks had been completely covered up by the fresh snow that the wind had blown about. I was in a quandary, but I made a guess at the direction and hastened on; for the gale promised to be furious. Now and then, I would fall head foremost into a deep snow-drift, but I scrambled out and continued to struggle onward. I kept going in this way until I discovered that I walked in a circle, instead of making progress forward. But with a dogged determination, I started out anew. My

search for the cabin had lasted two hours when I again discovered that I had made a second circuit.

I sat down on a log at my wit's end, only to be aroused by the report of a rifle shot. I reasoned that it must have been fired by either Darr or Pierre, and I immediately set out in the direction from which the report of the rifle came. The firing continued at regular intervals, and in fifteen or twenty minutes, I came in sight of the cabin. Pierre was standing in the doorway looking anxiously in every direction. When he caught sight of me, he hastened in my direction. He grasped me by the hand in such a manner as indicated that he never expected to see me again.

After receiving my explanation, Pierre positively forbade me to venture out alone again. "It is suicide," he said, and then he startled me by asking if I had seen James. I replied that I had not, and then he related to me the circumstances.

"I awoke this morning to find that James and you were both gone. I immediately went to the door and tried to follow you, but your tracks had been completely obliterated by the snowdrifts. Finding that this was useless, I began to fire the gun. In a short while, you showed up, but James has not."

"We must continue to fire the gun," he continued, "for if he does not show up pretty soon, he is lost."

This statement aroused me into action. James must be found by all means. I at once proposed to go in search of him, but Pierre soon convinced me how useless such a course would be. So we had to be content with firing the gun. This we kept up for several hours—until hope had waned to the lowest ebb. Then we gave it up as useless. By now James was probably frozen to death.

It was now nearly nightfall, and as we had had nothing to eat the whole day, we hastily prepared supper. When we had finished eating, James had failed to show up. Being very tired, Pierre and I retired at once for the

night. I fell immediately to sleep for the strain of the day had completely exhausted me.

During the night, I was strangely awakened. I looked for Pierre, but he was nowhere to be seen. When I became aware of a slight noise that seemed to come from beneath the cabin. I listened, keenly alert for any repetition of the noise. I was soon rewarded. Without making any noise, I placed my ear to the floor. Then I discovered that someone was talking. I recognized the voice of Pierre. He was talking in a low tone, and he seemed to be gloating over something. Now I could faintly make out his words.

"You shall pay dearly," he said, "for every blow you struck me that day, you will suffer a day's starvation. At the end of that time which will be sixteen days, I will take my bowie knife and carve a piece of your flesh off next to your heart, every day until you die." He kept repeating this seeming to derive great delight from the torment he was inflicting upon his victim, who was without a doubt, James.

I at once resolved what course I must pursue. For the present James was safe. I went back to bed and lay there quietly, and very soon Pierre made his appearance, coming through a trap-door in the floor of the cabin. He made scarcely any noise. The next morning at breakfast, I casually remarked that James might show up yet, but Pierre dismissed the idea as utterly impossible.

I was now watching Pierre's every movement; for the time had come to act. He had some griddle cakes roasting in an oven by the fire. He arose and going to the fire, he stooped over with his back turned toward me and turned the cakes. When he faced toward me, I had him covered with my revolver.

"Hands up!" I commanded.

His hands flew instantly above his head. "I don't understand," he muttered. I made him acquainted with the facts, and then driving him ahead at the point of my re-

volver, I forced him to open the trap door. Beneath was James, securely bound. I made Pierre cut him loose. When, after James had stretched and rubbed his muscles into action, I had him to tie Pierre's hands behind his back.

While I guarded Pierre, James hitched the dogs to the sled. We started on our way back to the Village forcing Pierre to guide us. We reached the Village some time before nightfall, but when within a quarter of a mile of it, we freed Pierre's hands. When for the sake of our former friendship, I let him go after having turned him back in the direction of his cabin. We never saw Pierre again.

G. F. M., '15.

This Chance

By "PAT" S., '15.

THE COLLEGE bell rang; as its last sound pealed forth, the weary warriors of the gridiron gathered around the coach. In a few seconds every man was there, even old Peg McQuire, who had been trying for the foot ball team for the last three years, but who had about as much speed as the ordinary funeral procession. The field was soon deserted except for the group, which stood around the coach waiting for orders, all the other students having been summoned to supper. "Boys," said coach, "I believe everyone here knows me except the new men, to them I wish the best of luck."

"This year marks the beginning of a great schedule. We have dropped our minor games and added in place of these, only such games as those with Vanderbilt, Tech, Auburn, Tennessee and others of their class. To beat such teams as these will require work, obedience to orders, and a great amount of training. We want the best team possible; so, when I put a certain man on the team, don't grumble because you think you aren't treated fairly but work all the harder and beat him out for that position. I believe this is all I have to say,—go to your rooms, rub down well, and be on hand tomorrow.

After the close of this speech the husky warriors trotted off the field to their rooms. This was the beginning of a great season that lay before them. Day after day the candidates for the various positions worked faithfully from four to seven o'clock, only leaving the field when it was too dark to see the pig skin.

Every day, the students gathered in groups along the side line and discussed the prospects for a winning team. When they had their minds made up that a certain fellow was to play a certain position, their guessing was made in vain by the coach's placing that particular young man on the scrub and placing someone else in his position. Thus

were the side liners and players kept in a state of confusion as to who had really made varsity.

Did this make them play hard? Well put yourself in their places and see what you would do.

Among the players on last year's varsity, was Sandy Peppers a quick, little quarter back, who besides winning his coveted "C" had earned much fame and who had also become a terror to his opponents. This year coach had kept his eye on Sandy with the hope of developing a star out of him. However he kept his interest in Sandy to himself so well that no one upon the side lines could notice it.

Among the condidates for the position of quarter back, was Ned Fuller an experienced "Prep" player, who was playing great ball, keeping the side lines awake as he pulled off great runs and showed that he possessed plenty of grit. In weight he was just a few pounds lighter than Sandy, this difference not being visible to any one except a close observer.

As the practice season wore on and the day of the great game with Tech came nearer, the puzzling question of who was to play quarter-back became the talk everywhere. Everyone loved Sandy Peppers. Off the field he was pleasant and full of fun as he could be and of course a general favorite. On the field he was a quick, wiry, peppery, clear headed player, playing best when his temper was at its highest pitch. It seemed to everyone that he played better when angry.

At present Ned Fuller had been playing quarter-back for the varsity, while Sandy occupied the opposing position on the scrub. Every evening the students would gather along the side lines and watch these two opposing players. One day Ned would make a beautiful run, or the Goddess of Luck would be with him, the next day she was with Sandy, thus the days wore on.

Just two weeks before the big game, Ned had the misfortune to wrench his ankle, and, to fill his place, Sandy was chosen.

The question of who was to play the position of quarter back now became a burning one. Every where you could hear the question "Do you think Ned's leg will be all right." Sandy seemed happy to think he would probably play the coveted position, but when he thought of Ned, his spirits dropped.

He and Ned were the best of friends; it was a pity, he thought, that they were both after the same position.

Sandy's father was an old Clemson man himself, in fact he had starred as a quarter-back in by-gone days, and, as he read from his paper, in the office that morning, that Sandy would probably play in the coming game, his heart was filled with joy—so much so that he sat down and wrote his son to expect him to be present at the game. To make Sandy's pleasure more complete he enclosed twenty-five dollars as a gift.

When Sandy realized that his dad was to be present, he felt like telling every body; for he was proud of his dad, his only companion since his mother had died. Ever since that time, they had fished, hunted, discussed business together and were more like two school children than father and son.

The day before the great game had arrived and the news that Ned's leg was better came from the hospital. The college doctor had announced that Ned might play if he wished. The time before the posting of the line up on the bulletin board, found an anxious group of students gathered there awaiting the announcement of who was to play. As they talked, the names of Ned and Sandy became audible, as some one more excited than another would raise his voice in discussing the question.

In a few minutes the anxiety was rendered more tense by the coach, who came up with a slip of paper in his hands. As he nodded the boys drew back long enough to enable him to get to the board and post the line up. As he began writing, they drew closer, watching every movement of his hand. Soon he wrote "Quarter back"—as

he did so, every one waited in suspense—yes he was writing something opposite that word! Whose name was it? No it couldn't be Sandy's, for an S didn't begin that way—now it was written plainly, "Ned Fuller." As every one read the name, they withdrew in groups as if to discuss the coach's decision. "Its too bad," said Tom Steele as he spoke to a group of friends, "to think that poor Sandy isn't to play, when he's been working like a mad-man. Won't it be a disappointment to him?" Thus were the sentiments of a great many expressed.

The great day had come. Before three o'clock the campus began to throng with people. Machines drew up to the side lines till there was a solid line of cars. Some bore the old gold and purple, others the yellow and white. On one side, the grandstands were covered with the Tech-ites, on the other the lovers of the old gold and purple watched the two teams at practice below. Bands representing each side played familiar college airs, while ardent admirers sang the accompaniment. Banners streamed here and there, while the crowd waited in anxiety for the beginning of the great game. In the Clemson grandstand, sat a gray haired gentleman watching to see if he could recognize a familiar form in the squad of Tigers practicing below. As he watched, a sudden expression of anxiety and sorrow swept over his face; when he failed to recognize his boy's form. The yells, so familiar, reminded him of twenty years ago, when he had stood on that same ground and played for the same college. Yes he loved that college today, as he had loved it twenty years ago, he rejoiced in her victories, was sorry when she lost. In his mind there came a picture of a certain day twenty years ago when he had played the position of quarter back before an anxious crowd of friends and foes. As he thought of the boy's mother, who had sat there, and smiled upon him then, tears came to his eyes. Now she was in the grave and only his boy—her boy—had been left to help him fight the battles of life. As he sat there, from

his lips arose an humble prayer asking that his boy might play for him, this day.

The game opened—as the signals rang forth, each side squatted, while those on the side line awaited the rush, in suspense. Time after time, they battered one another. The ball being first in one sides possession and then the others. Every play known was resorted to by each team, but the men of the opposing side were wide awake and broke trick play after trick play. Often the ball was carried into the others territory and the goal post loomed up only a few yards distant. Here the defenders of that territory stood like a brick wall and downed their foes, almost in their tracks. End runs were tried but failed. Kick formations were resorted to and the ball kept spinning in the air from side to side.

The second quarter ended with the score 0 to 0 and both teams, tired and bruised, lay panting between whistles. While they lay thus, side line attendants kept the air vibrant with yells.

The third quarter opened. Both teams were tired and sore. The tension was telling upon every player. Tech kept the ball most of the time, while the Clemson rooters cheered their battered and bruised teams on to victory. In the latter part of the third quarter, Clemson became firm and held their opponents for four downs, and the ball went over. The Clemson team putting every ounce of their strength into the fight pushed the ball up the field, while the Tech rooters held their breath in suspense. All of a sudden, a signal rang forth, and with lightning quickness "Ned Fuller" Clemson's star quarter back seized the ball and disappeared through the lines. The Tech players were caught unaware, as Ned running at full speed darted by each man who stood between him and the goal; a wild cheer arising from Clemson's side line, grew into a deafening roar. On the other side Tech rooters with wide open mouths and eyes saw the danger they were in. Ned Fuller sped on, between him and the

goal, crouching ready to spring, was a tense figure. He tried to escape the tackle, when the goal post loomed up only 10 yards away, the figure in front of Ned sprang forward—Ned felt his feet fly from beneath him and he forgot all else. As he fell flat, the crowd awaited to see him rise, but he lay motionless. The referee and coaches gathered around him and worked, but the gritty little quarter-back failed to come to. His unconscious form was carried from the field amid yells of "Rah", 'rah,' rah,'—Fuller!" from the Clemson side, while the Techites clapped their hands in admiration, as the gritty little fellows' form disappeared from the field.

Coach Gibson came over to Sandy and whispered something in his ear, with eager hands Sandy placed on his nose-guard and head protector, and hastened to his awaiting companions. Once again the Tigers rushed the ball nearer, till it lay within four yards of the goal; when the Techites gained it. Slowly the disheartened Tigers were forced down the field to the fifty yard line,—then the whistle blew.

The fourth quarter commenced with both teams fighting with all their strength. Skill, speed, endurance, muscles and brain—all were put to test. Among those who were fighting hardest was Sandy, his curly auburn head popping up here and there. Tech with her weight was pushing the Tigers down the field. Nearer, and then appeared the goal post, every one was waiting in suspense. As both teams crouched on Clemson's ten yard line, the silence could be felt, an error here would be costly; it was any body's game it seemed. Tech's signal rang out. As the last one died out a yellow clad figure climbed over the awaiting wall, stumbled and fell—as he did so, the ball fell out of his arm. Sandy was near. He seized it—with a flash he was gone. Down the field he sped. There was only one figure between him and the goal, that figure was running at full speed, hoping to cut Sandy off. Nearer and nearer together they drew until the goal was only

three yards distant. As Sandy neared that spot, the crouching figure sprang; they both fell and rolled over. As Sandy opened his eyes he saw a white line behind him, a deafening yell of "Rah, rah, rah,—Sandy!" arose above the referees whistle. Sandy realized now that the game was won. Before he could think of anything else, he was caught on friendly shoulders and carried from the field. As his figure disappeared from view, a gray haired gentleman shook with emotion. Down his cheeks streamed tears of joy—it was their first victory over Tech since he had played twenty years ago. And as the tears trickled down his face, while yells of "Sandy! Sandy!" drowned out everything else, he exclaimed to himself "my boy, 'my boy,' our prayers have been answered."

In the Autumn Time

By W. J. H., '15.

THE BURNING summer months are past;
Yet bleak winter has not truly come,
But that happy time when men are fast
Within the harvest fields, and home
Is noisy with the busy hum
Of wives and girls who love their task.

But in the glowing evening time
When sinks the sun's last golden ray
Below the hills, and the long line
Of shadows darkly fade away;
'Tis then at the close of day
We feel that nature is divine.

Across the hill they wend their way,
The happy toilers of the fields;
Content they are with nature's pay,
The abundant harvest which she yields;
For wealth is theirs, and joy that steals
The dragging winter hours away.

IN MEMORIAM
WILLIAM ROY JETER.
BORN NOVEMBER, 1894
DIED JUNE, 1914. _

IN MEMORIAM.
DAVID WORTH BUSH.
BORN SEPTEMBER, 1896
DIED JULY, 1914.

IN MEMORIAM
GEORGE FRED LANHAM.
DIED AUGUST, 1914.
BORN APRIL, 1895

A Motive

By H. D. B., '15.

DAVIDSON will be out tomorrow," exclaimed the glad mother to her husband, "and Edward will be here late tomorrow evening. This letter is from him. He has won the Lawrence Medal for the best oration. And here is a letter from one of his professors congratulating us on the excellent record of our son. Listen what it says—

"You should feel proud of your son—not merely because of his remarkable power of oratory, but, because of the class record he is making. He had the second best class record during his Freshman year, and this year he is leading the Sophomore Class, so far.

"We earnestly hope that you will let nothing deter him from completing his well-begun course here.

"With kindest regards to you, and all good wishes for the continued success of your son, I am

Yours sincerely,

J. B. Wright.' "

Next day a mother's joy was realized, her son came rushing into her arms—home again to remind her of the days when he was a playful boy around her knees.

But this pleasant home life was not to last all summer, as they had planned. Edward had not been home more than three weeks when great flaring headlines began to appear across the newspapers that the powerful nations of Europe were threatening each other with war. Edward's father began to look worried and watched the papers with great anxiety.

"Annie," he said to his wife one day as he threw down the paper he was reading, "that war is coming for a certainty—and we are ruined. You know we didn't plant anything this year but cotton, and it is all we will have to live on next year. And if this war lasts any time, it

will just ruin the cotton market, and our hard times begin."

"Yes," she replied, "it will be hard; though, I don't think I'll mind that near so much as I do the fact that Edward will have to give up his college education."

"Don't worry over that, Annie, darling, you know it is impossible to send him back this year, so don't worry over impossible things of the future. For the present we must bridge over the financial conditions the best we can: it is how and what we do now that influences our son's destiny as well as our own.

" 'Tis the present that counts, not the future,
You are measured by what you are,
And the deeds which today you're doing,
Outweight what you may do by far.

It is well to have hope, to look forward,
And rejoice in the days to be;
But today, by each thought and each action,
You are shaping your destiny.

It is doing that wins, not dreaming,
Though noble your dreams may be;
For a dream may die in a minute,
But a deed lives eternally.

Then be strong for today, and tomorrow
Your strength will suffice for your needs.
And each dream and each aspiration
Will blossom in beautiful deeds.' "

"You are right, John. I am proud of you, my smart husband. Anyway, I have about changed my mind in regard to it being so essential that Edward must complete his college course. I have almost come to the conclusion that it matters very little, for Edward has imbedded in

his character the 'making of a man' and will make a success out of life under almost any conditions."

"No, Annie, you are wrong again. I did not mean that because he must stop out this year, his education must end. We must and will send him back just as soon as financial conditions open up again. He must complete his education. While there is a chance for a man to make a very fair success in the business world without an education, yet his chances are far more limited. And even if he does, he cannot give the world all that is in him; for just as the rough diamond does not reveal its sparkling rays until it is properly cut and polished, so a man cannot reveal the best and noblest things in him till he is properly polished—properly educated."

"Oh, John, you should have been a preacher instead of a farmer anyway. But you must tell Edward, so that he won't be making any arrangements to go back."

Edward was more deeply grieved at this intelligence than his parents had expected him to be. It was hard for him, though. He had been so interested in his work at college, and he had planned to do so much more during the last two years—yes, and there were all his classmates expecting him to be back, and had elected him to fill several little offices. "And I can't get to go back," he muttered. "But I must go back, and I am going to, too, if I can get out and make enough money to go back on. I'll do it, I know I will, for I am a strong believer in that old saying, 'If we have sufficient will, we shall always have sufficient means.' It is nine weeks till school opens."

Next day his father found him packing his trunk.

"What does this mean, son?"

"Well, papa, I can hardly make my way here, so I am going to get out and see if I can't make enough to go back to school on."

"Go your way, Edward. I know you can't make that much money, but then you will get some good practical

experience looking out for yourself for a while. Where do you think you can get a job just for nine weeks?"

"I am going to go to South Georgia to pack peaches," he replied. "You want to know how I got the job so suddenly? Well, yesterday evening John Dendy, one of my classmates, passed here and said that he was not going to take the job Professor Wright had obtained for them with Mr. A. J. Watson, Fort Valley, Georgia. And thus he gave his place to me. He said that I would have to start soon in the morning in order to get there with the rest of the boys, tomorrow night."

"Son, I must say that you are a true chip off the old block to tackle such a job—working in the peach fuzz down in that hot country. I am proud to see such determination."

Next night found Edward nearing his destination. When the train stopped, he saw a large crowd of men gathered around the station. "I wonder what such a crowd is here at this time of the night for?" he thought. But he soon discovered that they were disappointed peach packers. Several of them gathered around him, one spoke:

"You come to pack peaches, too? Well, I am sorry for you. There have been something like three thousand people here looking for jobs this summer. It seems that if anybody in three hundred miles of here get laid off for a while in the summer they come rushing in here to get a nittle of the peach money. And here are the results, scores of them are here without jobs, money, or friends. Take my advice, you had better swing a freight out of here tonight."

"Thank goodness, I already have a job," said Edward as he passed on.

Early next morning he went to see his bossman, A. J. Watson, and found that the peaches were hardly ready to put up yet on account of the dry weather; so he couldn't go to work for two or three days.

"But," said Edward, "if you have anything else for me to do, I would like to do it. I can't afford to loaf just two days."

"You don't mean to say that you could stand to get out in this hot sun—the thermometer read 108 degrees in the shade here yesterday—and work, do you?"

"Yes, I can stand anything any ordinary man can."

"Well, you have come with the proper spirit, young man, and if I can think of anything for you to do, I'll put you at it. But at most, it will only be two days."

Edward spent most of this time in looking over the big orchards around there. The great fields of upland in which the orchards were set were so level that only a few trees could be seen at a time. The second day he went out to Mr. Wright's orchard, which contains sixteen hundred acres, and is claimed to be the largest individual peach orchard in the world. The previous summer it had netted its owner forty thousand dollars, as he was expecting fully as much this summer.

The third day he and the other Davidson boys that had come were sent out to an outside place to go to work. As soon as the train stopped, they rushed to their boarding house, put on their work clothes and went out to the packing house ready to start to work. But the shed boss told them that there was not enough fruit coming in to justify putting on any more men for a day or so.

Nearly every boy in the bunch was "broke" by now, and of course was sorely disappointed at being put off again.

"I don't believe that he is going to put us to work at all," said one. "I am going to write home that I am fired; send me money at once to come home on."

"I am going to hire a lawyer and hold Mr. Watson to his contract. He sent for us to come, and I am going to have my money if he doesn't live up to the contract," said another.

"Yes, but what are we going to do to pass away the

time for the present? Write letters and sleep? Well, come on. What, you are not going back to the hotel with us, Edward?"

"No," he replied, "you can all go back that want to but I am going to stay here and be learning to pack, so that when he does put me to work I'll know how."

"You can stay here and work for nothing if you want to," they jeered, "but we won't."

Edward did stay and pitched into packing just as if he had been hired. But he felt almost discouraged at the little showing he made among the expert packers. It was easy enough to learn how to arrange the peaches so as to make the required pack, but to learn the speed seemed impossible. Work as he would, the old packers just across the bin would put up four and five crates to his one.

At quitting time the Foreman came to him and said, "Do you think you can put up a hundred crates a day?"

"I don't know. But if that is the average for the new men, I guess I can."

"All right, you can begin work in the morning. I'll put you to carrying empty crates for the present, and will start you in to packing just as soon as there is an opening. I will have to start you new men in at a dollar and a half a day—and board of course—and you stand a chance of making two and a half soon or an opportunity to count the cross ties home."

He started to work very zealously next morning, and two days later, just as the other boys started to work, he was raised to two dollars. And the Foreman told some of his best packers, "Look out, boys, one of my college lads over here is going to beat you professional packers if he keeps on."

Two weeks before the season was over he began drawing fifteen dollars per week. Then just before they finished the crop at Fort Valley, the Foreman offered to take Edward with him to the North Georgia fruit belt

as bookkeeper and paymaster in a packing house at Cornelia. At this he would draw eighteen dollars per week, board, and railroad fare up there.

This job lasted a little over three weeks. At the end of that time, Edward counted up his money and found that he had cleared one hundred eighteen dollars.

"Well," he said to himself, "I am safe. With what outside help I can get at home, I can easily go back to college this fall."

The overseer had become greatly interested in Edward and hated to give him up.

"Say, Edward," he said, "there is no use in your going home now. Go up to West Virginia with us and help pack apples."

"No, I can't; for if I go back to college on time, I couldn't stay up there long enough to make expenses."

"Don't think about expenses," laughed the overseer, "you can do like my brother did on his first fruit-packing venture. He came down here and worked all summer, and at the end of the season was robbed of his money. He was already homesick and you can guess this didn't help him much. He just must go home. So he persuaded two devilish boys to go with him, and here is how they got home. They got up food enough to do them two days, crawled into one of these ventilated fruit cars, and allowed themselves to be locked up in there. They had a big time for the first day or two eating, and playing poker with what little money they had till one of them got all the money then they would divide up and start over. But for some unaccountable reason the car got side tracked for three days, and their food gave out. And for two whole days they had nothing to eat except the peaches they tore out of the crates. They finally got to Chicago, their destination, only to find themselves into more hard luck. When the car was opened and they were discovered, policemen were called to take them into custody.

"Now, Cops," they cried, "take us anywhere you

please after you get us something to eat, but we are not going anywhere till we do go get something to eat. And, say, if you don't want to see a waiter murdered you had better warn him not to let *peaches* be found on the bill of fare."

"A very unique trip," laughed Edward, "but I hardly care to try it, I believe.

"And," he continued, "now before I leave, I want to thank you for the favors you have shown me; for had you not treated me so, it would have been impossible for me to have gone back to college this fall."

"Don't say favors, Edward. I have shown you none, you deserve all you have got through me. You just simply got down and worked for it. And, say, won't you share with me the secret of the motive that has caused you to work so unusually well?"

"There is no secret in it. I just had to have the money, but one thing that helped to keep me inspired was glancing in my hat every morning and reading

'If you can fill the unforgiving minute

With sixty seconds' worth of distance run,
Yours is the earth and everything that's in it,

And—which is more—You'll be a man, my son."

H. D. B., '15.

The Artful Moonshiners

S. C. STRIBLING, '16.



ONE PLEASANT afternoon during the past vacation I was with several of my young friends at my home town, Richland, South Carolina. While we were laughing and talking, I noticed a rather showily dressed young man come up and sit down on a bench near us. He seemed to be an utter stranger. I noticed that he was wearing a fob bearing on it the seal of one of the greatest and most popular technical colleges of the South, so, being a college student myself, I went up and made myself known to him. I introduced him to some of my friends, and he was soon conversing familiarly with them. I did not at the time notice it, but I have since considered it rather unusual how soon he had turned the subject of conversation to ghost stories and mysterious topics in general. He was soon telling of a very unusual experience which he claimed to have recently had. He said that he was up in this section of the country looking for a small farm, and in wandering about looking over some of the farms of the section, he had let night catch him in what are familiarly known to the Richland people as Doyle's Hills. These hills are really almost mountains, and are covered with heavy forests. There are several of them, and between two of them there is an unusually large and dark hollow. This young man claimed that a farmer with whom he was talking that afternoon had warned him not to get caught in these hills, and especially warned him not to get into this dark hollow, telling him that many years ago a very mean man had killed his aged father, who was a miser and claimed to have a large fortune buried in this hollow somewhere. He said that the farmer had told him that the "spirits" of the old man appeared in this hollow, and would chase off anyone who appeared after night, as if he were protecting his fortune. He said that on the night before,

he was wandering around in this hollow trying to find his directions, when upon hearing something behind him, he turned round, and, "Behold! there stood a snowy-white figure." Just as he turned to look at it, he said that it groaned slightly, and started toward him. It is of course useless to say what happened. He did exactly what you or I would have done under similiar circumstances—he ran.

This story created a good deal of excitement among the younger inhabitants of the community, and a good many of the older ones, too. Of course every time the tale was repeated it was enlarged upon, until finally it got to be a pretty big tale. Somehow from the very beginning I could not make myself believe it; for all of my life I had lived in sight of Doyles' Hill, and had been all through these hills several times opossum hunting, and never before had I heard about the old man. So it seemed rather odd to me that a perfect stranger should hear such a tale so soon. I talked with him after my friends had left, and questioned him closely, but he seemed always to tell the same story, so I concluded that he was either telling the truth, or had some fixed purpose in telling such a tale. I told him to his face that I did not believe his story, and he dared me to go with him the next night and see for myself. After talking so big about it there was nothing for me to do but go, so I agreed. We were to meet at Richland the next evening just about sunset and walk down together. I asked him, that in case he didn't come, where I was to ask about him, but his answer was very indefinite, so I concluded he wanted to keep his lodging place a secret. This I considered as another proof that there was something wrong somewhere.

I keep my part of the agreement and went to Richland the next evening, but as I had half expected the young man did not appear. I asked about him and found that he had been in town early in the afternoon, but had gone

without leaving any message for me. I concluded that rather than be laughed at I would go alone. I walked on, and came to the hollow about nine o'clock. At first I did not see anything unusual, and was just about ready to turn back and go home, when I heard something behind me. Turning around, I saw a white object about the size of a man, coming towards me in the darkness. I started towards it, when it said, "Well, young fellow looks like you are to be my first victim." "I think you are mistaken," says I, "for if you get me you've got to run." And run it did, but not quite fast enough to catch me for I was moving some myself. It run after me for about one hundred yards and then stopped. I concluded that if he was guarding his treasure that he could just have it, as I didn't care for it any way. I, of course, was not scared, but I just considered it not best for my future good to stay longer.

The next day I did a bad thing. My friends asked me about my trip and I lied, told them that I did not go. They of course laughed at me, and called me "Feather-legged." I told them to prove that I was not that I would go that night. I dared any of them to go with me. One of the boys who was about my age said that he would go. So that night just about the same time as on the previous night I made my second visit to the "Haunted Hollow," this time in company with my young friend. We went almost straight to the spot where I had seen the ghost the night before. We could see nothing ghostly, so I said "Ha! ha! and where are you tonight, old man?" "Right here," was the almost instant answer. "Where?" says I. But he did not need to make an answer, for just then we caught sight of a hideous skeleton of a man's head. It seemed to be illuminated, for it stood out distinctly in the surrounding darkness. Ah! the fearful, awful sight. A man's head! He seemed to be grinning at us, as if to say, "Are you satisfied now?" His eyes shone out bright. His teeth were plainly visible. Ah, and

horror of horrors! the top of his skull was cracked as if an axe had been stuck into it. There could now be no doubt. This was really the skull of the old man who had been killed and whose "ghost" was guarding this hollow. "What do you want," the skull seemed to say. "The power to run" answered we. Just then the skull seemed to move, and the bones rattled, and the power to run came to us all right.

The next morning I carried some corn to the little corn mill near my home known for years as the "Mauldin Mill." When I arrived at the mill, I found that one of my neighbors who lived just below Doyles Hill on Conneross Creek, and who, in consequence of his fine bottom-lands on this creek, always made many hundreds of bushels of corn, was ahead of me with an unusually large "turn" of corn to be ground. I went in and talked with him and the miller, and just happened to notice that the meal was being bround very coarse, too coarse in fact to make good bread. I wondered what he could want with so much coarse meal, but I said nothing. After he had gone with his load of meal, I asked the miller about him, and he said that this was the second time in the past week that this same man had brought large "turns" of corn to his mill, and it had all been ground coarse. I wondered at this, but did not have any idea of his purpose in having so much coarse meal ground. While loitering around the mill, by mere chance I happened to pick up an old torn letter, which I presumed the farmer must have carelessly thrown away that morning. Imagine please my surprise and anger when I read in plain hand-writing the following message:

Dear Jack, Our scheme is working fine. Have scared two, and the tale is well spread, so I don't think we will have any more trouble with visitors. Come tonight at ten prepared to begin operations."

(Signed) "The Artful Moonshiner."

I read this note twice or thrice before its full significance struck me. I soon began to get the connection, however. I instantly hunted up the friend who had been with me the night before, and when he had read the letter he was as convinced as I was that we now had a clue to the "Spirit business." We both, being friends of the county sheriff, got appointed as deputies for a few days without giving any definite explanation. We planned another visit for that night, and made preparations to spend the entire night in the woods if necessary. We each secured a good revolver, and two or three pairs of handcuffs, and taking a pocket flash-light we started about dark for the place where we had seen the ghosts, determined this time to hold our own against all the ghosts of the hollow, and to laugh at the old man should he appear. As a protection we each tied a small cow-bell around our necks, so that if we made any noise, anyone who might happen to be listening would think we were cows. We walked almost to the place, and then getting down on our hands and knees, we crawled up to the place, listening carefully all the time. It was a still cloudy night, and "as dark as Egypt." We kept our bells ringing all the time, and in order to further carry out the deception, we would every little while break off a green twig or rub up against a tree. We carried out the deception so perfectly that I am sure a trained cow-boy could not have discovered the mistake fifty yards from us. We made our way cautiously on up the hollow until we arrived at the exact spot where we had seen the "spirits" the night before. As we had expected, there was no spirit to be seen tonight. We had not been there long, however, when the skull appeared very much as on the previous occasion. We just kept quiet this time, although we had to fight manfully, as the thing certainly was a hideous sight. But we were determined not to make a false move, so we kept quiet. After about an hour had elapsed the skull disappeared. We still kept very quiet,

as we thought that it must be about ten o'clock, and we were anxious to see if "Jack" would come prepared to begin operations." We must have been pretty good guessers, for soon we heard a low guarded whistle over on the opposite side of the hollow from where we were. This was indeed a critical moment for us. Would the signal be answered? The whistle was repeated, only a little louder this time. Instantly we heard the answer, and in a very short time a door was opened right into the side of the hill, and a man came to the door. We raised slightly in order to get a better view. Imagine our feelings when we saw through this door a full distillery outfit, all in readiness for operation. In fact, a large amount of "mash" had already been prepared. A young man was standing in the door to welcome the newcomer. They shook hands silently, and for the next half hour they were busily engaged in carrying sacks of meal from a wagon somewhere back on the hill and depositing them in their den. They then went in, closing the door after them. Soon after they had gone in, we again started moving about, always ringing our little bells and pulling some branches. We did not go directly towards the door, but wandered about in circles gradually getting nearer. One of them came out to the door and looked around, but our deception was so good that he went back in, thinking all was safe.

The door was certainly well concealed, as it took us nearly two hours to find it. Finally, however, we were successful. It was artfully concealed near a brush pile, which in the daytime must have been placed over it. We peeped through a crack in the door and could see the two operators busily at work with their backs to us, so we could not recognize them. We waited a few minutes to make sure that they did not think they were discovered, and also to make sure as to the workings of the door. All this time we were constantly ringing our little bells and apparently grazing about.

Suddenly we burst the openings of the door and rushed in, covering the two men with our revolvers as we entered. The surprise was so successful that we had little trouble in making the two men prisoners. Neither of us were much surprised to find that one of them was the showily dressed young man who had told the yarn at Richland, and the other the farmer who had been having so much meal ground. They both soon admitted that the entire story about the old man was a falsehood, and that they had invented it to scare people away from their hollow, so that there would be less danger of their "still" being discovered. The young man also said that before he was expelled from college he had learned how to throw lights to form images. He showed us his battery, and explained how he could throw the lights. We went outside, and there, fastened by a wire, was the skull. The young prisoner admitted that he had talked for the ghosts, and that he had recognized me the first night. I could now fully understand why he had failed to keep his appointment with me the first night, and also where so much coarse meal had gone. They were very anxious to know how we had discovered their scheme, and when I showed them the letter, they bitterly cursed the luck which had thrown it into my possession.

We spent the night in their den, which was nothing more than a cave dug into the side of the hill. The next morning we carried our artful prisoners to the sheriff's office, and they were soon properly lodged in jail to await trial. I am sure by now you are ready with me to call them "Artful moonshiners."

Electrical Illuminants

W. E. B., '15.

THE USE of electricity as an artificial source of illumination has become so universal in the past few years that it is now not only desirable, but almost essential, that the every-day man know at least the fundamental characteristics of some of the most common forms of these illuminants.

Before considering them in detail, it would be well to correct a false impression which seems prevalent among many. The efficiency or success of an illumination scheme depends only in part upon the brilliancy of the light. Success is largely measured by the degree of clearness with which the eye perceives objects as to color and shape. Intense brilliancy in a light is generally highly undesirable. Furthermore the ideal light should show an object in its accustomed colors and illuminate its sides with equal intensity So much for this phase of the subject.

The most common light in use today is the incandescent bulb, or carbon filament lamp. This form depends upon the heating property of an electric current for its light. A small current is led through the carbon filament within the bulb and the energy of this current is expended in heating this tiny wire to incandescence. Were the air to come in contact with this white-hot metal the result would be its immediate oxidation. To prevent this the air is exhausted from the bulb and the resultant vacuum forms a harmless medium for the delicate filament to rest in. The early forms of these lamps were very inefficient, often consuming as much as five watts per candle power. Gradually however improvements have been made until now the "Edison Mazda" produces a pleasing almost white light at a little less than one watt per candle. Chief among these improvements has been the substitution of the metals, tungsten and Tantalum in

place of carbon as the filament. The results with these have been almost all that could be hoped for. The reason why these metals are more efficient is because they operate at higher temperatures and thereby give out a greater per cent of their energy as light waves and less as heat waves. The fragility of this type was at first highly objectionable, but now by a process known only to "The Company," the metal is made extremely tough and durable.

Incandescent lamps are not adapted to very high candle powers. Therefore where much light is needed, as in street illumination, another type is used, namely, the arc lamp. This operates upon the principle that an electric current will vaporize the tips of two carbon rods in contact and then cross the gap through the vaporized carbon. This vapor is thereby heated to incandescence and glows with an intense bluish white light. Most of the light comes from the crater of the upper carbon and is projected downward. Such light does very well for outdoor illumination but is inferior for indoor use for more reasons than one.

Some manufacturers treat the carbon bars chemically in such a manner that the incandescent vapor formed at their tips is of a brilliant orange here and appears as a solid flame. On account of the obnoxious odor given off by these, they are used only for outdoor display or advertising purposes. Their watt-candle efficiency is very high however, being about 0.15 watt per candle.

The above mentioned illuminants form perhaps 97 per cent of all electrical lighting devices. The other 3 per cent however embraces several interesting and peculiar forms which may be touched upon here. The mercury arc lamp is one of these. A vacuum glass tube contains mercury at the lower end. By means of an automatic starting device, which space does not permit the description of here, the mercury is vaporized and the tube completely filled with mercuric vapor. This vapor conducts

a current of electricity through the whole length of the tube and the heat generated thereby keeps the mercury vaporized. The result is a brilliant light which possesses a very penetrating effect and brings out the contour of objects to perfection. This light however is composed of only green, blue and yellow rays. Most objects therefore appear in peculiar color effects. Red will not show up at all under this lamp. Thus a person who has red lips, nose or cheeks, as the case may be, had better steer clear of this light if he is at all conceited about his possessions, for the result is an extremely weird and ghostly aspect to say the least.

The nearest approach to artificial daylight is achieved no doubt in the "Moon Tube." These tubes contain various gases at very high vacuums and operate at extreme voltages. The result is so nearly perfect daylight that it can be used in factories, etc., to match colors by at night.

Several other interesting types, differing only in minor details from the above, are unimportant and will not be mentioned here.

"The Greatest of All"

D. E. S., '15.

THE MOFFATS had always been leaders in the little western town. If a neighbor was in financial straits, he came to Mr. Moffat for advice and aid. If a child showed signs of sickness, Mrs. Moffat was consulted at once. There were two girls, Mary, the older, was a quiet reserved girl of twenty-two. She spent her time in charity work, and seemed to be happy and contented. Yet at times, there stole into her eyes, that look that told of sad memories. It was told that six months before the date set for her marriage with a young banker, he had volunteered as a private in the Spanish American War. He is numbered among our country's martyrs now; but more than one report had reached them paying tribute to his valor and bravery.

June, the younger, was but eighteen, and yet, she ruled them all. She had but to speak and she was obeyed. There was not a boy in the neighborhood, but who felt willing to give his right arm for a smile from those saucy lips. Yet, she laughed at them all.

When the Moffat oil fields proved to be surprisingly rich, it was for June's sake alone that they volunteered to leave the old scenes, and familiar faces that had become so dear to them, for the bright lights and fascinating society of New York.

Although her parents and sister longed for the old home, June fitted herself to her new life as if she had always been there. From her first formal entrance into society, she was immensely popular. No function seemed quite complete without her presence. Suitors were plentiful, yet she treated them all alike.

It was at the great New Year's ball that she met Dan Stanley, a dashing young fellow. Stanley, though not yet twenty-five years old, had gained more than a local reputation as a lawyer and rising politician.

"Oh, Mary," she exclaimed next day, "he is grand. You must meet him."

Mary shook her head sternly. "You must break off your acquaintance with Mr. Stanley. Did you not hear of his episodes in Paris last year, and his name is often connected with that of that notorious Russian actress. Papa says that he also uses very doubtful means in securing votes and political influence. You must forget him at once."

Stanley was a young man, who from early boyhood had hitched his wagon to a star. That star was success. "Success at any cost," was his motto. Successful he had always been. When he wanted a thing he got it. The method was a side issue. At college he had been very popular. There, as at any place, they like men who do things. Stanley was one of these men. He was covered with honors and he bore them off well. He had entered city politics, and had already mounted a rung in the ladder, and the opposition had begun to take notice of him.

Stanley seemed to have a way with the ladies that none could resist. He was handsome, bold, frank, and a brilliant speaker. When he met June Moffat he was at once struck by her beauty and attainment. But, as he confessed to himself, he had been struck the same way by hundreds of others, and yet he soon tired of them, and looked for other means of entertainment. Still her picture remained in his mind, and he managed to obtain an invitation to a house party, where she was present.

He had not seen June since the New Year's ball, yet in the few minutes that he spent with her the first evening, he could see that she had not forgotten him.

Dan rose early next morning, as was his custom, and strolled into the garden. As he walked down the path he met June, her face aglow with exercise and the fresh morning air.

"The most beautiful rose in the garden," exclaimed Dan gaily. "Miss Moffat, you are a picture of loveliness. Do you, by any fortunate circumstances, happen to be as virtuous as good looking?"

June smilingly said she guessed she was.

"Well here is one place in a thankless world, where virtue is instantly and amply rewarded," and before she could prevent, he had kissed her full upon the lips.

Tearing herself loose from his arms, June rushed into the house. "I hate you, she cried. I don't want to speak to you again. Rearranging his tie, Dan sauntered smilingly into the house.

A yacht cruise was scheduled for next day, and Dan noticed that June purposely avoided him. At last, seeing her sitting alone on the deck, he sat down beside her. June answered his questions coldly, and rose to go.

"Miss Moffat," said Dan, "I see that you are angry. But when I wish anything I take it. I want your love, and I shall have it."

"This subject does not interest me, in the least," returned June, walking away.

He saw her but little until the time for leaving came. All the guests were to leave next morning, and had retired early.

As Dan rose to go, he noticed that he was alone with June, who sat gazing silently into the darkness. He walked to her side and she arose. "Miss Moffat," he began, "I will not say that I am sorry for what I did, for I am not. In spite of your feelings, I will make you love me some day."

"You cannot make me love you," she said softly, "for I love you already." With one step he held her in his arms.

The next few months were filled with that joy that only lovers realize. But when the Moffats left for a trip to Europe, Dan cast aside all thoughts but of his work. He was a growing power in the political ring,

but his methods were as unscrupulous as before. It was rumored that he owed his power to his protection of denizens of the underworld. These rumors were not confined to New York alone, and one day, he found that they had reached June.

"Oh! Dan," she wrote, "give up these things for my sake. Remember that success at such a price is worse than failure. Tell me that you will resign your place, or I will have to give you up. Remember that nothing is greater than love."

"Dear," he wrote back, "nothing is greater than success. Success is above all, and I am achieving it. Perhaps, if I were with you I would think different. But one cannot keep the coals of love glowing through letters. Not even long, loving letters such as we write. One must have hands to hold, lips to kiss."

By the return mail, he received his ring and a short tear stained note setting him free.

Dan returned to work with renewed zeal. He became known as one of the most notorious political bosses. It was said that every blue coated policeman gave him a per cent of his salary. The gambler gave part of his gains to remain unmolested. But, somehow, he did not have that feeling of satisfaction, that successful men should have. He lost interest in society. Everything seemed vain and empty.

"I wonder," he pondered, one night as he sat alone, "after all, is success the greatest thing in life?"

Before him rose the picture of a girlish face.

The man whose thoughts are full of memories of the past can imagine no softer, lovelier fabric than the velvet of a woman's cheek. He can imagine no color rarer than the ruby of her lips. He can imagine no jewel half so radiant as the lustre of her eye. The sea has not the depths of her glance. She is supreme.

When June Moffat, with the sad look in her eyes of one who has suffered pangs of sorrows, stepped upon

dock, from the great ocean liner, she felt herself seized by two strong arms, and Dan smiled into her face. "Dear," he said, "I have accepted a position in your little Western town. I have a little cottage where we can forget all the past. There is nothing greater than love."

D. E. S.

The Clemson College Chronicle

FOUNDED BY CLASS OF 1898.

Published Monthly by the Calhoun, Columbian, and Palmetto Literary Societies of Clemson Agricultural College.

Contributions solicited from the Faculty, Alumni and Students of the Institute. All literary communications should be addressed to the Editor-in-Chief. All business communications should be addressed to the Business Manager. Subscription price, \$1.00 in advance Our advertising Rates are as follows:

One page, per year	\$20.00	One-fourth page, per year	\$8.00
One-half page, per year	\$12.00	One inch, per year	5.00



EDITOR-IN-CHIEF: W. J. HUNTER, '15

Our Purpose. The job of running a college magazine is not quite as easy as it may seem to the casual reader. Men are naturally timid on their first attempt at almost anything; so it is with our Magazine staff. We are sure that every thing we have in the magazine will not always please you; but when you reflect that the various articles in it are the works of men, who in most cases, have but little experience, we believe you will appreciate our efforts. It is the purpose of the staff to make all the reading matter as interesting and enjoyable as could be expected of college magazine writers. We trust that we may live up to this purpose to a certain degree. It is our hope that we may be joined in our efforts by the students, alumni, and supporters of Clemson.

Literary Societies. One of the most important phases of an all-round college education is the training to be derived from work in the literary societies. It is not the purpose of these societies to train men to become great orators. Such cannot be done. But is their purpose to give men that training which will enable them to get up before a public gathering and express their opinions in a clear and forcible manner. There is hardly a college graduate but who has been or will be called upon to express himself before the public. Then it is that the true value of a literary society training displays itself. If this is the case, and it is, it is to a student's advantage to connect himself with one of his school literary societies.

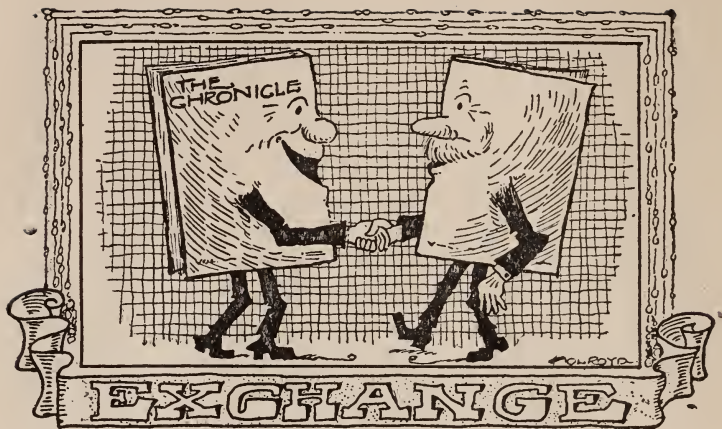
Why Go to College? Have you ever stopped and reckoned with yourself why it is you are in college, and what is the ultimate end of it all? Is it because it is popular for young people to go off to school and return home at vacation time with their colors flying; or is it because you want a class ring and a college diploma? It is neither. Students of the above type can drift through college, having as good, if not better time, than the real student; but when he flings himself out into the world what then? It is needless to say. The reasonable man knows. But that student, who in college tried to improve his time and get something of value out of college, is the one with the advantage on graduation day. Usually that spirit, which marks a person while in college, follows him out into the world.

Foot ball, the sport that makes college spirit burn at white heat, has taken the foremost place in the athletics of all the larger institutions of the country. It is, indeed, the reigning sport! Students go on the foot ball field and send up cheer after

cheer for their team, they give big public demonstrations, then go to their rooms and talk foot ball, their chances of victory, and countless other things that pertain to their team. All this is to show that they are behind the team. But this is only a minor part of the story. The making of the team comes in the hard daily practice on the grid-iron. And the true foot ball spirit is found in the men who are striving to make the team. At Clemson the above is true. Already at the opening of school many candidates are out on the field with a determination to make "varsity." And the men on the side lines are becoming greatly interested in the team, and the outcome of the various games this season. Fellows, let us give our unlimited support to the men and team that make such a great sport for Clemson; then may we expect to see something of our former standing regained.

Contributing to College Publications. There are always students in every college with more or less literary ability. We are confident that there is a good number of such men at Clemson. Of this number a large majority have never turned in a contribution to the college publications. We hardly know how to account for this fact. Perhaps it is on account of timidity or the fear that the contributions will be turned down at the editor's desk. But we would say this: Let no such an idea stand in your way, but begin to submit a contribution now and then on those subjects you like to write about; and, no doubt, in later years you will have occasion to thank yourself for having had some such an experience.

It is the custom of the *Chronicle* staff to award three medals at the end of each college year. One for the best short story, one for the best essay, and one for the best poem. This will be done this year. We trust that this will act as a sort of stimulus, and that the magazine will not go in lack of material any time during the year.



EDITORS:

D. E. SWINEHART, '15

S. C. STRIBLING, '16

Carlisle said, "It is only through communication with other people, that we are able to improve ourselves." We find that this is particularly true with regard to college publications. Indeed, the main purpose of college magazines is to exchange thoughts and criticisms with our neighboring colleges. It is through these publications that we can appreciate their thoughts and feelings, that we can share in their hopes and dreams. It is through the Exchange Department that many movements for the betterment of the magazines, and for improvements of customs and laws are started. If it were known that a magazine were to be confined to the college alone, there would at once be an appreciable decrease in the quantity and quality of the work offered.

It is our desire this session, not only to criticize our rival's work, but to offer such advice as we may think may aid the youthful authors in their next effort.

We hope to increase our exchange list this year, for we believe that every magazine that reaches our desk may, if rightly used, become a source of help and information.

The different press associations in the South are for the purpose of bringing the college publications into closer connection. We hope to see every one aid in this effort which is for the common good of all.



EDITOR: P. L. MCCOLL, '15

The Y. M. C. A. is entering upon one of the greatest sessions of its history. A \$75,000.00 Y. M. C. A. building will be erected during the coming year with modern equipment for an ideal association. The students of this session will perhaps have the greatest opportunity that will ever come to a Clemson student; namely, that of helping build this magnificent hall. This building will be a monument to those who have given, and are giving so liberally, and will stand for centuries, guiding many young men in the way that leads to a better life.

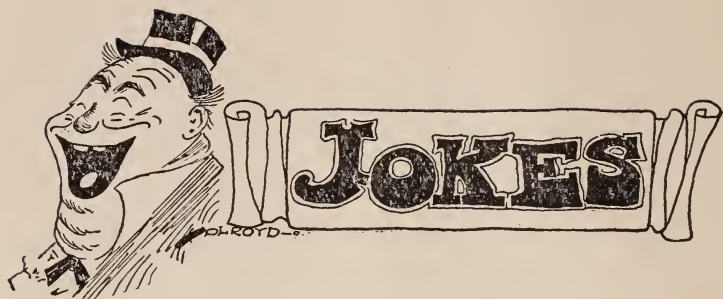
Until the new building is complete the Y. M. C. A. will occupy the same quarters as it did last year. The general secretary, Mr. R. L. Sweeney, will have his office in the Y. M. C. A. hall next to the Y. M. C. A. store. The store will be separated from the office and will be in charge of Mr. E. G. Kettles, the chairman of the social committee.

Will you co-operate with the Y. M. C. A., and help make it a part of your college life? The association did good work last year, but we are not satisfied with good work. We want to do the best work this year that we have ever done, and if you will put your shoulder to the wheel, and help push we will have the best Young Men's Christian Association that we have ever had at Clemson. If we have a Y. M. C. A. that really means something, we must have real men, men who are not afraid to think

the right thing, to say the right thing, and to do the right thing though it cost them many hardships and disappointments. We have many men of this type at Clemson, and we earnestly hope that they will take an active part in the Y. M. C. A. during this session.

Dr. William Hall

The first meeting of the Y. M. C. A. was held in the college chapel Sunday night, September 13th. A very large number of students were present to hear Dr. William E. Hall, a lecturer of National reputation, on the subject of "Mans Origin and Destiny." The Y. M. C. A. was very fortunate in securing Dr. Hall for this address.



CHIEF SIDE SPLITTER: CAT RANDLE.

The lad was sent to college,
And now Dad cries "alack!"
He spent a thousand dollars,
And got a quarter-back.

Exchange.

PROHIBITION.

Tailor: "Hip-pockets?"

Customer: "Yes."

Tailor: "Large or small?"

Customer: "Half-pints."

Cleve. leader.

He—Reconsider, dearie. If you don't I'll blow my brains out.

She—That would be a good joke on father. He thinks you haven't any.

Ex.

IMPERIAL INFALLIBILITY.

"I am innocent," said the prisoner.

"Hit him again," ordered the king of the 3rd degree.

"I am innocent," repeated the prisoner.

"Give him another," commanded the king.

"I am guilty," lied the prisoner.

"Ha! 'Twas ever thus. The king can make no mistake." Life.

DISTINGUISHED EXAMPLES.

When charged with being drunk and disorderly, and asked what he had to say for himself, the prisoner gazed pensively at the magistrate, smoothed down a remnant of gray hair, and said:

"Your honor, 'Man's inhumanity to man makes countless thousands mourn. I'm not so debased as Swift, so profligate as Byron, so dissipated as Poe, so debauched as—"

"That will do!" thundered the magistrate. "Ten days! And, officer, take a list of those names and run 'em in. They're as bad a lot as he is!"

"Of all Glad Words—"

"Have one on me."

"With the compliments of the season."

"Firstcallfordinnerinthediningcarforward."

"Your exam. paper was perfect."

"I'm going to try you out on the varsity."

"She said she was crazy about you."

"Yes, sir; your train is on time."

"It's a boy."

"The boss has decided to raise your salary."

"Inclosed find check."

Aftermath.

USELESS.

The useless things today: viz—
A European R. R. time table.

A magazine article by W. H. Taft.

Villa's education.

Carnegie's peace palace.

Alabama's educational system.

"Made in Germany."

Account of a battle in an American news paper.

A speech in Congress.

T. R's. boom.

The stock exchange.

Life.



EDITOR: M. R. SMITH, '15

"SEPTEMBER."

Sunshine gleaming 'crost de sky,
Lookin' mighty gay!
Cloud it come a driftin' by,
Darknin' de day.
Summer keep a-hangin' 'round,
Wif Autumn peekin' in.
Miss September, I'll be bound,
Hyr you is again!

The above poem heralds the coming of September. The greatest point of interest to us in the coming of September is the opening of school. Once more we are here again Freshmen, Sophomores, Juniors and Seniors. This year finds our old Senior Class gone and we are left to fill their places. More responsibility rests on our shoulders than ever. Another September will find us Alumni and the present Junior Class to take our places. There are thousands of ardent ex students, and not so few alumni, who wished to visit their old home once more.

Our able President, Dr. Riggs, who has the welfare of the college at heart foresaw this, and issued an invitation to every one to return for a "Home Coming Week." Time nor space will not allow me to describe the happy union of loyal fellows who met here this summer. Never was there a more orderly and gentlemanly set of men. Below is the program for the "Home Coming Week."

"Home Coming"

Clemson College

August 27-31, 1914.

Every Day

Breakfast 7:00 A. M.

Dinner 1:00 P. M.

Supper 7:00 P. M.

Shops, Laboratories, etc., open for inspection 10 to 12
A. M. and 2:30 to 5 P. M.

Swimming—Seneca River—2 to 6 P. M.

Base ball—Bowman Field—2 to 6 P. M.

Band Concerts—College Grove—9 A. M. and 6 P. M.

Class Reunions—2 to 4 P. M.—Chapel and Class rooms.

SPECIAL FEATURES.

Friday

8:30 A. M. Chapel Services—Prof. C. M. Furman, conducting.

10:00 A. M. Chapel—Lyceum Lecture, Marvin Williams, Humorist and Band.

8:30 P. M. Chapel—Welcoming Exercises.

Music.

Welcome—Dr. W. M. Riggs, President of Clemson College. Hon. H. C. Tillman, President of Alumni Association. Senator Allen Johnstone, President Board of Trustees.

Music.

Responses—Hon. Robt. H. Welch, Mr. Q. B. Newman, Mr. W. M. Roseborough.

Music.

9:30 P. M.—Bowman Field—Fireworks.
Program. Prof. S. T. Howard in charge. Band Concert.

Saturday

8:30 A. M. Chapel Services, Prof. W. S. Morrison, conducting.

10:00 A. M. Chapel—Lyceum Lecture, W. Powell Hale, Impersonator and Band.

6:00 P. M. Bowman Field—Daylight Fireworks. Band Concert.

8:30 P. M. Chapel—Lyceum Musical Company.

Sunday

11:00 A. M. Chapel—Divine Services, Rev. B. R. Turnipseed, Class of 1896.

6:00 P. M.—College Grove—Band Concert.

8:30 P. M.—College Grove—Farewell Gathering.

Committee Chairmen.

Reception—President W. M. Riggs.

Registration—Mr. J. C. Littlejohn.

Barracks accommodations—Col. J. M. Cummins.

Subsistence—Mr. A. Schilleter.

Finances—Mr. S. W. Evans.

Lighting—Prof. S. B. Earle.

Health—A. M. Redfern.

Local Transportation—Mr. B. F. Robertson.

Ticket Collection—Captain H. A. Sloan.

Chapel Decoration—Prof. C. C. Newman.

Athletics—J. W. Gantt.

Fireworks—Prof. S. T. Howard.

Lyceum Entertainments—Prof. D. W. Daniel.

Dancing—Prof. M. T. Birch.

Swimming—Prof. D. N. Harris.

Information—Prof. D. H. Henry.

Historian—Prof. A. B. Bryan.

As space will not allow the names to be printed in this issue, the next issue will contain them.

South Carolina Experiment Station.

The Clemson College Chronicle.

The Tiger.

The Clemson College Annual.

Literary Staff.

Art Staff.

The Clemson Agricultural Journal.

Editor-in-Chief P. H. Senn
Business Manager W. D. Arthur

The Young Men's Christian Association.

General Secretary R. L. Sweeney
President P. L. McCall
Secretary
Treasurer H. H. Dukes

The Calhoun Literary Society.

President E. H. Pate
Secretary D. F. Folger
Treasurer D. R. Hopkins

The Columbian Literary Society.

President D. E. Swinehart
Secretary T. M. Ferguson
Treasurer R. G. Kennedy

The Palmetto Literary Society.

President W. J. Hunter
Secretary S. C. Stribling
Treasurer J. C. Canon

The Athletic Association.

President Dr. F. H. H. Calhoun
Secretary and Treasurer J. W. Gantt
Historian D. E. Swinehart

The Foot ball Team.

Manager B. M. James
Captain W. A. Schilleter

The Base ball Team.

Manager P. C. Crayton
Captain S. C. Webb

The Track Team.

Manager R. J. Odom
Captain L. Legrand

The Basket ball Team.

Manager J. E. Glover
Captain C. F. Gee

The Alumni Association.

President H. C. Tillman
Secretary and Treasurer J. E. Hunter

The Senior Class.

President D. E. Swinehart
Secretary and Treasurer C. B. Iler

The Junior Class.

President D. F. Folger
Secretary and Treasurer W. B. Townsend

The Sophomore Class.

President J. L. Cathcart
Secretary and Treasurer C. S. Garrett

The Freshman Class.

President
Secretary and Treasurer

The Clemson College Sunday School.

Superintendent E. H. Pate
Secretary and Treasurer H. H. Dukes

The Clemson College Orchestra.

Director O. H. Beymer

The Glee Club.

Director J. S. Moore
Manager L. Legrand

The Agricultural Society.

President J. C. Canon
Secretary G. F. Moore
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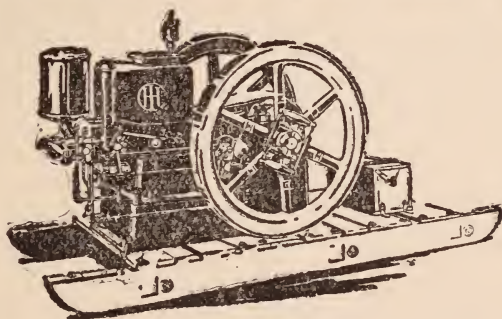
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The Chronicle



VOL. XVIII. No. 2

NOVEMBER, 1914

When you Are Stopped

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Total Income\$109,392.41 \$885,312.55

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Admitted Assets Dec. 31. 1904 \$333,977.61 1913 \$2,204,634.91

Assets Multiplied More Than Six Times in Nine Years

	1904	1913
Insurance in force	\$2,937,353.00	\$24,146,909.00
Insurance in Force Multiplied More than Eight Times in Nine Years		
Dividends paid to Policyholders during 1913 and amount set aside for payment during 1914		\$62,120.95 per cent.
Interest earned during 1913 on mean amount invested in Mortgage Loans Considering saving in taxes on non-taxable securities, interest earned on total mean invested assets during 1913 is equivalent to		6.6 per cent.
		5.96 per cent.

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THE CHRONICLE.

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The Clemson College Chronicle

Valeat Quantum Valere Potest

Vol. XVIII.

Clemson College, S. C., November, 1914.

No 2.



EDITORS:

H. D. BARKER, '15

D. F. FOLGER, '16

C. G. HARRIS, '17

Lines on the Present Crisis

By W. J. HUNTER, '15.

WHILE Europe shakes within the mighty throes
Of those grim monsters, Death, and War and
Hell,

When men, with kings, forget their better selves,
And plunge into a senseless fight, and foes
Find foes on every hand, and countless woes
Hurl'd on the nations' womanhood, and fell
Destruction throws its awful bitter spell
Upon the world; let not our course, which goes
In peace and freedom, be thrown aside.
But rise we up, and in this grave crisis stand
By ourselves, and thus together guide
Our people thru. Then, while on every hand
Contentions rage, we can in peace abide;
But grieve to think on Europe's bloody land.

The Mountain Bandits

By P. J. CRECY, '15.

HANDS UP!"

The curt command was backed by two ugly looking Colt's 45's, which were fanned back and forth in a semi-circle around the room. Immediately the busy drone of the roulette wheel and the flip of cards ceased. Hands were pushed rapidly into the air.

"Now, gentlemen, if you will kindly pass over your gold dust to this pig-tail here—pointing to a sneaky looking Chinese cook—I will quietly depart and no more disturb your games."

Sam Lee shuffled thru the crowd and raked in the stakes, some of which consisted of piles of the yellow dinero heaped up on the card tables. At the robber's command, all the spoils were dumped into a large buckskin bag. The bold man now slowly backed out of the door keeping the crowd covered with his ominous big-barreled guns. When out, he wheeled and, with a flying leap, made the back of his horse, which had stood obediently in front of the gambling dive. At a yell from its rider the trusty mount tore madly down the main thoroughfare of the town towards the nearby hills.

The above scene occurred in the town of Phoenix, Arizona, in the early days, when the pay dirt could be raked up from the beds of streams.

The truth of the matter is that the people in the saloon were so amazed at the audacity of the bandit that they were powerless to resist. But now their treasured gold dust was gone. The victims were mad. The fighting blood rushed madly thru their veins. Howls of rage and anger greeted the departure of the nerry intruder. Everyone dashed for the door and horses.

"The measley coyotes."

"Scoundrel—got that big nugget I found yesterday," shouted Frank Davy, one of the irate miners.

"I was jest erbout to rake in a big stake when that pesky devil cum in," cursed another miner.

"Get the son-of-a-gun and put the two by four kybosh to him," shouted Big Steve, a Swede miner.

The above epithets gave vent to the varied feelings of the mob. A clatter of hoofs and the hastily made up posse went out in hot pursuit.

"I been hearin' erbout this bandit business nigh onto a month," grumbled Big Steve.

"I didn't think the devils would come right into the city, tho," howled his partner, John Riley.

Now and then a volley of imprecations against the bandit would belch forth from the angry miners.

In the meantime, the bandit had about a mile lead on the posse. The bold man sat on his handsome black steed with the ease and grace of the expert rider. His lithe form blended well with that of the horse, and his body rose and fell rythmically with its swift movements.

"Wasn't that an easy bunch of mutton-heads!" muttered the horseman, as he galloped swiftly over the trail.

"They came right over with the cash without a murmur, didn't they, old scout?"—patting his pet horse affectionately on the shoulder. "This sack of gold dust will buy my men grub and ammunition for a month's supply." Then he began softly humming a Western song. It seemed that the rider had forgotten that he would be followed. Not so—he was constantly on guard, eagerly scanning the trail ahead and behind him. He had for a hundred yards or so been traveling over hard, flinty rock. Suddenly he wheeled his horse to the left and passed thru a clump of bushes.

"They could go over this ground a month and never find my trail," he thought. "Here's where I put one over them." He urged his mount down the hill and there took up the course of a stream which was about two or three feet deep. "Impossible to find your tracks here, Scout," he murmured to his horse. After following up

the stream for perhaps a mile, he left it and carefully guided his mount over a dim and rocky trail around the base of a rugged hill. On the farther side of the hill the rider paused for a moment and gazed down on a beautiful valley below him. The valley was a nest among the hills. Thru the center ran a clear mountain stream which supplied water for the camp of bandits. Four log cabins—two on each side of the stream—represented the living quarters of the men. The floor of the valley was covered with a thick mat of grass, which furnished bountiful grazing for the livestock. With a last look at this picture of Nature's beauty, the rider hastily made his way down the hill and dashed into the camp. His arrival was greeted with cheers by his men. Captain Jack—this was the name of the man who had so recklessly held up and robbed the patrons of the Phoenix gambling hall—was warmly welcomed back to camp by his men.

"Captain Jack, I see you made the trip on record time and got the goods, from the looks of that sack there," bawled Shorty McCabe, Captain Jack's right-hand man.

"Cap. Jack—him heap good man," grunted Charlie, the Indian cook, who sat nearby lazily smoking his pipe.

The buckskin bag was now taken from the saddlehorn and carried into the Captain's cabin. Here a part of the gold was taken out and the remainder put into a strong-box. Three of the men were now called in and despatched with the money to a supply camp across the hills, where they were to buy food and ammunition for the bandits. This piece of business dispensed with, the Captain retired and slept soundly till morning. He arose early, washed and dressed. He slipped on a stunning Mexican jacket, donned a large, broad-brimmed hat which was surrounded by a rattlesnake band, and made his way toward a hut on the opposite side of the stream. "Now to my lady love," he laughed.

In the meantime, the posse had been searching for the trail of the outlaw. Big Steve had assumed command of the men. "Abe, you take Gus and Hackberry here and look 'round over the other side of this mesa. Maybe you will find some trace of the white-livered robber over there. The scoundrel is sneakin' 'round here waitin' fer us to leave." Diligent search was made all over the flinty mesa, but not a sign of the outlaw could be found. The men bivouacked around until morning, hoping to see better then, but all efforts were futile. The angry posse, finding themselves baffled, finally gave up the hunt and went back to Phoenix. It was certainly a gloomy looking bunch of men that rode into town that morning.

Now to return to the outlaw camp: Captain Jack dismissed the guard before the door of the log cabin and abruptly entered. In one corner, sitting on a rough stool, was a very pretty girl. She had flowing brown hair, hazel eyes, and altogether a trim, shapely form. She looked to be about seventeen years of age. "And how is my pretty little princess to-day?" ventured Captain Jack, a smirking smile lighting up his countenance.

The girl raised her naughty little head and gave him a bow for the morning salutation. Her eyes showed that she had been weeping. "And, pray, what is the matter with Bess?" Jack walked over to the corner and attempted to kiss the pretty maiden. A smart slap on the cheek and the bandit drew back. Captain Jack's anger began to rise. "Mind, remember I have you in my power; so you had better not rouse my anger." And then he assumed a tone of earnestness: "Bess, how much longer have I got to keep you penned up here?"

"How dare you address me by the name of 'Bess'! You have me in your power, and think I must be your slave and do as you say. O, for a man's strength! I would"—and here the tears began to flow. Rousing up, she said: "You know I will never consent to be your

wife. Why can't you let me go back to my people? I know they have been searching and praying for me since that day—a month ago—when you took me from the stage while your men held up the other passengers and took their money."

Captain Jack had calmly listened through her pleading. But now, breaking into a volley of oaths, he thundered: "So that is your final answer, is it? I will make you beshrew the day that you refused me. You will never see the light beyond this valley again. I will make you my wife. Did you get that?" Turning, he swiftly strode out of the door and slammed it in the girl's pleading face. He again placed one of his men on guard, and instructed him not to let anyone come near the prison hut without permission.

To the above scene there was a very interested spectator. As soon as the Captain left, Bess heard a low, guarded tap on the floor beneath her feet.

Trembling, the girl stooped down to the floor and whispered: "Who's there?"

"Speak low child—too far in the game now to spoil matters by a little carelessness. I am a scout in the United States Army, called the King of Trailers by my comrades. Your father put the matter of your disappearance before the United States commander at Phoenix. I was detailed to hunt you up and lead a detachment to your rescue. I have finally found the rascally bandits' retreat and am prepared to take you away. I have near here twenty men. We shall rush the camp to-night, rescue you and take as many prisoners as we can."

"But you will have a fight," gasped Bess.

"Yes, but there won't be any harm done if they submit peacefully."

"But they won't. They have guns and know how to use them," informed Bess.

"I have taken all this into careful consideration, and

have decided that by some clever work we can be able to get ahead of the fiends and turn the wheel of fate in our favor."

"O, sir, you have given me the first ray of hope that I have seen in many days. I hope your brave men will win out—I shall pray for you. When did you say you were coming?"

"About 2 o'clock in the morning. Be ready."

"I don't imagine I will sleep much to-night," nervously laughed Bess.

"You know this building is in front of a large rock. In fact, the whole area between here and the hills is covered with large boulders. I can, therefore, make my escape unseen, even if it is daylight. So good-bye till to-night."

"Farewell, Mr. Trailer—you did not tell me your name. I can never thank you enough for what you are doing for me. You must see Papa when we get back to Phoenix. He will reward you bountifully."

"Please leave out the money part, Miss. My name is on the payroll of the Government and I will only be doing my duty if I get you away from here safely."

"Farewell!" and he was gone.

Bess was now hopeful. She ate her dinner and supper cheerfully—a thing which puzzled her guard very much. Usually Bess was not disposed to eat.

The day passed without any further disturbance for Bess. She began making preparations for departure, and by 1 o'clock that night was eagerly awaiting the appearance of her friend.

About 2 o'clock a blow and a heavy fall was heard at the door of her cabin. It seemed that the whole camp had been aroused by that fall. A sound of running feet and the bandits rushed into the battle. The band of fearless men under the leadership of the King of Trailers was ready to receive them.

"At them, boys! Remember, all we want is the Captain and the girl."

At this yell the large, lithe form of Captain Jack jumped in front of the King of Trailers.

"You want me, do you? Well, here I am. Take me if you are the best man." Suddenly he aimed a terrific knife thrust at the heart of the Trailer. The Trailer, however, had been looking for just such a cowardly move. By a swift movement he sent the knife flying from Jack's hand, at the same time felling him with a blow in the face. The fight had moved on by this time, leaving the Trailer and his captive alone for the moment. The bandit captain was soon tied up, and the Trailer rushed into the fray again. There was little further fighting. Consternation reigned in the ranks of the bandits when they found their leader was missing. All of the outlaws that were able fled, leaving the soldier boys the victors.

During the brief fight Bess had been tearfully awaiting the end. She knew that her fate depended on the outcome of the battle. Suddenly the door was unbarred and a man stepped inside. Bess shrank back for she was uncertain of the man's identity. A kind voice announced: "Be not afraid, Miss, the bandits have been routed and you are now free." The maiden wept from pure joy. Bess expressed her joy and appreciation of what had been done for her. She gave each of the men a joyful handshake and a little smile that at once won him over to her side.

By this time a large fire had been built in front of the cabin. "I guess I had better go over here and bring my prisoner in," said the King of Trailers, laughingly. Two of his comrades took up torches and followed him.

When they came to the bound prisoner, the Trailer took a fire-stick and held it in the face of Jack. Jack had now recovered consciousness. When the Trailer beheld the sinister features of the bandit he jumped back

with a look of horror and dismay. "My God! Is it you?" gasped the King of Trailers.

"Yes," grated out Jack. "I see you have found me at last. I had hoped that I was in a safe retreat here."

The Trailer turned to his men and told them that he wanted to be alone with the prisoner for a few minutes. His comrades quietly returned to the fire.

In about ten minutes the Trailer showed up alone. "Where's the bandit?" quickly inquired some of the men.

"Gone—escaped, boys. We will not attempt to follow him now," sorrowfully added the old scout. No one could fathom the look of deep agony and pain that had settled upon the face of the old man.

Two days later, in the hotel in Phoenix, Bess was tearfully bidding the Trailer good-bye. She and her father were leaving for San Francisco that day. The Trailer had firmly refused any reward for what he had done. "No, Mr. McGinnis, I only did my duty," he would say. Mr. McGinnis was Bess McGinnis' father.

"I want to ask you one question before you go, Mr. Briggs (alias the Trailer)," said Bess. "You must not refuse me the answer."

"I guess I will have to answer it, so fire ahead, little girl."

"Who was the captain of the bandits, and why did you let him escape? I know you will fully let him go." Again that pained look crossed the rough, manly countenance of the Trailer. He hung his head down for a few minutes, and then slowly raising it, whispered, barely audible, "He was my brother."

When parting, he took her little hand and kissed it. Tears were in the old Trailer's eyes as he slowly walked away.

Just Facts

D. F. F., '16.

NINE-TENTHS of the people of this world do not care to be pleasant, well and happy. They prefer to be unkind to their fellowmen, to be sick, and to see the dark side of every cloud that comes over them, simply because it requires effort to remember that a silver lining is on the other side. A man may make a hell out of life on this earth, and that is just what most of them are doing. This world was perfect until man was put on it; he has made it imperfect; he glories in finding the faults and overlooking the good. It is right to look for the defects of everything, if we attempt to correct them. It is wrong to make the weakness of anything overshadow the strength of it.

Every man can be happy. The trouble is, he does not want to be. He does not attempt to be, and it certainly will not come without an effort. The greatest part of all sickness, strife, unhappiness, and dissension is caused by the very ones that suffer for it. It is possible for them to avoid this. If this is true, why is it? "Whatsoever a man soweth, that shall he also reap." Put something into life, try to make every person that you come in contact with feel just a little better and see if you are not happier. If a man will not see the flowers, the stars, the moon, the sunshine, and all of the wonderful beauty of nature, what can he expect to see? If he will not hear the music of the winds, brooks, and birds, what will he hear? If he will not look for the good and happiness of his fellowman, what will he look for? How can he be happy? If he does not care for the body, which is controlled by his mind, how can he expect to keep it sound?

There are two systems of muscles that control the expression of the face, and they are trained by the mind. Why not train the system which makes the smile, and

neglect the one which causes the frown, until it is paralyzed? It is worth an effort at least.

The man who has the determination and will to do what he knows to be right, and leave undone that which he knows to be wrong, is a *man*. A *man* never needs the word "can't," he never needs to tell an untruth, he never needs a frown, nor a harsh voice. But the world needs *men*.

;



An Unexpected Courtship

THE time was Sunday afternoon in midsummer. The place, near the bank of the beautiful Indian River in South Florida. The persons, Mrs. Houston, of Mississippi and a party of young people who were out walking.

"Right here was where the hammock swung in which I was lying the first time I saw Eagle Feather," said Mrs. Houston.

Then while we were seated around on the ground eating oranges, she told us the following story:

"Come quick! All of you," cried one of the girls, excitedly. "Mrs. Houston is going to tell us a story."

"Years ago, before there was any railroad in this part of the State, and only a few scattered settlers, here and there along the river, Grandfather and Grandmother moved here. They were very lonely and I came down to spend the winter with them. I was only sixteen years old, and like any other girl my age, gay and thoughtless.

"At first I was very much afraid of Indians, for Grandfather had cautioned me very particularly about going alone to walk in the woods. He said all of the Indians he knew were friendly and perfectly harmless, but that no one could tell when a strange one might come.

"I had been here nearly two weeks, and had not seen an Indian—my fears had about vanished and I began to think there were no Indians here, when early one morning I was lying in the hammock between two large live-oak trees, reading. All at once I heard a slight noise. Looking up, I saw, standing between me and the house, the most hideous looking person I had ever seen. He was a young Indian Brave, and had his body painted in the most grotesque figures imaginable. His headdress was made of large eagle feathers. He held in his hand a large wild turkey. Upon seeing that he had attracted my attention, he said in a coarse guttural voice:

'Um! turkey. You want?' I was too badly frightened to reply and could only scream 'Grandfather!' I was indeed glad to see him come in sight in answer to my call. When he came nearer the savage said to him: 'White squaw much 'fraid.' Grandfather then explained to him that I had only been in Florida a short while, and was naturally afraid of Indians.

"After the redman had left, Grandfather told me that he was Eagle Feather, son of the Big Chief. He was greatly in love with all of the white settlers, Grandfather said, and especially wanted a white girl for his wife. I was very much amused at this.

"A few days later, Grandfather came in early one morning with half a young deer. He said that Eagle Feather had brought it to me. Several times in the next few weeks he came, bringing us fresh meat from the woods or fish from the river. Each time he said that it was for 'the young white squaw.' Strange to say, Grandfather and Grandmother did not seem to think anything of these attentions, and as I was only a young girl, I treated them lightly.

"One morning I was down near the river, gathering Oleander blossoms for the table. Hearing a sharp rattle just behind me, I turned quickly, and imagine my surprise and horror when I saw a large rattlesnake slowly making his way toward me. I was so badly frightened that I did not know what to do, so I did what almost any girl would have done—fainted.

"When I revived, I was lying on my bed at home, with Grandmother, Grandfather and Eagle Feather standing around me. As soon as he saw that I had revived, the Indian commenced speaking excitedly: 'Me heap kill big snake. No hurt white squaw now.' Grandmother then explained to me how Eagle Feather happened to be coming to bring some fish, when he saw me gathering the flowers. His quick eye soon saw the snake, and

just as I fainted he killed it. Then he brought me home in his arms.

"Of course, after this I felt greatly indebted to him, and would talk with him a great deal when he came to see us.

"One day I was out under the trees reading, when he came up. After talking for a few minutes he suddenly said, 'Me heap like white squaw; you like Indian?' Unthoughtedly I said, 'Yes.' He then said, 'You like be Indian squaw?' Again I said, 'Yes,' little thinking what I was doing. We talked on for quite a while. He finally went away, after promising to return the next day. Before he left, however, he told me not to say anything to my grandparents of our talk. Of course I promised.

"Sure enough he came back the next day, the next, and the next, for about a week. The last time he came he was anxious for me to slip away and go to his people with him. Just then I realized what I had promised to do, and that he was in earnest. Of course I would not go with him, but was afraid to tell him so. Finally I told him not to come back for three days, and I would be ready to go with him then.

"Just as soon as he was gone, I went to Grandfather and told him all. 'Why, child! You should never have done like that. I do not know how I will pacify Eagle Feather, but one thing is certain, you must leave here at once.'

"I left on the boat for Jacksonville that afternoon and this is my first visit to Indian River since."

T. S. B., '17.

Time and Tide

By W. J. HUNTER, '15.

THOUSANDS of years have gone before us, and to-day is swiftly winging its flight into the realm of Father Time. The events of to-day are but the memories of to-morrow; and all around is changes, save Nature alone, whose mighty waters sweep on forever, and whose majestic hills and mountains still uprear their massive forms to the morning sun. Spring comes with blooming flowers and odor-laden breezes. The birds wing forth and sing their joy all the long day-time, making light the heart of those who, for a brief moment in the hot race of life, stop to listen to their sweet warbling strains. The streams awake from their ice-bound sleep and go murmuring through the green meadows or frolicking across the broken shoals with a new desire to be a rolling wave on ocean's bosom. It is a time of roses, and a time when youth and love go hand in hand, forgetful of the fleeting hours. Passing romance finds a home in every youthful heart, and indeed we feel that "The days of our youth are the days of our glory." Spring glides into summer, and we hardly realize it. But, as the days grow warmer, and our high-blown ambitions and air castles become more loosely hung, we weary and fail to find the solace of our spring-time dreams. Life becomes more irksome; for it is not what we dreamed 'twould be. Summer wanes, and the autumn is upon us with its harvest fields. The air grows chill, the leaves wither and fall to earth; and lo! 'tis winter. Thus the rounded seasons come and go. And we say there is no change, the faces of familiar ones are the same they were one year ago. But, then, how fast the past year did take his leave, and ah, how short these few years that make up the span of life! Here it is we find the truth that time with the ceaseless stroke of his wings is striking off the years, while man's allotment

is but a numbered few. How, then, shall we act our little part in the drama of life? How spend our time and use our opportunities?

In youth we fable and dream of things we shall never know. At times ambitions rise before us and waft us lightly from greatness unto greatness. A hope is born within us with every rise of sun. We feel that we have delved into the mysteries of man and uncovered our hidden life. But ah, how falsely have we seen! When the glamour of our springtime years has cleared away, we find that most of our dreams were but vain illusions. But such is life; and it is well that we dream and have hopes and ambitions, though unreal they be; for it is through them we see the possibilities of man.

But, in the dreamy years of youth, there is something more than dreams, hopes and ambitions. There are countless golden opportunities. Every day that comes forth, every hour, yea, every moment, has in store for us an opportunity. The fleet-footed moments are ours to spend as best we may. How, then, shall we spend them, is a question that is ever before us all. We must live through them somehow, and, when once they are gone, they never come again.

We can ill-afford to sit and dream of the days in the golden yet-to-be, and console our deluded selves by thinking that the day will come when we shall claim our own in the fields of bright renown; for indeed, this is not the case. We get such compensation out of life as befits the efforts we have put forth, and unless we act our part with a fixed purpose, an unfaltering will, and an exactness of detail, small will be our achievements.

Neither is it well to think and feel that we are not yet prepared to enter into the race of life. The failure to do things because we feel that there is still something lacking in our preparation is but a sign of weakness. Life is one continual preparation; and we are never finished until the sunset of our little day, and then we are not ready to die, but only prepared to live.

We all are builders, and have at our disposal time and opportunities. Each hour and each deed is a block within the structure which we raise. Its design is determined by our individual genius, and its value and finished appearance by our every thought and act. No two men have exactly the same talents and disposition, thus our structure, which is the results of our life's work, will be different from that of someone else. But all can be masterpieces or they can crumble as we build.

Neither are our opportunities and abilities alike. He, who is brilliant in thought and act should achieve great things in life, while he who is less richly endowed has not the chance to produce equally great results. While the splendor of the former may outshine the lesser light of the latter, such a one is not more worthy than he of the common mold who has done his best. The lowly life of the honest hard working peasant, who is doing his best, is as honorable as that of the nobleman, and much more glorious than that of the rich young profligate.

He, who in his youthful years stands idly by and scoffs at time and nature, is a fool and knows not the value of either. Opportunities come to him and are trodden down like the flowers that mother earth has thrown across his pathway. At times a something steals into his life and feebly voices a better self, but his world-deafened ear hears it not, and still he is whirling along with the onrushing tide of worldiness and sin. And not until an unhappy life is almost spent does he realize the many errors and wanderings of his youth. He looks around and finds nature still the same; but ah, there is a change and 'tis wrought in him! His life flows at a low ebb, and he grows reflective. There is no pleasure in the memories that flit before him—there is nothing save vain regret over his squandered time and lost opportunities. Racked in nerve and sinew is he, and he feels for once that the follies of youth are a heavy draft on old age. Such a picture is sad to look upon, yet we find them here and there almost every day.

But well for us there is another picture of life. Look upon that young man fired with the vigor of youth and honest always as to the laws of time and nature. He sees the beauty of things about him, and prophesies not too highly of the future, but rather resolves earnestly to make the best of every opportunity that may come to him. He marches on down the pathway of life, solving as best he can the problems that come before him and obedient always to the call of duty. He is respected and becomes a leader among men; and at length the evening of life draws down upon him. He stands calm and thoughtful in the setting sun, shedding a gracious influence around him. The shadows lengthen and wane into the gentle twilight, and he is gone—a great and good man. But behind him lives his memory and his influence. So it is with us all. We rise, bloom, fade and die.

The days are swiftly stealing on, and are counting up the years. But we still are young. Time is ours for only a little while, and opportunities are passing us on every side. Then let us seize the ever-present. Now and strive onward and upward with the poets spirit within us.

“So nigh is grandeur to our dust,

So near is God to man;

When duty whispers low, ‘Thou must,’

The youth replies, ‘I can.’ ”

Neither let us forget that we all are builders, and that time and opportunities are laid within the walks of our structure. We should guard it in every detail, remembering that each thought and act has its place and will someday play its parts as surely as the ships of Life shall reach the shores of Destiny. If at the sunset of life we have lived and done as best we knew, perhaps, too, our little structure will stand radiant in life's kindly afterglow.

The Professor

By G. F. M., '15.

THE PROFESSOR was a new acquisition to our community. When he came to our village, he brought with him several peculiarities. As lord and sole master of the village school, the professor tried to initiate the school children into the mysteries of his profound knowledge.

The Professor was tall and exceedingly slim; his age, as near as I can estimate, was about fifty-five. As I have said, he had several peculiarities, and many were the quaint stories told of him by the school children.

For instance, he would completely forget that he had someone reciting, and assuming an attitude of revery, he would for several minutes, or possibly a half-hour be lost in thought. Many were the comments passed upon this peculiarity. Some attributed it to some memory of the past that continually haunted him. Others believed it hereditary; but many of us believed that the professor was in love. At other times, he would be utterly consumed with rage for very little cause. His peculiarity of dress was also very striking; he continually persisted in wearing a long-tail frock coat and a high-standing collar that constantly pressed his ears in an upward direction. His few scattered hairs were brushed straight back from the front in order to hide a bald spot on the top of his head.

The professor never ceased to be a curiosity to all of us. After he had paid two or three visits to the village queen, the concensus of opinion gave out that the professor was in love. Some of us tried to learn the truth from him in various ways, but he always repelled us with severe reproofs.

The village queen was Amelia King. Her father was the leader of affairs for the village and the surrounding country. He was a banker, merchant, and magistrate.

His power was great, and there was no one who dared to incur his displeasure; for he was very vindictive. Amelia, being an only child, was allowed to do very much as she pleased; but at the same time, she knew that her father's will must be obeyed. She was the recognized beauty of the village. Tall, slender, and queenly, she commanded the admiration of every young man. In fact, the greater number of us poured out our offering of love daily at her shrine.

Therefore, when we heard of the professor's visits to the King residence, we were not only interested, but we began to entertain a personal dislike against him, which later grew into intense hatred when we heard that Amelia was receiving him with evident favor.

As the days went by, several of us became very anxious as to the outcome of the professor's courtship. From all indications, he was making considerable headway with Amelia. Every evening after school-hours, he habitually drove to the village post office to get his mail. Always, Amelia was with him, and the roguish smiles which she cast us as we stood silently and downcast at the corner of the post office, only increased our animosity for the professor and our undying love for her.

The situation was becoming unbearable, and we, the admirers of Amelia, called a meeting to consider the question. Several plans were suggested, but all met with disapproval. So we had to be content until something turned up that would enable us to head the professor off.

A few days after this meeting, things did happen. The professor, thinking that he had carried his courtship far enough, proposed; but to our surprise, Amelia refused him. Of course, her refusal pleased us very much, and we should have been willing to let the professor off at that, but he had caused us so much misery and dissatisfaction, we decided to repay him back in his own coin.

Another meeting was called by our club, for we were now regularly organized, and a practical joke was plan-

ned on the professor. To carry it out though, we had to have the co-operation of Amelia. I volunteered to see her, and without trouble, secured her promise to aid us.

At seven o'clock the next evening, the professor received the following note:

Dear Carlos:

I have changed my mind. It was for fear that I would incur my father's displeasure that I refused to be your wife yesterday. But I am so deeply in love with you that I can't live without you. If you will meet me at the post-office at 11 o'clock tomorrow night, we will go to Mr. Carpenter's, a minister who lives ten miles from here and have him marry us. I have friends who will make every arrangement. Destroy this note.

With undying love,

Amelia.

An hour or so later, Amelia received the following answer:

I will meet you.

Carlos.

With the above facts in our possession, we proceeded to make every arrangement. At the appointed time I, driving a closed carriage for conveying the runaway couple to the minister's, stopped in front of the post office. Amelia and the professor were on time and waiting for me. They hastily got into the carriage, and I immediately drove off.

We had proceeded for perhaps two miles, when we became aware of a buggy following us at full speed. Until now, Amelia had said nothing, but now she hinted to the professor that she was afraid her father had discovered her plans and was pursuing us.

This at once put the professor on edge. Frantically gesticulating with his hands, he implored me to drive faster. The night was dark and the road was rough, and I was driving as fast as I thought was safe, but the profes-

sor's terror was so evident that I urged the horses to a faster pace.

For a time we gained ground, but pretty soon our horses became fagged, and I was compelled to slow up a little. The sound of the pursuing buggy now became ominous. The professor was almost mad, his terror was so great. I lashed the horses to further action, and in a few minutes we had again out-distanced the buggy. We drove on now without further excitement, as the buggy had either given up the pursuit or met with some accident.

We arrived at the minister's house about one o'clock, and found him waiting for us. By this time, the professor's terror had subsided, and he gallantly assisted the bride to the ground.

There, in front of the minister's house, with me and the minister's wife as witnesses, the ceremony commenced.

Hastily performing the preliminaries, the minister came to the point.

"Carlos, wilt thou have this woman, Amelia, to be thy lawful wedded wife; to love, keep, cherish, and protect her after God's own ordinance?"

"I will."

"Amelia, wilt thou have this man, Carlos, to be thy lawful wedded husband; to love, care for, and obey after God's own ordinance?"

With one quick movement, Amelia discarded her outer garment, and there stood revealed before the minister's and professor's horrified gaze one of our club, Frank Detson.

"I will take this man to be my lawful wedded husband, to love, cherish, and care for, if he will take me as I am."

At Frank's answer, the professor utterly collapsed. The next morning school did not open. A new man now occupies the professor's place, and Amelia is still the village queen.

G. F. M., '15.

At Sunset

By W. J. H. '15.

SLOWLY SINKS the setting sun
Below the far-off western hill,
The quiet that comes when day is done
Now marks the earth and all is still.

The drifting clouds are tinted gold,
Now change they to a deeper hue;
Then lightly drift they fold on fold
Across the airy sunset blue.

And with the scene our thoughts will flow
In holy quiet. Then from today
Our minds drift on to the long ago
When life was young and all was gay.

Back in our childhood home again,
Back by a loving mother's side:
How sweet to bide that homely reign
Away from the world so dark and wide!

Then step by step we trace it o'er,
The course through which our life has run;
Out from the old home's open door
Out into the new world's noonday sun.

O, holy, calm, reflective hour!
At the twilight we can go to thee,
And in thy wealth of magic power
Lose all our cares and dwell with thee.

The Plot

D. F. F., '16.

AS THE SUN sank behind the mountains, Ralph Lehman strode up the valley towards the home of Rebecca Warren. That evening he was going to tell her of his plan to go to the city for work, he had grown tired of the farm. He was nervous and excited as he hurried on his way, but later as he was returning home, his heart was light and he sang with the joy of a strong man. Rebecca had promised to come to him in the city, just as soon as he could get settled in his work.

The next week, as the sun sank behind the great skyscrapers of the city, Ralph strode up the streets looking for a job. He had searched for hours without success, but a sign in a restaurant window attracted his attention, and he went in to apply for the position. The proprietor, Mr. Murphy, gave him the place, and offered him a room over the restaurant in the agreement. He could not have wished for better luck than this and he began work the next morning.

The summer passed and Ralph proved to be a good man in his place. Mr. Murphy raised his pay, and he was planning all the time for the day when he would have Rebecca with him. One evening after the restaurant had closed, he was in his room looking at a picture she had sent him, when Mr. Murphy came in. He laid it aside quickly and offered his employer a seat.

"Oh, let me see her," said Mr. Murphy, as he caught sight of the picture.

"My, but that is a good looking girl! How can you stay away from her so long?"

"I'm not going to very much longer, she has promised to come to live with me when I am ready for her."

"That is not so bad then," and they dropped the subject for business.

The next day two men came into the restaurant and

talked long with Mr. Murphy. They told him that the "Madam" needed some "fresh buds for her garden." Murphy's face glowed with a greedy smile at the thought that struck him. He told the men of Ralph's plan to bring a real "American Beauty" into the city, and the other two were interested at once. In a short while they had figured out a plot for putting this one in the "Madam's garden."

That night Murphy went up to see Ralph. He talked in the most friendly manner, and teased the innocent mountaineer for a while, then began his real work. He told him of how easy it would be for him to live in the city in a home of his own, of the advantages, and the pleasures of it. And at last he offered to let Ralph have the money to furnish his home with. He suggested that Ralph write Rebecca at once and tell her of his good luck, and he also told him to ask her to come to the city in a few days to help him select the house furnishings. Before Murphy left the room Ralph had written her, and the plot of the three men was working well.

After Murphy had gone, Ralph went into the park and walked for hours, dreaming of his new home. He looked up at the moon through the trees and wondered if she would come without his going for her. He did not like to ask her, but how could he refuse the request of the man who had been so kind to him? Perhaps she would understand. Back in the mountains, Rebecca looked at the same moon through her little window and wondered why Ralph did not come for her. He had been away almost a year. Surely he was ready for her by now.

Soon Rebecca was made happy by the letter from Ralph, and with her mother's aid she began preparing for the trip. She wrote Ralph to meet her on the day which she had decided to go, and he was so happy over the prompt reply that he told Mr. Murphy at once.

Murphy called a meeting of the three men at once to

continue their plot. The result was, one of them being appointed by Murphy, to go to the town in the mountains, and make the trip back with Rebecca. He should help her in every way that he could, as the friend of Ralph, who happened to be coming home on the same train. He would also wire Ralph from Elba, the station where Rebecca must change trains, and tell him that she had missed connection.

The morning of Rebecca's appointed day, found her at the station, nervously awaiting the train. Only two passengers left the little place Rebecca and Grant, the man appointed to be there by Murphy. How well the plot was working! It was only a short while before Grant had made himself a friend to the innocent mountain girl. He led her to believe that Ralph had asked him to look for her on that train. He knew so much of her plans that his deceit was almost perfect.

When the train arrived at Elba, it was only a short time before Ralph received a telegram stating that Rebecca had missed connection and would be in on the night train. Grant made the transfer for Rebecca and tried to make the trip as pleasant as possible for her, it seemed to her. The train arrived in the city on time but Ralph was not at the station. Grant seemed not to understand why he was not there, but was anxious to carry her around to Mr. Murphy's, where he told her that Ralph stayed. He called a cab, and in a few minutes they were at the "Madam's garden." They were met at the door by Mrs. Murphy and Grant left, after being thanked heartily by Rebecca. The lady carried her up to a room, which she said would be Rebecca's while she was in the city. She explained to her that Ralph had been detained at a trial as a witness, but he would be in soon. As she left the room she told Rebecca to be dressed by eight o'clock for Ralph and she closed the door so gently that Rebecca did not hear the click of the lock nor the key withdrawn from the hole.

She began to dress hurriedly, as it was then only thirty minutes until eight, and she was anxious to see Ralph. Before the hour she was ready, but she thought it best to remain in her room until Mrs. Murphy should call her. She drew the curtain aside to watch the streets, thinking that she might see Ralph as he came in. And at that instant she saw him walking rapidly towards the gate, but to her surprise he did not enter nor turn his head. Could it be some one else? No she knew it was he, for he was under her window now. She could not resist the temptation to call to him, and as he heard that voice he stopped suddenly looking anxiously up and down the street. Rebecca thought it very strange that he should not know where she was, as this was where he was expecting her to be according to Mr. Grant and Mrs. Murphy. She called again and saw for an instant a frightened face turned up to hers, but it was for an instant only, her room door flew open, the lights went out, and before she could utter a sound a cloth was pressed tightly over her lips and the rough hand of a man jerked her back into the darkness. The suddenness of it all frightened her so that she fainted, and it was well for her that she did.

Ralph could hardly believe his own eyes, was it possible that Rebecca could be in that house! His first impulse was to rush in and get her out at once, but before he reached the gate he realized that he could do nothing alone. He saw a policeman on the corner, ran down to him and explained that he knew an innocent girl to be held in the house. The officer reported the situation to headquarters from the nearest box and it was only a few minutes before a squad of officers was there. They entered the house at once and Ralph rushed up to the room where he had seen Rebecca, while the others began a search of the first floor. He found the door locked but with one leap against it he tore the lock apart, and stumbled into the room. A gun flashed in his face and he felt a smart sting in his shoulder, but with the quickness

of a mad cat he sprang at the dark object before him. The gun flew from the man's hand and he fell to the floor senseless from a blow in the face. Ralph struck a match, found the switch, and flooded the room with light. Across the bed he saw the limp form of Rebecca, bound and gaged.

Later as they rode up the valley in the mountains to Rebecca's home he said:

"Rebecca hadn't you rather live here in these dear hills than in that dirty city?"

"Yes Ralph."

And the plot of the three bad men failed.



"Her Rosary"

By "PAT" SMITH, '15.

THE THEATRE was filled with people. Standing room was not even available. Here and there were some more gaily attired than others; all with the same purpose in view; namely, that of hearing Miss Robertson, the violinist, in her first public performance. Only a few months ago she had come to the city of St. Louis, a sweet, simple, little country girl with a talent for the violin, and in a short time had suddenly risen to fame. Those who were so fortunate as to hear her privately had exclaimed that she was a genius. Such a touch as she had seemed unbelievable for one so young. More wonderful still was the music which seemed to pour forth from her very soul.

It was only a few weeks after she had entered this great city that Herman Von Ludwig, a great music teacher, and a master of the violin, had offered her a large sum to tour the country with him and she had accepted. Tonight she was to make her first public appearance in the city. The announcement that she was to appear before the public created the greatest interest. Tickets were quickly sold, those who received them thinking themselves lucky to get tickets at any price. Others who were not so lucky were glad to get seats in the rear of the theatre.

At last the night of the appearance had arrived. Everyone waited in anxiety. Herman Von Ludwig appeared upon the stage amid great applause. As he raised his voice to speak the crowd, eager to express their appreciation of his young pupil, he was applauded more loudly than before. He stood looking out upon the audience with a smiling face, but within him was a silent fear that such an immense crowd might frighten the talented little country girl and ruin her first per-

formance. As he smiled bravely amidst this feeling of fear, he wondered if she could be herself as in his music room—if so—all well!—then there would be no room for worry—but tonight everything was strange, every one expected so much—all these things, combined with the effort of this one great night, might ruin all. He realized, too, that one's first appearance meant more than all the rest. The noise ceased. Everything was so quiet that a pin dropping might easily be heard. As he told them of her struggles, her simplicity, her brave efforts, they listened with sympathizing hearts. He told them of the strain which she would be under and as he did so, they seemed to become more sympathetic, giving him the very best of attention. He closed his little speech by asking them all to be as kind to her as possible.

As he left the stage once again the applause became deafening. Miss Robertson, attired in a simple but sweet little evening dress with her hair done up in girlish style, walked out upon the stage. As she did so, the applause became deafening, flowers were thrown at her feet. Instead of making her feel more comfortable they made the strain greater. Her nerves seemed unstrung and her heart beat faster than ever before. Tears came to her eyes, as she thought of the opinion that would be formed of her tonight. This was the one supreme moment of her life. She tried to place the violin to her shoulder in an easy manner and appear at ease, but somehow her hands failed; it didn't seem to fit there as it usually did. The crowd became silent. Nervously she drew the bow across the violin and the notes of a popular classic poured forth. Every one realized it instantly, but could hardly believe that the simple little lady before them was capable of such unusual talent. The music became more sweet as she played on. At last she reached the end, with one great shudder the strings ceased. The crowd applauded and more flowers were thrown. Somehow Miss Robertson felt she had failed and she became even more nervous.

As she gazed out over the audience, she looked for some one who knew the anxiety she was suffering. At last she recognized someone. Yes—ah yes! it was Tom Black, there with tears glistening in his eyes. He was looking at her with a tender smile on his face, and a sympathetic tear in his eye. That face she had not looked upon since one memorable night five years ago, when they had quarreled and he had left her with the thought that she would never see him again. Tonight a thousand memories flashed to mind. Her heart grew tender, she forgot all but that one piece she had played on the violin a few minutes before they had quarreled. Tonight she saw no one but him, the others paled from her view. The years of waiting and wishing made her happy. Yes, he had recognized her and had nodded. She smiled, drew up her violin closer than ever before, and began to play "My Rosary." Never before had her touch seemed so light, the music appeared to come from her very soul. The violin seemed to sympathize, and to respond to her every feeling. All of a sudden the lights went out. The moon light flickered in upon her, she seemed a very angel. So absorbed was she in her playing that she could remember nothing but her Tom, her eyes were fastened to his and she was calling him back. Every stroke, she imagined, drew him nearer and nearer. As she neared the end, she seemed to feel his arms as of old, and she was happy. With these thoughts in her mind she ended gloriously. The crowd became wild, clapping, stamping and simply covering her with flowers. She waited for the crowd to become quiet again; as she did so she regained her composure and once more was herself. The crowd became silent. Once again she played as before, not to the crowd, but to Tom. Piece after piece she played with the greatest skill, while the crowd listened in complete silence. The last piece was played, and as the notes died out, prolonged applause after applause rose from the vast audience. As the crowd entered the street, nothing could be heard but all sorts of

generous compliments on Miss Robertson's talent and ability.

Miss Robertson forgot everything but Tom. Would he come? She waited awhile in the theatre hoping he might turn up, but he did not. At last she made up her mind to leave for the hotel. As she walked up to her carriage, she felt a touch upon her shoulder. She knew it was Tom before she looked around. As she smiled up at him, she saw that old-time look come back to his face again; but in stronger, more earnest lines. It was then that the full significance of true love flashed from soul to soul.



The Alkabest

NOT FAR FROM the historic old ferry road which runs through Pinkney township in Union county, there stands a large, old fashioned brick house, a house that carries about its vine-covered walls, its sharp angles and dark corners, and the very air that surrounds it, a mystic something, a hidden secret of things supernatural hidden away within the depths of its mouldering walls. Even to look upon it brings an involuntary feeling of awe over the beholder; and even now, as I think of the tales, told me in my childhood, of haunted rooms where goblin shapes would point long daggers at one's very heart as he lay upon the bed, of doors that opened and shut in the dark hours of the night in utter defiance of lock and key, of sighs and groans heard in the dark and mouldy cellars, a shiver runs over me, and I feel again some of that fear of things weird and unknown.

The very setting of the house and its surroundings seem especially made by nature to fit in with the ghostly look and weird history of the Haunted House.

It stands upon the very summit of the highest hill; and when the sun has apparently sunk below the horizon and all around us in the half darkness of early twilight, a faint and flickering light can be seen on and around this house; and sometimes on a clear day, as the sun sinks to the level of the horizon, one large window on the western side sends back a reflection so red and so lurid that it appears unearthly. At night, the moon seems to shine upon it with a softer radiance than upon any thing else; and, if you should ever walk by it upon a moonlight night, as I have done, almost frightened by the ghostly setting and the soft sighing and rubbing of the branches in the great trees nearby, and have your blood suddenly almost frozen in your veins by the hoot of one of the great owls that inhabit the place, you too would lend a willing ear

to the tales told about this strange place. On the north, the great hills slope away at a sharp incline to the edge of Broad River just at the point where Dunn's Eddy swings back against the bluff at its point of greatest curvature. You may stand in one of the great cellars of the house at twilight, and hear the soft, lapping sound of water rising and falling that seems to come from all directions. It is said that this side of the house is undermined by the waters of the eddy, and that in times past, it was the home of a lone sea monster that guarded the house upon the hill, and might be seen occasionally sunning himself upon the great bank of sand just across the river.

It is not strange that a house so situated should have been the scene of the tragedy that follows—a tragedy so unearthly, so bloody, that few men have ever believed it.

In order that you may thoroughly understand this story, it is necessary that you go with me back into the fifteenth century to the age of the Alchemists—and see how it began. During this period, many men gave their lives to the search of a philosopher's stone or Alkahest, as they called it; a stone which would convert all metals into gold. In this search, they made use of a great deal of low trickery, and had frequent resort to the dark arts of magic and mystery. This search reached its greatest height in Arabia; and it was there, in a secret but far in the woods, that the old man of magic, Abd-del-Ablka, found this mysterious stone. He knew that he himself was not far from the grave, so he sought out a young nephew of his, Abdka Meekedla, by name, and carried him into his laboratory to show him the great secret, so that it would not be lost to the world at his death. He led the young man down a shallow stairway, through an underground passage, and into a small room, having a single opening to the light. The room was filled with implements used in the art of chemistry. He bade the young man sit down; and then he took from a small bottle a white powder, threw it into the fire, and uttered

some magic words in Arabian. Immediately a sulphurous odor filled the room, a lurid red light filtered in through the lone window, and before the young man's horrified eyes, a dragon shape began to form from a dim shadow, assuming definite shape as it came through the window. Upon each of its feet were three great claws a foot long, and as sharp as daggers; and its body was all covered with great scales. In one of its feet it bore a small black stone, which it gave to the magician, then it disappeared as it came, and the red light gradually faded away. Then the old magician turned to his nephew and said:

"Abda Meekedla, my nephew, to you alone have I given this great secret; if you keep it faithfully in your bosom alone till Abd-del Abdka shall be no more, then it shall be yours to enjoy; but if you shall betray my trust, woe, woe, be unto you forever. These are the words of Abd-del Abdka."

But the young man heeded not the words of his aged relative, for one day he returned while his uncle was away, called up the dragon, secured the philosopher's stone, and returned home with it. He, however, was afraid to make use of its magic powers at home and he was so consumed by fear of discovery by his uncle that he took his family, consisting of his wife, a son, and two daughters, and fled to America with his precious stone. He lacked not money, for by the aid of his stone he could command an unlimited supply of gold; so he hired a large crowd of workmen, ordered supplies from England, and built the house which I have described to you upon Broad River, far away from any white man and surrounded by the wild tribes of Cherokee and Catawba Indians.

Life passed pleasantly for the young Arabian. He spent his days in hunting and fishing, and a great deal of his time in his laboratory which he had fitted up in a cellar of his house. One evening at twilight, as he was sit-

ting in his room reading, he happened to think that it was exactly one year that day since he had secured the precious Alkahest; and as he thought more and more about it, he grew uneasy. Suddenly he smelled again that sulphurous odor, and that lurid red light filtered in through the western window; and his blood froze within him as he began to see a dim, shadowy outline of the dragon he had seen before with its great claws. He uttered a wild cry, and tried to rise, but his limbs refused to obey him, and he sank down again senseless. His wife and children, who were in the yard, came rushing in, greatly frightened by the sight of that strange red light shining through the window; and there upon the floor they found him, with his shirt torn off, and no mark upon him save three deep stabs around his heart, and no clue to his murder save a faint odor of sulphur and that fading red light.

After his father's death the son became the head of the family, and he spent his time altogether in his father's laboratory, trying to discover the secret of the Alkahest, for, though his father had told him about the stone and its powers, he had never taught him the secret of how to use it.

Thus another year passed, and one evening, exactly one year from the day of his father's death, the young boy discovered the mighty secret of his search. It was almost twilight when he finished, but, late as it was, he went and brought his mother and sisters to show them his discovery. As he picked up the tiny black stone in his hand, a red light began to diffuse through the damp room, a sulphurous odor filled the air, and the shape of the dragon slowly began to take form against one of the walls. Before their very eyes he seized the boy, tore open his shirt, and struck him with one of his great feet, then a white smoke arose, the earth opened and swallowed dragon and boy and the great Alkahest, and as it closed again, the soft, lapping sound of water rising and falling could be heard.

The wife and daughters lived out their lonely existence in that awful house, befriended by the Indians, who regarded them as the children of the gods. Many times have men attempted since to stay there, but imagination is too active for them, and none yet have stayed long. The soft sound of water rising and falling may still be heard in that old cellar sometimes at twilight, that lurid red light can still be seen at intervals shining from that western window, and there is still a tradition there that somewhere in that great hill lies buried the mighty Alkahest of the Ancients.

R. P. THORNTON, '15.



Remedies for Potash Shortage

THIS ARTICLE, though not the work of one of our students, will be of interest to those interested in the fertilizer situation.—Editor.

Various suggestions have been made in regard to the steps to be taken by farmers in reference to the shortage of Potash in their fertilizers, caused by the greatly reduced shipments of Potash from Germany since the First of August. Most of the Fertilizer Companies have endeavored to make the Potash on hand go as far as possible by selling for the present brands of complete fertilizers containing only 2 or 3 per cent of Potash and withholding from sale brands containing larger amounts.

The suggestion that some or all of the Potash be replaced by phosphoric acid is absurd, for every school boy knows that one plant food cannot take the place of another. There are some indirect fertilizers, such as lime, gypsum and salt that can release a limited amount of Potash from some soils that contain hydrated silicates of Alumina and Potash. But if these soils have already been treated with lime or have received repeated dressings of the usual forms of fertilizer containing soluble phosphate with its accompanying gypsum, then the Potash in the hydrated silicates has to a large extent already been replaced and the use of more lime or gypsum or salt could not be expected to release much additional Potash. Ground limestone or oyster shells act too slowly to be used as Potash releasers.

The residue of soda left in the soil by nitrate of soda is more effective in releasing Potash than is gypsum and hence goods, in which the nitrogen is largely in the form of nitrate of soda, may have a special value in the present emergency.

It is often stated that decaying organic matter releases Potash from the soil but there seems to be no direct evidence of this. On the contrary, Dr. S. Peacock states in

the American Fertilizer of September 5, 1914, "Several thoroughly competent researches have shown that decaying organic matter has little effect on converting inert mineral plant food in the soil into available form."

In any soil the amount of Potash capable of being released by these indirect means is a very small fraction of the total Potash in the soil, most of which exists in a form about as soluble as window glass. There is no known profitable method for rendering this inert Potash of the soil available fast enough to provide for profitable crops. Whatever temporary expedients we may employ in the present emergency, we must keep in mind that the Potash thus removed from the semi-available soil reserves must later be replaced if we are to maintain the soil's productivity.

There is danger in the statement that farmers have been using an excess of Potash. Crops use on the average about two and one-half times as much Potash as phosphoric acid, while the average fertilizer sold contains only half as much Potash as phosphoric acid; yet no one claims that we are using too much phosphoric acid. The Potash remaining from previous fertilization is practically nothing except in the limited areas where a ton or more of fertilizer has been used per acre on truck crops. Very rarely is half as much Potash applied to the wheat, oats, corn or cotton crop as the crop removes.

The Potash mines are so numerous and the stocks on hand so large that supplies can be promptly sent forward, as soon as European conditions permit freight shipments to be resumed.

H. A. HOUSTON.

The Clemson College Chronicle

FOUNDED BY CLASS OF 1898.

Published Monthly by the Calhoun, Columbian, and Palmetto Literary Societies of Clemson Agricultural College.

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EDITOR-IN-CHIEF: W. J. HUNTER, '15

How the War Affects Us.

Now that all Europe is in a war, which promises to surpass all others in modern history, two distinct positions are brought to bear upon the national government as well as the people of the nation. The first is that the government's revenues are cut short and commerce badly disrupted. Along with this latter fact, comes a low price of the South's great staple, a decrease in the wages of practically all our business employees and laborers; and lastly a marked increase in the price of nearly all of our food products. The government will be able to take care of whatever deficiencies there may be in its revenues. But it is the average people with average means who have cause to worry. In that two extremes, low wages and high cost of living, have been forced upon them; their

fight for well being and pleasure will be made far more difficult. And thus we have it—the people at large will be the sufferers.

The second and more attractive position in which our nation and people are placed is one of trust and opportunity. All the warring nations have asked the United States to take charge of their affairs with each other while they remain at war. Since ours is the only great neutral nation, it is for us to aid in the making of peace when occasion presents itself. The smaller neutral nations, especially those in South America, are looking to us for the protection of their commerce on the high seas. All of these are trusts that have been placed upon us. Our opportunity comes in the building up of a large export trade with those countries that depended largely on the warring countries for their imports before the outbreak of war. By the proper equipment of a merchant marine we can build up this trade. Step by step our country's commerce will adjust itself to the conditions that now exist. Then, when the war is over, we may expect such days of commerce and industry as America has never seen before.

The Cotton Situation. One of the most important and most far-reaching questions now confronting America is the cotton situation. Some of the Northern papers rather sneer at the buy-a-bale movement, saying "We have nothing to do with the matter, let the Southern farmers settle it to suit themselves." But they are as narrow minded in their reasoning as in their sympathies. Just a thought will show that the Southern cotton problem is a nation wide, yes, a world wide problem. The whole world is almost dependent upon us—the people of the South—hence we are really masters of the situation if we just knew it and were strongly enough united to prove to the world that we know it.

But as to a suggestion to relieve the conditions now existing, we find that there are so many now being proposed that it is puzzling even the greatest Southern statesmen to determine just which is the practicable, or rather the most practicable plan. It is easy enough to pick out a plan that looks feasible in theory; yet when a practical man, a good judge of human nature, goes to analyze these idealistic plans, he finds a great many difficulties confronting him. He knows the Southern farmer too well to think that he is going to cut out cotton, yes even reduce his acreage if he can help it.

Yet the acreage must be cut; that is plain. How is it to be done? By legislation? No, I think not; for the farmer would then feel that he is trying to be forced into something—and it is a job to force a sturdy set of men like the Southern farmers. The buy-a-bale plan, while it alone may not solve the problem, to my mind, it is one of the most worthy and plausible plans yet suggested; for “It is twice blessed:

It blesseth him that gives, and him that takes.”

Or, we might say, that while its primary object is to take the “Distress cotton” off the market—that is, to help the small farmer who is not able to hold his cotton, but must have the money for it even if it must be sacrificed at six or seven cents—it is also a noble thing in itself for the man who buys the cotton. It fosters unselfishness in his character, it creates a broad and sympathetic feeling for his fellow man, and thus has a general uplifting effect upon him. Now, in return for this, gratitude and common sense demands that the farmer cut down his cotton crop for next year so that his friend’s investment may prove profitable, and so that next year will not find the farmer in such straits as the present one. Here is hoping that both sides do their full duty to each other and to themselves.

H. D. B., '15.

The circular below on the
The Protection of Birds. protection of birds is published with the hope that those who attend the State Fair may make it a part of their business to see the exhibition on bird protection. It is interesting to note the attention our people are giving to poor dumb nature. This circular, which is printed in full, is only an example of what our women are doing:

BIRD PROTECTION EXHIBIT FOR STATE FAIR.

The Farmers all over our State are invited and urged to attend the Exhibition on Bird Protection in the Agricultural Building during the State Fair, October 26-30.

This exhibit is the first of the kind ever held in this State. It is under the auspices of the National Association of Audubon Societies in co-operation with the Bird Committee of the Federation of Women's Clubs.

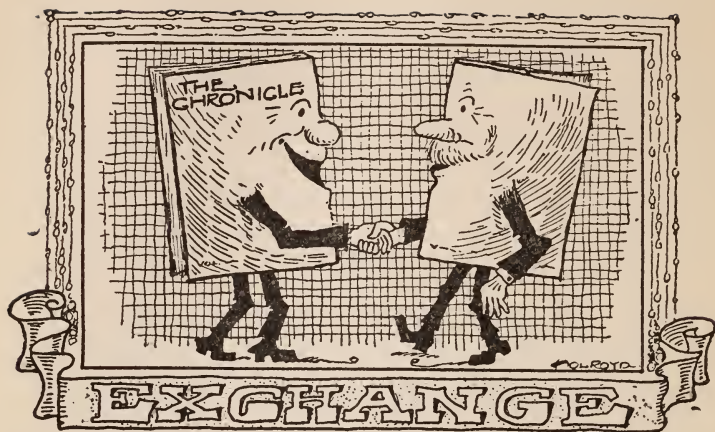
This exhibit will be interesting and instructive. Scientific experts have been studying the food habits of birds for years. Some of the results of these investigations will be shown by picture, chart and publications. Owing to their feeding habits most birds are of immense value to farmers. Therefore, birds should be protected.

A Resident Hunter's License law affords one of the best means of bird protection. This is taught by the experience of other States possessing such a law.

One of the greatest enemies of bird life is the common cat. A place will be given to the cat in this exhibit. There will be display of models of practical bird houses and boxes which can be constructed for a few cents.

Valuable literature on the subject of bird protection will be distributed free.

BELLE WILLIAMS,
Chairman Bird Committee
S. C. Federation Women's Clubs
Columbia, S. C.



EDITORS:

D. E. SWINEHART, '15

S. C. STRIBLING, '16

We of the Exchange Department of the Clemson Chronicle find ourselves in a rather awkward position. Up to the time we go to press with our second issue for the session of 1914-15 we have received only three publications. We think we understand the reason of this, however. We realize that the war will have a certain influence over College publications, as the managers of the different college publications will be slow in getting out the first issue, because of the fact that so many of their subscribers are waiting before subscribing to see just what effect the war is going to have upon the financial condition of our country. We are also aware of the fact that only those colleges which opened about the first week in September have had time to get their material back from their publishers.

We welcome all college publications into our exchange, and we hope that we will be placed upon the exchange of all the colleges within reach of us.

The exchange editors of the "Chronicle" expect during their term of office to criticize fairly and impartially all mistakes or faults of any nature in the publications coming to them. They feel that they are capable of seeing mistakes in other writer's articles better than the writers themselves, and that other writers are more capable of seeing our mistakes than are we. So we hope that our exchanges will not be the least backward in frankly criticizing us and in making suggestions. This is, in our opinion, the fundamental duty of the exchange department and we hope to hold up our end of the duty and we beg of our exchanges to hold up theirs, and to never be afraid of incurring our displeasure by criticisms.

We are in receipt of "Our Monthly" published by the Thornwell Orphanage of Clinton, S. C. The entire publication is taken up with matters in regard to the Orphanage.

We are also in receipt of "St Mary's Muse," published by the young ladies of St. Mary's School of Raleigh, N. C. Almost the entire issue is taken up with news in connection with the opening of this year's session of the school and with news of the students of the past year. There are no stories whatsoever in the issue. However, we will not criticize the editors too severely for this, as we are not certain as to the purpose of the publication of this paper. We are not informed as to whether it is meant only for giving news, or whether to train the young ladies in story writing.

We are also in receipt of Vol. XXXIV. number I. of "The Wake Forest Student," published by the students of Wake Forest College. This issue from the outside has the appearance of an excellent issue. But when we turned to the inside and looked through the contents we were somewhat disappointed. Almost the first thing which came to our attention was the fact that there were practically no short stories, and only one or two pieces of poetry.

Almost the entire issue was taken up with orations and debates which had already been delivered. We do not wish to go on record as being opposed to the publishing of these, but it seems to us that it would have been better to have mixed some short, interesting stories along with these, and if necessary to have saved some of them until later issues. Just debates and orations, with nothing else, make rather dry, uninteresting reading to the average student. In some of the articles, especially "The Development of Mr. Hardy's Philosophy," the language used was of a most too complicated nature to be easily understood by the average English student. In our opinion, articles in these college publications should be written in as simple language as possible, so as to be fully understood by all.

S. C. S., '16.





EDITOR: P. L. MCCOLL, '15

Our policy is to have two addresses and two informal meetings of the association each month through the year. Our informal meetings will be such as lantern slides or illustrated lectures, round table discussions, and short talks from time to time by student members.

Speakers

The Y. M. C. A. was very fortunate in securing Dr. E. M. Poteat, President of Furman University, to address the association, Sunday night, September 20. His subject was, "The Importance of Daily Bible Reading." Dr. Poteat has addressed the Y. M. C. A. several times before and he is loved by every Clemson Cadet.

D. J. P. Kinard, President of Anderson College, addressed the Y. M. C. A., Sunday night, September 27, on the subject of Bible Study. Dr. Kinard is an interesting speaker. He took up the Bible at the time of Wycliff and told how it had to be guarded in old times, giving the names of those who remained faithful in spite of the hardships which they had to suffer. Dr. Kinard closed his address by bringing us face to face with the need of having a knowledge of the Bible and its history.

Student Conference

One of the greatest needs of student life is trained leadership among the Christian forces of the college. The

student conference held at Wofford College, from the fourteenth to eighteenth, will meet this need.

The purposes of the conference are:

1. To discuss the principles and methods of the various activities of the Student Association in the light of the experiences of the delegates present, and under the guidance of expert leaders.
2. To train leaders for Bible and Mission Study classes.
3. To verify the Christian spirit of the Students of the State.
4. To give inspiration for the undertaking of larger tasks.

We will be represented at this Conference by ten student members and our General Secretary. The Bible classes are now well on the way, and are doing good work. We have about three hundred enrolled in Bible study. We have a short prayer service every morning under the supervision of Mr. J. B. Dick, chairman of the prayer meeting committee. We hope that the number of attendance will steadily increase.

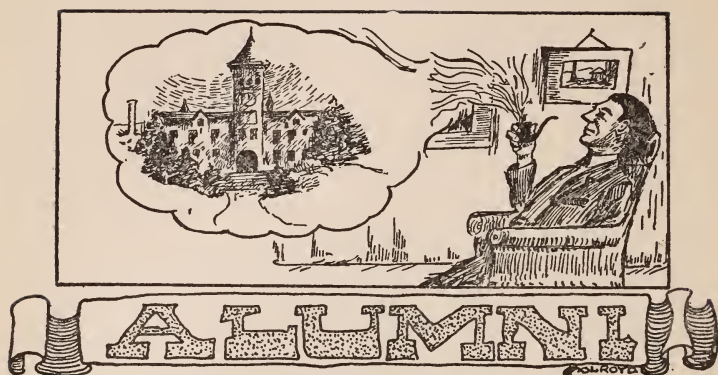
About the Y. M. C. A. Building Fund

In the canvass of Barracks for the collection of the subscriptions to the Y. M. C. A. Building Fund, slightly above four hundred dollars was paid in. This amount, together with the subscriptions which have already been paid by the students, makes a total of about eight hundred dollars that has been paid in to date. Considering the facts that the war's on, cotton low, living's high, and we are all nearly "dead broke," eight hundred dollars may look like considerable money to most of us. But when we consider the cold facts that this leaves us only Nine Thousand Two Hundred Dollars more to be raised, with

an eleventh hour possibility of having to come even stronger than that, we have to reach the conclusion that we haven't done very much to date.

Fellow students, as Jimbird Keith used to say when he made speeches in the Mess Hall, this is no child's task we have before us. It is a grown man's job. We simply cannot afford to take any chances on losing the generous gift which Mr. Rockefeller has promised us. In many cases it will mean sacrifices. We will have to make our trip to Tom's and to Doc. Martin's and to the Y. M. C. A. store less frequently perhaps; but let's get at this job in earnest. Don't leave all the worrying and all the work to the Y. M. C. A. cabinet and officers. They are working hard to raise the money; though most of them will not have a chance to see the building after it is completed. The Y. M. C. A. Building is to be a center for all student life; and every man in College should have a part in making this thing possible. It will require the co-operation of every man among us.





EDITOR: M. R. SMITH, '15

On the night of September 25, Florence county's Clemson men held a meeting at the Central Hotel in the city of Florence. The meeting was called to order in the hotel parlor, by T. B. Young of '04. The meeting resulted in the formation of a Clemson club, to be known as "The Florence County Clemson Club." The following officers were chosen: President, T. B. Young; Vice President, J. O. Finklea; Secretary and Treasurer, J. B. Keith. After dinner was served the following men made speeches on subjects pertaining to the new organization and the good it will do for Clemson College: T. B. Young; H. W. Moore; J. B. Keith; M. E. Cohen; J. O. Finklea; J. W. McLendon; F. K. Rhodes; A. L. Erwin.

The event of most interest took place at this meeting was the establishment of a Perpetual Loan Fund, whereby the young men of Florence County, who are unable to pay for their college education, will be loaned money enough each year, to pay their entire college expenses. A committee was appointed to receive subscriptions for this purpose and they were assured of enough money to

begin one young man on his college course at the opening of Clemson's session in 1915. A competitive examination will be held in the spring to determine what worthy boy shall receive this loan. Such an instance as this proves the love and loyalty old Clemson men have for their Alma Mater.

Another case, for instance, is the gift to our Freshman Football Team of new uniforms, by the Atlanta Chapter of the Clemson Alumni. The new suits have arrived and are to be seen in service, on the Athletic field every evening. We wish to tender them our sincerest thanks, for this generous gift.

Among the graduates of the Class of 1914, several men are now with us. Among them being Jule Carson, who besides being President of that class, earned distinction in athletics. He is assistant coach and is making a good one too. Another famous athlete "Hop Gaudy" is coaching the Freshies, and developing a promising team. The other men are Joe Berles, of "Pomaria," who is an assistant Etymologist. George Armstrong is also acting in that capacity. E. W. Byrd is an assistant in the Physics department, while T. B. Rogers is Campus Electrician. A. J. Stanford is an assistant in the Electrical department.

Allen Bedell, a member of the class of "12," was seen on the campus a few days ago.

Tom Perry is also on the campus. He will remain with us for awhile as he is finishing his Senior year.

G. R. Morgan, of the class of "14," is attending Cornell University, taking an electrical course.

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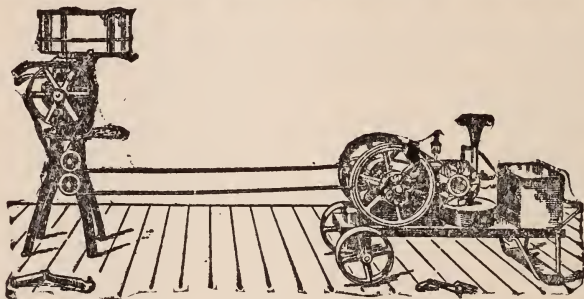
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The Chronicle



VOL. XVIII. No. 3

CHRISTMAS, 1914

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Total	\$90,438.21	\$754,540.83
Interest from investments and other sources	18,954.20	130,771.72

Total Income\$109,392.41 \$885,312.55

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Admitted Assets Dec. 31. 1904 1913
\$333,977.61 \$2,204,634.91

Assets Multiplied More Than Six Times in Nine Years

	1904	1913
Insurance in force	\$2,937,353.00	\$24,146,909.00
Insurance in Force Multiplied More than Eight Times in Nine Years		
Dividends paid to Policyholders during 1913 and amount set aside for payment during 1914		\$62,120.95 per cent.
Interest earned during 1913 on mean amount invested in Mortgage Loans Considering saving in taxes on non-taxable securities, interest earned on total mean invested assets during 1913 is equivalent to		6.6 per cent.
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THE Chronicle.

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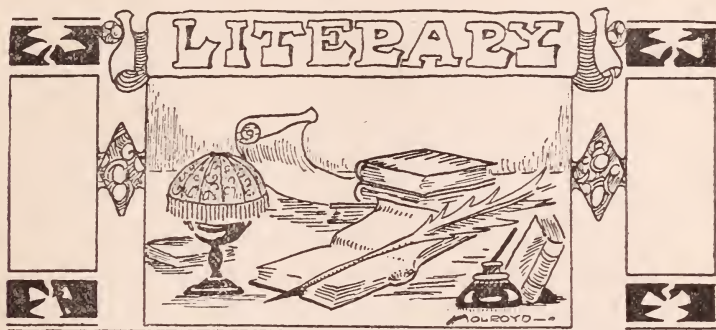
The Clemson College Chronicle

Valeat Quantum Valere Potest

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No 3.



EDITORS :

H. D. BARKER, '15

D. F. FOLGER, '16

C. G. HARRIS, '17

Christmas Eve

By W. J. Hunter, '15.

⓪ OUTSIDE the wintry winds are sighing low;
And the leafless trees all bleak and bare
Stand ghost-like, in the strange and lurid glare
Of the dark night, above earth's mantle of snow.
But within, the Yule-log's ruddy glow
Drives 'way that low, intrusive wretch, dull care,
And every heart beats high that it will share
The joys of Christmas and its blessings know.
And father and mother, they sit and smile
And dream of the far-off days of yore;
But the youngsters they laugh and play the while
And picture all the wealth of Santa's store
Until the weary hours, in turn, have piled
Them safe a-bed, and silence reigns once more.

The Conversion of James Porter

S. C. STRIBLING, '16.

IN THE UPPER part of the state of South Carolina there is a small town by the name of Smithville. In this town at present are living a man and his wife. They are both very old, and their course is almost run. At the coming Christmas they will celebrate the fortieth anniversary of their marriage.

Miss Marie Jones was a very consecrated young woman. She was an orphan, and had to teach school in order to support herself. She was always glad to see the Christmas season of the year come round, because she was a firm believer in that grand old scriptural teaching, "It is more blessed to give than to receive." She always saved part of her money for the purpose of buying gifts for the poor and needy at Christmastide.

Now, it happened that in that same town there lived a rich young banker, James Porter. James was a very industrious young man, and had succeeded in making for himself a very nice little fortune at the time our story begins. He was as honest as could be, and his morals were those of an ideal young man. He was, however, an infidel, and said that all this mush about the Christ child, and the celebration of his birthday by the giving of gifts was foolishness. Several times he had been asked to help defray the expenses of Christmas trees, offerings, etc., but each time he would flatly refuse, saying that he had as much as he could do to take care of himself, without worrying about helping the poor beggars, for he would say, "The more you give them the more they want."

James and Marie were great friends from the time of their early childhood, and in spite of the great difference in their beliefs, Marie loved James with her whole heart, but she would not own it for all the gold and precious stones that were ever on this great earth, so long as James

professed to be an infidel. They had many warm discussions on the subject, but the final outcome was always the same, and Marie began to despair of ever converting him.

In the latter part of December, 1874, just forty years ago this month, Marie began as usual to make preparations for the giving out of her usual Christmas remembrances to the poor. She asked James if he would consent to carry her around in his carriage on her trip to distribute these little gifts of love on the coming Christmas morning, but the cold-hearted young man refused, saying that as much as he prized her friendship he could not consent to grant her request, and thus help in carrying on work contrary to his own beliefs. This refusal was a great disappointment to Marie, as she had hoped to succeed in carrying him with her on this trip, to show him the real pleasure to be derived from giving cheer to the cheerless. She was in the hope that he would see this pleasure for himself, and that it would have some influence toward making him believe in the true Christian religion.

In spite of this great disappointment Marie went on and made ready her little gifts for the poor. None of them were costly, as she realized that it was not the gift so much as the spirit of love which prompted the giving, which would be appreciated.

Marie rose early on Christmas morning, and from her window she looked out upon an ideal winter day. The heavy frost on the grass of her lawn, and on the hillsides of the country at some distance, sparkled in the sunlight from the early morning sun, which shone from a perfectly cloudless sky. It seemed as if a thousand diamonds were sending forth their brilliance to join in the celebration of the birthday of the little Christ child, who later grew into manhood and gave himself as a ransom for poor sinners. As Marie looked upon this scene she was impressed by the serene quietness and beauty of the scene. "Ah," thought she, "if only James could see the beauty of this scene as I see it, I am sure that he would give up those wicked be-

liefs of his, and then I could love him, and then the innermost thoughts of my soul would be as serene and beautiful as this scene before me." But at this thought she turned away with a sigh. It seemed impossible to even think of. But she could not long remain despondent, for she soon began to think of her gifts, and the pleasant expectations of the real pleasure she would derive from seeing the happiness caused by her little gifts of love, began to cheer her up.

But Marie was not the only one who had been affected by this beautiful Christmas morning. In his boarding house not far from Marie's home, James also rose early, and looked out upon a scene equally as beautiful as the one which had so impressed Marie. He was touched as never before. "Surely," thought he, "I must be wrong. How can I look upon such a superb scene and still say there is no God? If I can do nothing more, I am at least going to grant Marie's request, and help her distribute a little of her Christmas cheer to the poor cheerless ones."

Imagine, please, the happiness which must have come into Marie's heart that morning, when as she came out of her door with her bundles, she saw James standing ready with his carriage to help her distribute her gifts. Without any further delay they were off on their journey.

Can you imagine what must have been James' thoughts that morning as they entered a small, shabby tenant house in the suburbs of the town, and there found a fifteen year old girl, an invalid for life, and as Marie gave her a gift, only a plain embroidered handkerchief, her expression instantly brightening up, her eyes gleaming, and a smile coming across her face as she said, "Oh, thank you! After all, I am not entirely forgotten on this beautiful Christmas morning." James must have felt that it was the Christian love prompting the giving, and not the real gift, which this invalid appreciated. Again, what must have been his thoughts as they entered a shabby cottage out in the country, and as Marie gave a small remembrance to

an old, old lady, and she breaking out in tears said, "Oh, that God had touched my heart in my young womanhood, that I might have given some happiness to others, as you are now giving to me on this Christmas morn."

We are able to form some conception of James' thoughts, as he and Marie went on from one place to another, and Marie's gifts always brought happiness, for after they had started home, James said, "Marie, I wish you could fully realize what this day has meant to me. I realize at this late hour what a waste my past life has been. From this day's scenes I know that there must have been a Christ child. I am convinced that in no other way could his birth be so appropriately celebrated as by the giving of gifts of love on each yearly return of the day of his birth. Henceforward, forevermore I am a Christian. All day long you have been giving gifts of love. Will you give one more? Wind up your day of giving by giving yourself and your love to me. For years I have loved you dearly, but I could not ask you to love an infidel. But now that I am a Christian, I feel that I can ask you to love me."

We leave them for the rest of their journey home. But we are sure that Marie must have been as happy as she had wished to be while looking at that beautiful scene early that morning, when it seemed almost impossible for her wish to come true. It is hardly necessary to say that she ended her day of giving by giving that supremest of all gifts—her consent to become James' wife. Their engagement was very short, for they were quietly married that very night.

For forty years James and Marie Porter have lived a beautiful married life. For forty Christmases they have cheered the hearts of many poor people in the section of the county, around Smithville. In a few days their children and grand-children will gather in at their quiet town home to celebrate the fortieth anniversary of their marriage. As if in a dream, methinks I can see all these descendants gathered reverently around this aged couple, and all

are listening intently to the repetition of the beautiful story of how James Porter, their father and grandfather, was converted from infidelity by the beautiful example of Christmas giving by Marie Jones, their mother and grandmother, on that Christmas day forty years ago. And thus we leave them.



The American Jflag

By G. B. H., '17.

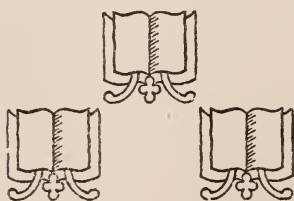
THIS MORNING as I passed down the walk, the flag dropped me a most cordial salutation; and from its rippling folds I heard it say: "Good morning, Mr. Flag Maker." "I beg your pardon, Old Glory," I said. "You are mistaken. I am not the President of the United States, nor a member of Congress, nor an officer of the army. I am only a Clemson cadet."

"I greet you again, Mr. Flag Maker," said the gay voice. "I know you well. You are the one who drilled in the freezing cold, or sweltering sun of yesterday. Or perhaps I saw you serving extras, or confined in the gloomy walls of brick and mortar, studying your lesson for the morrow; but, in reality, you were learning the lesson of endurance and obedience. I give you greetings, Mr. Flag Maker."

I was about to pass on when the flag stopped me again with these words: "Yesterday the President spoke a word that made happy ten million people in Mexico; but that act shines no greater on the flag than the struggle which the Clemson boy is making to win his diploma. Yesterday Congress spoke a word which will open the doors of Alaska. But a mother in South Carolina worked from sun rise until far into the night to give her boy an education. She too, is making the flag. Yesterday a new law was made to prevent financial panics; and yesterday, perhaps, a school teacher in the Blue Ridge mountains taught his first letters to a boy who will one day write a song that will give cheer to millions, as does the *Star Spangled Banner*, or *Maryland, My Maryland*." "But" I said impatiently, "these boys are only farmers and mechanics." There came a great shout from the flag.

"The work that we do is the making of the flag. I am not the flag, not at all; I am but its shadow. I am what ever you make me; nothing more. I am your belief

in yourself, your dream of what a people may become. I live a changing life of moods and passions, of heart breaks and tired muscles. Some time I am strong with the pride of accomplishments. Sometime I am feeble for the want of support. I am the protection of your home, your standard of principles. I encourage in the hottest of battle, and I represent the Christ-like peace. But above all I am the emblem and standard of your nation, your freedom and your prosperity."



The Spirit of Christmas

BY PAT S., '15.

T WAS CHRISTMAS EVE night. Outside could be heard the roar of the wind as it blew around the corner of our house. The snow was fastly falling and its soft white flakes were rapidly covering the bare ground. The fire before us burned merrily, its thump, thump, thump and crack, crack made us realize that we should be happy, for it was cold outside.

My two brothers, Will and John, and I had gathered around the hearth after supper to hear grandfather talk. Will was lying upon the rug at grandfather's feet and John and I were sitting in chairs, in the corners, near the fire. Grandfather was good at telling stories, and to have him with us at Xmas was a treat which we seldom enjoyed. It was only a few minutes after we were seated and grandfather had lit his pipe, that we began to beg for a tale. At this invitation grandfather, leaned back in his chair, took a long puff at his pipe and exclaimed, "Boys, did you ever realize what happiness is yours in life? If you only knew of the suffering, the miseries and wrongs of our fellow companions, you could appreciate Christmas."

Grandfather leaned out of his chair, and glanced into the fire. As he did so we all looked at him, no one but me saw a tear steal into his eye, and I only knew that his kind heart had a deep tale of sorrow. He cleared his throat and began.

"This night forty-five years ago found our line of rebels at Courtway Station, a few miles from Richmond. Only about fifty miles distant was the Yankee line ready to spill our blood upon the snow which covered the ground as it does tonight. I remember the night as well as if it were yesterday. We were camping on the south side of a mountain range, which being covered with pines, kept off a little of the strong wind, which went through

our meager clothes and stung our skin as nettles would. Camp fires were burning here and there, and served to protect scores of men from the cold which caused our bones to ache. Gathered round these fires could be found young faces like yours, boys; while faces old like mine, gave the effect of seriousness of the time. As we crouched in sitting and kneeling postures about the fire, we began to sing. First it was *Dixie* and as its familiar sounds rang out upon the chilly air that Christmas Eve night, our hearts burned with patriotism. First one song and then another was sung till *Bonnie Annie Laurie* was caught up and the refrain caused many an eye to glisten. As the last peal of this sweet old song died out, I glanced around to see if there were tears other than mine. Near me stood Robert Wood, whose acquaintance I had made only a few days before, and, who since that time had confided a great many of his secrets with me. As I glanced at him I saw tears in his eyes and a worried look on his face. He motioned me aside and exclaimed, "Bill, I want to talk with you. I feel that something is going to happen and if it does this will be our last time together." I was deeply touched at this. 'Rob,' I said, 'don't say anything like that, you shouldn't be worried.' But, 'Bill,' he said, 'I had a dream last night and I dreamed that I was being buried, around me stood friends and most of all a sweet little face was bent over my coffin and the tears from those eyes fell upon my face.' I tried to comfort him, and make him realize that it was only a dream, but I couldn't. He continued, 'Bill, you are one of my best friends. Will you keep a ring and a picture for me until I feel sure that I am out of harm. But this will never be, Bill, for I feel that this is our last talk together, and for that reason only, I am telling you this tonight.' I told him I would be glad to help him any way that I might be able to. He thanked me and began with his secret.

" 'I am giving you a ring that belongs to a little girl at home, whom I was to be married to if I ever came back

alive. As the notes of *Annie Laurie* rang upon the air to-night I thought of her, and it was this thought that worried me. You can't realize how hard it is to fight, when you are leaving all behind you, Bill. She was the noblest and sweetest little woman that ever lived. As I kissed her good-bye and promised that I would be good and brave, it almost broke my heart.'

" 'Bill,' here he handed me a letter, 'read this, and see for yourself what a noble little woman she is.' As I read the letter I could see that she was a woman worthy of such love as his. The last few lines of that letter still remain in my mind and always will, they were these, 'God keep you safe and happy always.' These lines showed how deep and pure her love was, a trusting love that only such a noble little woman like her could give a man. At the conclusion of this he handed me a ring and a picture, and I carefully placed it in my pocket. We departed with a hand shake that I will never forget, for it was his last one.

"That night we lay down on the snow with it beating us in the face. We soon dropped asleep. It was about two o'clock when I felt someone move at my side. I awoke to find Bob kneeling and praying aloud; no one heard but me; he thought we were all asleep and as he prayed the words became more audible. I heard him exclaim, 'God help me to be a man worthy of such love, help me to be brave, to face the front in this time of need as a good man should. God take care of my little girl. If I should die tomorrow, protect her and keep her safe.' He then crawled under the cover and I heard no more; for I was struggling under a great emotion.

"The next morning we arose, and prepared to make a march upon the left flank of the enemy, which was camping only twenty miles away. The enemy, hearing that we were so near, prepared to meet us, also. So both armies met on a plantation about midway between their original positions. The fight began about four o'clock in the afternoon and grew sharper and sharper. Position after

position was changed till both sides gathered around the Colonial house that graced a large oak grove. The family began to flee, as we neared the house, with our deadly fire. Men fell here and there, and the snow was covered with crimson spots that melted earth's blanket of white. There was so much confusion and excitement that the family fled from the house to the southern side for protection. It was only a few minutes after they had arrived that suddenly a wail broke from the little group of women, 'the baby, the baby. We've left it in the house.' Without a moments hesitation Robt. Wood who was near, ran toward the house. I expected at any minute to see him shot, but it seemed that God protected him; for he arrived there safe. In a few seconds he came out of the house with a bundle in his arms. The Yankees who did not see the baby in his arms, opened fire. I saw him stumble, and as he neared us, another fulsiade from the guns and his hand flew up to his head. He was now within a few yards of us. With a lurch, he plunged forward and fell dead at our feet. We picked the baby up and gave it to its mother, while Bob's soul found rest within the bosom of an everlasting God. We won after a hard fight. But that Christmas Eve and Christmas day will always live vividly in my memory."

As grandfather closed he reached for his handkerchief and with it wiped his eyes. We all followed his example.

I felt that in the hero of this story I had found the real conception of the Christmas spirit: that when a man can forget his own little self and live and do for those around him, he then approaches the image of Christ, whose birth we were celebrating.

Autumn Dreams

By F. C. L., '15.

WHEN FIRST the frost of Autumn comes
And changes the emerald leaves to gold,
The warm and humid Summer air
Is crisp'ned by the cold.

Fond mem'ry brings gay scenes of old
In fancy to my view,
And makes me often sadly pine
For happier days of yore.

In fields of brown and ripened grain
Where once I wandered gay and free,
With ne'er a thought of what the future days
Might swiftly bring to me;

Were days of one sweet endless dream
And life no frown did bear.
The soaring lark with joyful song
Ne'er thought the world so fair.

And now when memory sweetly comes
To bring me back those days of joy
I sit and sadly long again
To once more be a boy.

Ambition's dormant for the while,
Then reaches forth his mighty hand
And once again I proudly say
I'm glad I am a man.

Christmas on Eastatoie



ON CHRISTMAS EVE John Chappell rode up the Valley of the Eastatoie, inviting all the young and old to a "frolic" at his home on Christmas night. Every person in the valley was invited, for it was to be typical mountain party where all were welcome to have a gay time and enjoy the feast.

Before dusk had covered over the gray rugged mountains on Christmas day, the people began to pour into the home of John Chappell. Children, old people, and all between were crowded into the two immense rooms of the old fashioned house by eight o'clock. They talked in their long drawn out tones like the dull humming of lazy bees on a hot summer day, and moved about greeting each other with their plain "Howdie" or "Hullo."

The "wimmin folks" of that house had been busy for several days cooking for this great occasion. And on that night whole muttons, hams, turkeys, chickens, and numberless pies disappeared. The "men folks" had not been idle either for the cellar was well supplied with wine and pure old "moonshine" made with great care for this "frolic."

After the feast the old musicians of the valley started the dancing with their banjos and fiddles. The strong youths "swung their pardners" over the floor in high glee. At the end of each dance the bottle passed to young and old alike and even some of the women and girls did not let it pass untouched. As the night wore off the older and younger ones gradually left. Generally the wives were carrying their husbands and crying children home. Frequent visits were made to the cellar for the firey liquid that spurred the men to dance longer. The large dancing room was filled with the odor of whiskey, and tobacco smoke from the cob pipes of the old men. The musicians were half asleep and half drunk, still they played on and on mechanically. For hours this continued, until the alco-

hol gained control of the men. Then they could no longer keep their feet under them.

When the cook began to send out the signal of the dawn of another day, the drunken youths staggered out to their buggies with the girls and went to their homes almost lifeless.

And this was their idea of Christmas! They saw nothing wrong in what they had done. They were happy. But is this the right kind of happiness? Are we, professing to be civilized and a Christian people, going to allow this condition to be true in the years to come?

D. F. F., '16.

Our Mountain Trip

BY P. J. CRECY, '15.

THE WORD WAS handed down that the Horticultural Seniors would leave College Thursday morning, October 15, for Apple Valley, Georgia. The trip had been put off twice before this, so the section had become somewhat indifferent about the matter. However, with the prospect of an abundance of apples facing us, we decided to go.

The final day of reckoning arrived, and a gloomy day it was. It had been raining all night, and was still raining when the time for our departure came. Prof. N— gave the word to go rain or shine—I can assure you it was more rain than shine—so we got our eatables—generously donated by Shorty—and other things together, and left College for Cherries at 7:15 A. M. Our hack turned out to be an open two horse wagon. The reader can guess that the “Palm Beaches” were wet by the time they got to the station.

We arrived in Walhalla about half past eight. Another disappointment awaited us here—the man that was to take us out to Apple Valley failed to show up. We visited the livery stables of the place, and finally got the firm of Grant and Keer to agree to take us. There were ten men in the party including Prof. C—, our instructor. A three seated hack and a carriage proved sufficient.

With hopes again rising and feeling fine, we left the City at some time after eleven for a twenty-eight mile drive across the mountains to Apple Valley. Our luggage, including three boxes of ham, salmon, beans, and bread, was packed away under the seats. We were in rather cramped condition, but nevertheless rode away feeling happy. All went well until we got to Mountain Rest. Here a halt was called and the horses fed. In about twenty minutes the journey was resumed.

The reader must understand that during all this time the rain was descending, thus making it possible for him to see the condition of the streams over which we passed. When we came to the first flooded creek, the cheerful look on our faces changed to one of gloom. While crossing, the water came up into the bottom of the buggy, wetting some of our clothing and having a decided dampening effect upon our bread. Something so engrossed George Peter Hoffman that he playfully let his foot down in the water and splashed it around like a two year old baby. He wanted to know afterward why he did it. Presently we came to another stream. This time one of the drivers, Bynum, unhitched one of the horses and rode out to test the depth of the water. There was a bridge across the stream, but the rushing torrent almost hid it from view. Bynum came back and reported that we could get over, so we pushed ahead. We made it across all right, with the exception of a little more water added to our already enormous supply.

After leaving here, we entered the mountains proper. Some of the boys had never seen a mountain, so they looked on with wonder and amazement at the beautiful scenery. Soon we came to the river, a branch of the Savannah. Looking down upon the swollen torrent we little knew what adventures it had in store for us. The heavy rains above had so flooded the river, that now the seething mass rushed on with terrific force carrying bushes, trees, and debris along with it. Suddenly we rounded a curve in the road, and a long stretch of water again confronted us. Not a single thought as to the depth of the water crossed our minds. It really looked to be about two feet deep.

A few words of explanation as to our position may not be out of place here. The road bed was narrow and was perhaps about six feet from the side of a steep hill. A rail fence ran along the side of the hill. On the other side of the road the distance to the mainstream was about twenty feet. Water covered the entire road bed. The

edge of the river could be discerned by the line of bushes that extended about two feet above the water.

To continue our journey—we drove into the water and attempted to cross. We went down until the water came up on a level with the horse's backs and was running over the buggy seats. We would perhaps have gone further if a suit case had not shown signs of leaving us. By this time it was all the horses could do to stand up in the sweeping current. The carriage was in front with Lee Keer, the crippled driver, Hoffman, Creecy Briggs, and Prof. C—in it. We realized that we were in a dangerous position, so I burst open the back of the buggy and Hoffman crawled out on top and jumped to the bank. The other team now began to unload. Rails were pushed out to the vehicles, and thus we were enabled to get ourselves and baggage out without any serious injury. Hoffman lost a pair of overshoes, though he made a desperate effort to save them. I, myself, had to grab to save my overcoat and several rain coats. The suit cases and our rations were exposed to the mercy of the water. The problem of saving the animals now faced us. The drivers were helpless. One was crippled and could do nothing, and the other, Bynum, was "spacheless" with the exception of a string of profanity. Two water rats, therefore, divested themselves of clothing, and straightway went into the water to the rescue. The first team was saved, but the second, getting into the main current was swept away. One horse, the grey one, being blind, went under, and the other the black, got on top. It seemed a certainty that the team would be lost. However, Davis and Rosa deserve the highest praise for their valiant work.

We were indeed fortunate in being near a house. About a half mile further was a mountain hotel. Gathering up our baggage—which now weighed approximately a ton—the weary crowd footed it to Mr. Russel's home. A warm welcome and a cheery fire greeted us. We made good use of the fire for a few minutes and then were call-

ed to supper by Mrs. Russell. Of all the suppers I ever ate, I think that was the best. Mrs. Russell certainly knows the art of cooking. It was a noticeable fact that Prof. C— and General Briggs never slighted the biscuit. After supper we went into the parlor where we were all amused by the jokes of Mr. Russell. General Briggs condescended to operate on the piano for us. Mr. Garriss was too bashful to give us a sample of his ability.

But I must hurry on, for I fear that I am tiring the gentle reader already. After a night's rest and another good meal we journeyed on. We were still about twelve miles from our destination, and as we had but one team most of us had to walk it. Foot sore and tired, we got to Apple Valley about three P. M. Hoffman, Arthur, and Cathcart went astray, and went several miles out of their way. They arrived about a half hour after we did, none the better for their extra hike. Some walking records were established on this trip that would make even Col. Cummins marvel. He will probably wonder why the boys can't walk around his square in a similar manner.

Our clothes and bedding, irrespective of variety, were now hung out on the fence, and a fire was started on the side of a hill. A trip to the apple orchard was now in order. Prof. C— accompanied us. We were astonished by the abundance and beauty of the apples. We sampled every variety and soon found out which was best. We knew after that what varieties to select for eating purposes. At the packing house Joe Rosa became interested in a pretty young lady. He was talking rather briskly when she said, "Prof. C— there is my youngest child over there," pointing to a little boy sitting on a box of apples. Joe, to the amusement of the crowd muttered, "Good Night Shirt," and walked off. While on the trip Joe asked an old mountaineer how long was it going to rain. The old man replied, "till it stops, I reckon."

That night we feasted on water, soaked ham, cold beans, salmon, and Uneeda biscuit—I can assure you that

we all needed them. General Briggs seemed anxious for some milk. He noticed an old cow browsing around the camp and said, "Maybe we can milk the cow?" Prof. C— replied, "*He* won't milk. We joked General about the cow during the entire time that we were up there. Briggs lamented the fact that he had lost the crease in his trousers, and, therefore, could not see his girl in Walhalla on the return trip.

Our sleeping quarters was a fodder loft. I was accused of covering with a neck tie, but as that was the only dry article I had, I think I was justified in using it. Bill Arthur offered me another but I assured him that mine was sufficient.

The next day, Saturday, was spent in the packing house and apple orchard. I am sure, though, that we ate more than we packed. The trip through the orchard was enjoyed by all. When we got back to the camp our shirts and pockets had the regulation bulge—with apples of course. Davis enjoys the distinction of having the largest bulge.

That night we were shown a new dish by Prof. C—,— a hominy—hambone special. It proved to be a good one. Bostick got out a patent on a hominy pot cover. It was prepared from an old battered bean can. The beans we ate had a very harmful effect upon four men; namely, Prof. C—, Davis, Bostick, and myself. Joe Rosa swiped a can of what he supposed to be salmon. It turned out to be coal tar. The tar felt very sticky to the hands of General and Joe. Prof. C found the can in the fodder Sunday morning, and brought it out much to the discomfiture of Joe.

We were beginning to think that we were going to have to walk back, when much to our surprise our faithful old black and another horse appeared. Bynum was driving. I never expected to see the old black again. He was found near the river the morning after the wreck.

Our heavy suit cases—you can guess what made them

heavy—were piled on. We hopped in and the return trip began. This was Sunday morning but it did not seem like Sunday to us. We had to ford the river on the return trip, but with the able assistance of Mr. Cary, his father, and a Mr. Speed we got over easily. We were indeed thankful for the kindness of Cary and Speed and their families. They afforded us every kindness possible.

Without any other accident, we arrived in Walhalla about three-thirty that afternoon. That town was a glad sight for our eyes. Here our faithful driver seemed sorry to see us go. He stuck to us through thick and thin.

We had about three hours wait in Walhalla. General Briggs became very much interested in a girl he saw, and when the time came for us to go he seemed very reluctant to leave. However, we finally persuaded him to buy a ticket and come back with us. We left Walhalla about six-fifteen and arrived in Cherries about seventy-twenty-five. We got to Clemson on schedule time. The entire section heartily agreed that the trip was well worth the time and hardship. All of us had some experiences that we will always remember.

And thus ended our happy—if that is the word to use—trip to the mountains.

WRITTEN BY P. J. CREECY, '15.

**“And Whereof He Was Convicted by
His Own Conscience”**

G. F. M., '15.

THE SPIRIT OF CHRISTMAS was in the air; preparations were being made everywhere. The stores were filled to overflowing with Christmas gifts. Everyone was experiencing a happy thrill—no; there was one exception: Somewhere, lost in the great busy world, a man, exiled from home felt not the approach of Christmas. Lonely, with no present comfort, but only hideous memories of the past, he lived in hopes of blotting out his past life.

But the past would not be past, and the inner workings of a conscience, that had formerly been subdued by an iron will, continually reminded him of his past deeds. For days, months, years, he had dwelled in his own habit of hellish crimes. Memory, fancy, and conscience were his ever-constant companions; fancy prompted, memory haunted, and conscience taunted.

Yes, take a look at this man whose great crimes have completely overcome him. His habitation is a cave situated near the foot of the Ozark Mountains. Tonight, he is sitting before a red coal fire. The first impression we get of him is his premature age. He is still young in years, but his body has aged fearfully; his hair has turned a snowy white; his form is bent and broken; wrinkles have left irretrievable marks upon his once handsome countenance.

On this memorable night Fancy, Memory, and Conscience vie with each other in assiting him to review the past.

Before his horrified gaze he sees the crime he committed ten years gone by: A young man of inviting and winning personality is bending over a beautiful girl. As he bends toward her, he says, “I love you, little girl, noth-

ing shall ever intervene to part us. The time will soon be here when I can make known our marriage to the world, and then life will be one long dream of happiness.';

The picture fades away, and another one, a young woman in rags, an out-cast, rises in its place. This recedes to give way to another. The young woman in rags is lying on her death-bed, there is no one near to comfort her in her last hours in this world; a terrible sorrow is written upon her countenance, and the man draws back in horror, raising his hand to shut out the fearful sight.

Memory again recalls, and the man sees a scene that happened eight years ago. He is in a gambling house, playing recklessly with a group of friends; the police raid the den and he is caught red-handed. In the custody of one of the policemen, he is carried to confront his father. His father, overcome by the enormity of the scandal, refuses to acknowledge him as a son, and in spite of a mother's and sister's entreaty he is disinherited. He attempts to speak, but his father, overcome with anger strikes his son. Then, horrible scene, the son stabs his father to the heart. The man's frame trembles in agony; he cries out, "Would to God, I were never born!"

Fancy again plays before his eyes, memory still haunts him. A fourth picture rises before his vision. He is standing in a room of a gambling house. A young man is lying at his feet, dead, stabbed to the heart. It is his knife that has pierced that youthful breast; it is his act that has drawn the life-giving blood from a fellow-being; and the man desperate rises to his feet and paces to and fro the floor of his apartment.

Memory and Fancy give way to Conscience. It speaks. "Ten years ago you committed a crime; you destroyed the purity and blasted the life of a beautiful and confident girl. What have you done to make amends? Eight years ago, you murdered your father, brought sorrow upon the innocent heads of your sister and mother, and fled like a coward. What reparation have you made? Six

years ago, you struck down a young companion, brought sorrow to another sister's and mother's hearts. What have you done to retrieve this crime? You are a coward, a murderer, fleeing from justice; you have deceived the world, evaded the law, but you have not deceived God, nor have you succeeded in deceiving yourself."

"Have I not done penitence for six long years," answers the agonized man; have I not shut in myself from all companionship with my fellow-men; have I not suffered untold horrors and tortures for my crimes; have I not borne enough to expatiate all my sins?"

"It is true that you have suffered agonies for six long years," replies Conscience; "but penitence alone will not suffice." "Penitence, reparation, and moral and physical courage are the necessary requisites for your complete expiation. Penitence is the least you can do; reparation is the greatest. Without physical and moral courage, reparation is utterly impossible.

In an eastern city, Christmas festivity is at its height. In nearly every dwelling, happy faces seen bear eloquent testimony of a happy home; home, the one in the pensable social organization, pictured with a happy reunion.

Standing in contract with the happy scene just described, is a home that is not a home; for its membership is depleted. There is the mother, and there is the daughter; but the son's and father's places are vacant. It is Christmas night, but no herald sounds a happy reunion in this home; for the father is dead, and the son has fled from justice, a criminal, the murderer of his father.

The mother and daughter are sitting listlessly before a red hot coal grate. Neither speaks, but the sorrowful and meditative looks upon their faces are expressive of the great sorrow that has taken place in there lives.

The mother's face is wrinkled with care and sorrow, but in it we find a trace of sweetness and irreproachable faith.

The daughter is a beautiful woman, but no smile plays

upon her countenance. The sorrowful droop of her head, although it enhances her sweetness, excites our pity and sympathy.

A gust of wind blows open the door of the room, and both women glance simultaneously in its direction.

A gaunt, bent figure of a man stands in the entrance. A second glance and we recognize him as the hermit of the cave. For a few moments, he stands tottering in the doorway, and then he murmurs, "Mother, Sister."

With a cry of gladness, mother and sister rise from their seats, and hold inviting, outstretched hands toward him, but he does not embrace them—instead, he speaks:

"I have a confession to make."

"Eight years ago I fled from this house, the murderer of my father. Two years before I had committed another crime of a different nature, but just as horrible. Two years later, I murdered in cold blood a young friend.

"The law forced me to seek refuge in some obscure place, and for six long agonizing years I have done penitence. My own conscience has convicted me, and I am now returned to make what amends I can and to receive my deserved punishment at the hands of the law. Tomorrow I will give myself up to the proper authorities and will willingly take my punishment.

"You know my crimes, and you now have some idea of how I have suffered. Will you forgive me, or will you cast me off?"

"My son, your sins have been great; you have caused me unendless worry and sorrow, but I still have a mother's love for a son."

The son embraces his mother; his sister clings to him. It is a happy reunion, but it is interwedged with sorrow; for on the morrow, the son and brother will give himself into the hands of the law. But tonight, Christmas night, peace and happiness reign in a once sad and blasted home.

Six months later, a man is sitting near the iron-barred window of his lonely prison cell. Peace is written upon his countenance. In his hand, he holds a small book. He turns to a certain page, and his fingers trace these words, "and whereof they were convicted by their own conscience."



The Great Love

C. G. H., '17.

IT WAS A DREARY morning in the old hills. All was silent, save the gurgling of a mountain stream which chose its own way down the mountain, and the whistling of the wind in the bare tree tops. The mountains were covered with a deep, soft, snow which had fallen during the night. The wind was blowing fiercely, and consequently the snow was deeper in some places than in others. The air was dry and sharp, and the temperature was too low to permit the snow to melt. It was one of those blizzards which are remarkable for their dry and biting cold. In short, it seemed as if the works of God had never been scarred by man's hand.

The river was the only thing which showed that the surrounding world was not asleep. There were no birds, no animals; not even a snow-bird or a rabbit to show that God had not left his creation to run its own course. But, yes, there was one sign of life that would be overlooked by a careless observer, because of its likeness to its surroundings. Close in a bend of the river, behind a hugh rock, situated between two giants oaks, was a shed large enough to accommodate four people. It was built after the fashion of an Indian leanto. It was made of branches of pine trees piled on slanting poles, which were supported by a pole nailed at each end to the two oaks. This however, was covered with snow, and appeared, at first, to be merely a pile of logs.

Against the huge rock, just in front of the lean-to was a fire, by which were seated two rough looking men. They were both smoking in silence, with their heads hung down. Then, one of them began to slowly raise his head. The expression that shot from his deep set, black eyes as they met the glare of the fire, showed that something was worrying him. After gazing into the fire for a little

while, he said: "I wonder what has become of our McLean."

Evidently the same subject was on the other man's mind, also; for scarcely were the words spoken than he sprang up, saying: "I'm going to see."

"But," said Jasper, for that was the first speaker's name, "You can't do it. You'll freeze."

"If I freeze it will be in doing something I never dreamed of," said Hawkins, the other one of the two.

So catching up his fur coat and stuffing some cold meat, and a bottle of cold coffee in his pocket he started out into the blizzard. Before going very far he suddenly stopped, and, as a man accustomed to being alone, he began talking to himself.

"Well, this is the strangest thing I have ever done in my life. Yesterday I'd 'er killed that kid or his daddy on sight, and now, here I am looking for him same as if he wuz my own son."

..It was strange. Hawkins was a "moonshiner" and every body knew it, and young Mr. McLean was the son of an officer whose duty it was to stop the illicit distillation of whiskey. While Mr. McLean and Hawkins had never come into conflict, the latter had sworn that if it was in the power of one of them to pull the trigger that the other one would be no more.

It now seemed that the "moon-shiner" was about to wreak vengeance on his enemy by getting the latter's son into a lonely mountain, out of hearing and out of sight. But that earnest look on the old mountaineer's face, as he strode bravely on, did not betoken anger or evil intention. There were two emotions in his breast, that were worrying with each other for mastery. The first was that which had been taught him from his youth up, to kill his enemies regardless of right or wrong. The second emotion was the call of his better half to spare his fellow creature. At last he yielded to his better self. He was softened, when he thought that the boy, even though he

was hunting for him was, perhaps, half frozen and in great need of a companion.

Thinking thus, Hawkins buttoned his coat tighter, and started again on trail of the boy. But after he had gone about three miles, the tracks came to an abrupt stop on the edge of a steep cliff. Fifty feet below the snow was piled high against the side of the cliff and in the top of the drift was a bale.

Hawkins well knew what this meant. The boy had started on the search alone, and not knowing the country, was now hopelessly lost. Hawkins immediately hastened around to the foot of the cliff. He then began digging for the body. This was not an easy task for the boy was some distance down in the snow, and the loose snow would continue to fall back in the hale. But there was determination behind Hawkins' efforts, and soon he came to the body.

Laying his ear on the boy's breast, he found, to his great joy, that life still remained. He took off his fur coat and wrapped it around the boy. He then shouldered his burden and started for camp. Traveling over a steep and rough way in the deep snow, with a hundred and fifty pounds on his shoulder was no easy task for Hawkins; but he moved steadily on. Despite the violent exertion he soon became chilled to the bone, for he had taken off his only warm covering to wrap the boy in. Soon his pull become slower and slower. He would often stumble and fall but each time he would rise again.

Finally he reached the camp and layed his burden down only to fall beside it unconscious. Jasper worked with them as best he knew how. McLean was first to regain consciousness. Then McLean and Jasper both went to work on Hawkins. He came to consciousness once and tried to rise, but fell back never to rise again. He had taken acute pneumonia on the way back to camp.

McLean was greatly touched, for he was hunting for

Hawkins to lodge him in jail when Hawkins saved his life.

A grave was soon dug and the body buried. A board was put at the head and on it McLean carved Hawkins name and these words: "Greater Love Hath No Man Than This; To Lay Down His Life For An Enemy."



This Last Hour

By D. E. S., '15.

CARL FLETCHER leaned back in his easy chair, and lazily watched the rings of smoke as they drifted upward from his pipe. A smile of satisfaction came over his face; and why not? Wealth, power, and social standing were his. If he wished anything he had merely to make his wish known. The wealth and social standing had been handed down to him. The power he had gained thru his individual efforts.

"Life is well worth living, after all," he mused. "There's many a poor devil, who is shelterless on a night like this. I guess I can stand it, to rush over and join the boys in a little game of cards." He put on his heavy coat and stepped out into the street. As a gust of sleet and snow whirled up the street, a sudden weakness overcame him. Everything became dark, and he sank down.

Carl gained consciousness in his rooms with one of Detroit's most famous surgeons leaning over him. "What's wrong with me, Doc?" were his first words.

"I am afraid that it is your heart," returned the doctor seriously.

"Why I feel strong as ever," cried Carl, leaping to his feet.

"Mr. Fletcher," returned the doctor, "for your benefit, I will be frank with you. It is a very strange case, and one of which we have very few records. You cannot possibly live over six months." To Carl, who had always enjoyed the best of health, and was almost perfect, physically, these words came like a bolt of lightning from the blue sky.

"Why, he's crazy," he thought after the doctor had departed. "I'll consult a specialist." Carl consulted, no less than a dozen of Detroit's specialists. Invariably the answer was, "You cannot possibly live over six months."

When at last, Carl was made to realize this, he bore

up well. "Eat, drink, and be merry, for tomorrow we die," became his motto. After arranging his affairs he determined to enjoy his last few months to the fullest extent. All Detroit marvelled at him. He scattered money broadcast. Nothing was too daring or too rash for him. And, then, one night, he met Grace Evans, the only daughter of the millionaire banker.

The following day, he was torn with a hundred conflicting emotions. He knew that he had made a good impression upon her. Did he have a right to try to win her love? He, who could count the months, which fate decreed he should live, upon the fingers of one hand. But love conquers, as love always does, and he accepted an invitation for a pleasure trip to the Southern seas upon the Evan's private yacht.

The party consisted of twenty young people, and here, as at any place, Carl soon made himself a favorite. Never, for an instant, did anyone suspect that he bore a burden, which was slowly eating his life away.

The weather was warm, and the days drifted swiftly by. Each one brought its new pleasures to the gay, young people, and when they anchored in the harbor of Cuyza, a small city of Southern Mexico; they found new pleasures in exploring the historic ruins and picturesque mountains. When a suggestion was made that the party journey over the mountains to an old Aztec village, it met with instant approval. The trip must be made on horseback, and several days would be required. Undaunted, they prepared for the trip. At the suggestion of the captain of the yacht, a Mexican named Jose was chosen as guide. He was a native of the mountains and an experienced guide.

At day break they were on their way. The path which they followed, led through roaring mountain streams, and narrow ledges on the sides of steep precipices. All nature seemed to be throbbing with life. Bright colored birds flitted from tree to tree. Gay little paraquets

leaped from branch to branch uttering their shrill cries. Great clusters of crimson orchids shone like great drops of blood. Bunches of yellow bananas glittered like nuggets of gold. Carl forgot the thing which had been haunting him so long. His self control left him, and as he rode along, he told Grace of the great love which he had concealed for so long. She did not answer, but he could tell by the light in her eyes, that he had not sought in vain.

That night they camped within the walls of a great canyon. On each side, great walls of rock overhung. A small mountain stream, rushing by, roared like thunder in the narrow walls.

As the sun threw its first jagged rays of light through the great trees that crowned the cliff, Jose rose and climbed up a great rock from where he could get a wider view, and perhaps see where the horses had strayed during the night. He observed the horses nearby, but far up the canyon, he could make out a group of objects moving toward him. Unslinging the field glasses, which hung at his side, he forced them upon the moving objects. As he gazed, a look of fear spread over his face; his knees seemed to bend beneath him. "The Yaquis," he gasped, "The Yaquis." For by the head dress, he had recognized a party of that unconquerable tribe of Indians, which, even to this day, are a menace to the inhabitants of Southern Mexico. Despite his fear, he remembered his duty to his employers, and leaping down the sides of the rock, he ran in the direction of the horses. They, being experienced camp animals, were soon started toward camp.

From a sound slumber, the members of the party were awakened by cries from Jose. "The Yaquis are upon us! Make haste for your life!" All was in confusion, but the cooler men soon had the horses saddled, and placed the women upon them. Just as it seemed they were to escape, the foremost Indians broke into view. There was the sharp crack of a rifle, and Jose fell from his horse

with a bullet through his head. Almost instantly, two horses fell. The sight of the two fallen horses seemed to wake Carl as if from a dream. Here was a chance to end his life gloriously, to save the girl he loved. With two horses killed, someone must stay behind. Why not he? No one, but he knew of his limited days. He would die the death of a hero. All the world would honor him. He was a crack shot, and with Jose's rifle, he could hold the narrow canyon, until the party could escape. These thoughts flashed through his mind in an instant. He bent over the body of Jose and removed his rifle and cartridge belt. "Go quickly, before it is too late," he said to the anxious group. "We cannot all go, I will hold them, until you are safe." With a cry, Grace leaped from her horse, and threw her arms around him. "I cannot leave you. I will stay with you. We will die together," she sobbed. This was no time for parley. Carl placed her forcibly upon the horse and the group dashed down the canyon. From every eye there fell tears. And every heart throbbed for the brave hero, who stood looking fearlessly at the approaching Indians.

Carl took his position behind a pile of rocks, and here, lying at full length, he could thrust his rifle through a crevice in the rocks, and bring the entire canyon under his fire, and yet, remain invisible to the Indians. The crafty Yaquis dismounted, and keeping ever under cover, crept stealthily on. To Carl, this silence was ominous. Soon, not one hundred yards away he noticed a color that did not blend with the rocks around it. He took careful aim, and as he pulled the trigger, an Indian sprang to his feet, spun around and fell. But, Carl had exposed his position, and from every rock it seemed there blazed a sheet of lead. With out moving, Carl coolly watched for the movement which would betray the hiding place of a foe. Seldom did his rifle speak, but that there was an answering cry of agony. He was holding the line back. His position seemed invulnerable. He thought of the little

party hurrying down the trail. If he could but hold back that line of crafty foes a little longer, they would be safe. His grasp tightened on his rifle. He would do it. He heard the sound of a falling rock, and glancing upward, he saw the form of an Indian glide behind a ledge of rock. They had succeeded in scaling the cliffs to the ledge above, and would soon be in position to fire directly down upon him. He must lose no time. With a snake-like movement, he slid from his position, and without exposing himself to view, begun his retreat down the canyon. He could see a new position about two hundred yards to the rear. With the stealth that an Indian might have envied he circled around and arrived at his new position. He could hear the cries of rage and disappointment, when the Yaquis discovered that their ruse had failed.

They soon discovered his new position, and from every side a score of leaden messengers poured in. Still he held them back. They learned to fear that deadly fire. Suddenly his sixth sense, seemed to warn him of a nearer danger. He turned his head. Not fifty feet from him, he could see the glaring eyeballs of an Indian, peering through a crack in the rocks. The worst had happened. They had circled around, and were behind him. A noise to his left told him they were there. A shadow glided by to his right. They were all around him. He raised his rifle. The hammer fell on an empty chamber. His last shell was gone. A ghastly pallor overspread his face. He shook with fear. The rifle dropped from his trembling hands. "Oh Christ!" he shrieked, "I am going to die!"

The Maid of Louvain

C. R., '16.



H! MY CHILD, you are yet an un-weathered flower. And you speak of peace? Peace? Did you not see the city in flames? In the ashes of Louvain lies the dove of peace. Cursed be the sovereign who winged that sacred bird, and hurled its torn and bleeding body into our midst. Ah! my pet, dost thou not remember the calamity that befell our own little kingdom how its fields were strewn with our dead while a man of our troop lives, there shall be no peace. Come, child, lay your pretty head upon my shoulder." Silence then prevailed. The old man threaded his daughter's fair hair with his withered fingers.

The coals settled on the ashy hearth-rock, casting a ruddy glow over the room. They sent out gleams which danced on the innocent face of the daughter, and showed well the deep furrows on the face of the father. The old man gazed into the bed of embers. He thought of the past, when he, a student, had left his home in sunny Italy to win the hand of a Flemish peasant girl. Alas! The wife had died when Florentine was but a babe. And then the babe had grown to maidenhood. The father thought of the last summer, when he fled from the northern war-zone to Louvain, which city then seemed safe. But war had followed him. His studio in Louvain had been destroyed, and he sought refuge in a peasant's cottage not far from this stricken city. Yes, he had lost his studio and with it his paintings, the work of a lifetime. But he had something left. Upon her he had lavished all that would add to her natural culture and refinement. She had grown as a pure flower under his gentle and patient care. She was pleasant to look upon. Indeed! a fairer maid was not to be found under Louvain's wretched wing. Upon these things, the old father thought, as his eyes sought the secrets of the glowing embers.

The daughter, too, searched among the figures of the embers' creation. What had she seen that had caused her slender body to quiver? Maybe it was her recent suitor. The tall, handsome man in an officers uniform. The man who wore a German calvary officer's insignia. Again, it could have been a sturdy lad in the Belgian ranks. The boy whom she had known since childhood. Ah! and in innocent frolic he had kissed her once. How well she remembered it. It was in youthful play she had told him that, when he grew, and became a man, when he became nineteen, that following Christmas she would wed him. And surely that Christmas was near at hand. She had been reminded of it all. Such was the mission of the glowing embers.

"The hands of the clock point upward, my little angel, and may God watch over you through the night." The paternal voice broke the long silence. And after planting a kiss on the silvery locks, Florentine drew herself from the tender embrace and sought her own pillow.

It was near the close of the third watch. All was silent save the rustling leaves. A twig must have broken, too, under the heavy calvary boot of the man who parted the shrubbery near the south window of that peasant's cottage. A mocking bird's soft notes floated through the still night air. A maiden passed through the cottage door, and swiftly and silently picked her way through the chumps of shrubbery which skirted the cottage's lawn. On the other side of the lawn stood a man, tall—straight as an arrow—his form was clearly outlined against the sky. Then he draws under the shadow of a large tree, and there, in the shadow, the maid awaits his coming.

It is that they spoke in whispers, for there is no man who can guess how many ears catch the words intended for one. Who knows the object of that mysterious meeting? One listening could have heard nothing but a broken feminine voice:

"No! no! not tonight. Heaven forbid. You know not what you ask." The voice died away. The maid of Louvain glided through the shrubbery and entered her room. The German strode silently away.

"And now, Dame Conscience, comes your chance. Speak to the fair haired maid who lies on a sleepless bed," said the Goddess of Chastity to Dame Conscience. Then Conscience did speak to the girl in a loud, clear voice:

"Florentine, this night hast thou deceived thy father who loveth thee with all his soul and body. Thou knowest that thy father's grey hairs are emblems of wisdom. He despiseth a destroyer of cities. This man hath helped lay Louvain in ruins. And thou hast met him, alone, this night. Ah, Florentine, thou has come near sinning. Thou hast had one foot on the brink of Hell. Take heed, maiden, lest thou fallest in this yawning chasm."

And Florentine's heart spoke for her saying: "Did not this man save my life on that day when I crossed the road near the bend, just below the house? Surely, my body would have been mangled by the hoofs of those war-horses, ridden by drunken soldiers of the Kaiser, had not this officer shot the horses from under the mad-men. And knowing how feeble father is, I could not wisely tell him of my narrow escape. It was far better for me to meet this man, tonight, and thank him feebly for my life. And he was a gentleman. He told me—"

"And what did he tell thee, maiden? 'Ah! thou shall not pollute thy breath with his words. Thou shalt not stain thy lips with fruits of the devil.' These are the words thy dear father wouldst utter, if he knew all, for well knoweth thou that he, in his childishness, beareth no love for the Germans." Thus spoke conscience.

And the maid of Louvain wept. She wept not as a girl weeps, but she shed the tears of a woman.

Such agony of mind causes the senses to grow dull, and before long Florentine closed her eyes. Sleep had conquered. But sleep does not always bring rest of mind,

for the mind continues its work, even though the body rests. Therefore, Florentine dreamed. She saw the lad of Flanders. He held in one hand a bright torch; with the other he pointed toward a quiet city. She drew nearer. The boy laid aside his torch and stood with outstretched arms. The smile she had seen so often, long ago, again hovered about his lips. His eyes spoke the yearning of his heart. And then Florentine awoke.

It was the day before Christmas. The sun was well upon its way. The wind whistled through the harvests of the winter's frosts, and the cold air clotted the blood of wounded soldiers. Like the withered grass of the European plains, lay the men of the armies. The fighting had been fierce. Though the right wing of the German army had been driven back, the Allies had paid a dear price for their ground.

On the rear of the Belgian corps, men and women were carrying the wounded from the field.

Late Christmas Eve night, a boy of nineteen tossed upon an army cot which had been placed in one corner of a hut which stood near the scene of the day's battle. He had been fatally wounded. Rain and anxiety was fast wearing his life away. The nurse had told him that he could live but a short while. He must live till Christmas night, for then he might see, for the last time the sweetheart of his youth.

That same night a horseman stood at the gate of a peasant's cottage. On answer to his call, a young woman stood in the door of the cottage. The horseman had come for her. Soon they were upon their way. Through the night they rode. They talked but little. Indeed, Florentine rode as though she were in a dream. She had had troubles enough lately. Her father had died, leaving her a poor, helpless orphan. And the German officer had passed from her mind. She had made her choice.

Christmas morning Florentine rode through the town where she had spent her childhood. How unlike Christ-

mas it was. The streets were empty. Careworn women and hungry children hovered around the cottage fires. Children wondered if Santa, too, had been killed. Everywhere there was ruin. On and on, the silent travelers rode.

It was near midnight, the man halted the horses near the hut which stood beside the battle field. The horseman helped his companion to the ground. In silence, they walked toward the hut.

All was still as death itself. The pale rays of the Christmas moon danced, ghost-like, on the bare walls of the room. And the insensible form of the maid of Louvain lay across the cold body of a Belgian soldier.

"Some Chickens"

D. F. F., '16.

TEN YOUNG BACHELORS working in Richmond, Virginia, grew tired of the boarding house and organized a club, in order that they might run a house of their own as they wished. It was like one happy family in that house; every member was highly delighted with the arrangement. But after some time, two of them, W. R. Berry and Edwin Hoyer, withdrew to answer the call of some fair maidens back in their home towns. They made their homes in Richmond, however, and kept in touch with their forsaken brothers by giving occasional dinners and parties. Still they could not enjoy the merry "stags" that the bachelors had quite often.

Christmas time came, and with it a big party for these happy men. All friends and former members were sent the following informal invitation, "There will be *some chickens* at the Bachelors' Residence on the 29th. Be sure to come around."

Berry and Hoyer decided that they would leave their wives long enough to have one more good time on this night with the fellows, and on the night of the 29th Berry was ready on time. As he went down the steps on his way to the party, he turned to Mrs. Berry in the door and said, "There is a letter for you in my coat pocket, I forgot to give it to you when I came in."

"All right dear, have a good time and come back early," she answered as she closed the door and went to her room for the letter. She found with it the invitation from the Bachelors, and after reading her letter, she, curious to see the style of their invitations, opened it. "*Some chickens*" was all that she saw, but great was the indignation of that little wife. How could Roscoe leave her all alone at night, to go to another party where there would be girls that she did not even know perhaps? And the

worst of it was "the hateful thing" didn't tell her a thing about them being there! She wondered if Mrs. Hoyer knew anything about it, and with the thought she went to the phone to find out. Several blocks away, Mrs. Hoyer stopped her sobbing long enough to answer the phone weakly.

"Oh, Alice has Mr. Hoyer gone to that party of those hateful bachelors?" cried Mrs. Berry.

"Yes he has, and do you know that it is not a "stag" as we thought it was going to be? I wish that I was at home!"

"Well, I don't, and more than that I am going right out to Floyd avenue on the next car and bring Roscoe Berry home, where he should be. If you will meet me at the corner you can go after yours too."

"Well I will go, but how are you going to do when you get there?" asked Mrs. Hoyer.

"Oh, don't worry about that," and she left the phone.

Later as they turned in at the gate of the gaily lighted Bachelors' Residence from which the music of an orchestra poured, one was filled with doubts and fears, but the other was going in with determination. A negro man answered the bell, and bowing low, he asked them into the hall. As they entered they saw through the large open doors a room filled with palms, cigar smoke, and men playing cards at tables here and there, but no ladies could be seen. Mr. Berry looked up, saw his wife in the hall, and rushed out to see what the trouble could be. In a moment the doorway leading into the hall was full of men. But when Mrs. Berry announced that they wished to see their husbands only, they were left alone immediately.

"Mr. Berry you and Mr. Hoyer have told your unsuspecting wives that you were coming here to a party for men only, but we have learned later that you were invited here to meet with some women and you knew it all the

time, what have you to say for yourselves? asked Mrs. Berry with coolness.

"Virginia, what do you mean? There are no ladies in this house and there will not be!" replied her astonished husband.

"Oh no! I forget, there are no ladies here in your estimation. Since you are not acting gentleman I guess you do not call us ladies any longer! Perhaps you will know what I mean when I tell you that there will be *some chickens* here tonight."

The two men were silent for a while but a smile crept over their faces as they looked up at each other. Berry broke the silence with,

"Wait here just a minute until I return."

He went into the room where his fellows were and explained to them how the ladies had been misled by the invitation, and asked that they excuse him and Mr. Hoyer for the rest of the evening. But this request was refused at once. Every one insisted that the ladies be invited in to eat some of the *chickens*, as dinner was just ready. Berry returned to the hall with the invitation and the explanation to the ladies. They saw that the joke was on them, and being unable to offer an excuse for leaving, they went in and enjoyed *some real chickens* as much as any one of the men.

The Induction Coil

By W. E. B., '15.



ANY INGENIOUS improvements have been brought about during recent years in the production of static or frictional electricity. Nevertheless they have found little application outside of the lecture room or laboratory. Whenever high potential electricity discharges are required it has been found far more convenient and economical to produce the same by means of the induction coil.

This piece of apparatus is very simple in its construction and depends upon the following fundamental theory of induction for its operation: Whenever a wire carrying a current of electricity is brought into the proximity of a conductor forming a closed circuit then there is induced in the conductor a momentary flow of electricity. Furthermore it makes no difference which wire was moved into the proximity of the other. The results are the same. Now if the two wires are wound on a stationary core and current sent into one of them there is an electromotive force set up in the other every time this primary current is established or interrupted. By this arrangement one coil is always in the magnetic field of the other and when the primary current is made or broken, the above mentioned field appears or disappears. Every time this magnetic field changes a powerful secondary current is induced in the secondary coil.

In the commercial induction coil then, there are two separate coils of wire. The primary coil is made of large wire to enable it to carry a large current and thereby produce a strong field at the center. This primary coil is wound on a soft iron core which itself aids in producing a powerful field. A bundle of fine wires is usually used in the making of this core.

The secondary coil, which consists of a great many turns of fine wires, is wound on the outside of the primary

coil. All of this wire must be carefully insulated to prevent the "shorting" of a number of turns due to the excessive voltage induced in them. Now, as mentioned before, every time the current is established or broken in the primary coil a powerful momentary current is induced in the secondary.

In order to produce the necessary rapid interruptions of the current in the primary coil, an automatic circuit breaker is provided. This is generally the armature of an electro-magnet which is alternately energized and de-energized. A spring breaks the circuit when the magnet is de-energized and closes it when the magnet is energized. By this arrangement the circuit of the primary is opened and closed hundreds of times per minute and the result is an almost constant discharge of electricity across the separate ends of the secondary coil. These ends may be separated anywhere from the smallest fraction of an inch up to three and one-half feet in the larger coils.

An eminent German engineer enjoys the distinction of constructing the largest induction coil in existence. The secondary wire in this remarkable coil is 280 miles in length and contains about 350,000 turns. Energized by only a few dry cells this coil is capable of producing a discharge of sparks across a gap forty-two inches wide. These discharges appear as miniature strokes of lightning and are accompanied by a fairly good imitation of thunder. It is estimated conservatively that the voltage induced in the coil is in the neighborhood of 1,500,000 volts. Furthermore the discharge sparks will penetrate and perforate six inches of flint glass.

When high tension discharges of electricity are sent through a vacuum the result is a most beautiful display of color effects. Red and green are the predominating shades if rarefied air is used.

The most important use of induction coils is in telephone transmitters. Here the high voltage renders long distance conversations possible.

These coils are also used to a limited degree in medical apparatus and in purifying air. It is said that dense smoke and other impurities in the air are very effectively dissipated by the action of the larger types of these coils. This is probably largely due to the formation of ozone by the electrical discharge.

This field of engineering has been largely neglected in the past and no doubt the future will reveal many new and interesting phases of this subject.



The Clemson College Chronicle

FOUNDED BY CLASS OF 1898.

Published Monthly by the Calhoun, Columbian, and Palmetto Literary Societies of Clemson Agricultural College.

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All business communications should be addressed to the Business Manager.

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One-half page, per year	\$12.00	One inch, per year	5.00



EDITOR-IN-CHIEF: W. J. HUNTER, '15

A Grander Christmas. We are going to have the best and most enjoyable Christmas this year that we have ever experienced. "Why," did you say? Well, because this year we have been looking forward to Christmas from the very first of the session instead of from the Fair week; and thus because of our more intensified anticipation, we will undoubtedly be in a better frame of mind to enjoy it; the physical effect on us will be such that we will just force ourselves to have a pleasant Christmas. Moreover, there is a greater and more general reason why everybody—not merely eight hundred boys who are looking forward to Christmas with added interest—everybody is going to have the opportunity to spend the finest, the most congenial, the most brotherly Christmas they have ever

spent in recent years. Not that there is going to be more money spent, more costly presents received than ever before; but, on the contrary, the financial crisis is bearing so heavily on many people that even the less costly presents will require a sacrifice on the part of the giver, and thus by this sacrifice, with every gift will go the giver himself. It is

“Not what we give, but what we share,—
For the gift without the giver is bare.”

So, instead of being grouchy because we cannot make the gifts we want to, we are going to make those we do give doubly appreciated by sharing it in a brotherly way. And remember that small things may carry loads of sentiment; that even a few kind words may afford some heart untold pleasure.

“A nameless man, amid a crowd
That thronged the daily mart,
Let fall a word of Hope and Love,
Unstudied from the heart;
A whisper on the tumult thrown,
A transitory breath—
It raised a brother from the dust,
It saved a soul from death.
O germ! O fount! O word of love!
O thought at random cast!
Ye were but little at the first
But mighty at the last.”

H. D. B., '15.

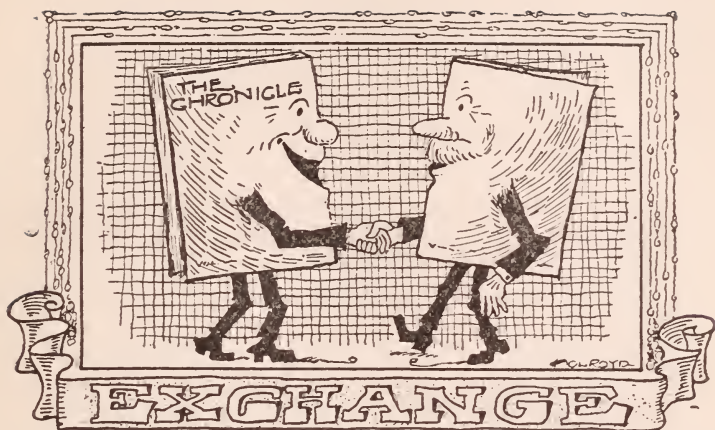
Before Christmas. Christmas, the happiest time of the year for a college student, is about to dawn upon us again. The fact that we will soon go home for the holidays should make us work the harder in the winding up of the term's work. If our grades have run low during the term, we

should not become discouraged, and think our case hopeless; but, strive all the harder to redeem ourselves. The amount of work a student can do in the last two or three weeks of a term can hardly be overestimated. Let us do our best now; for much depends upon the way in which we apply ourselves at this particular stage of the game. We owe it to ourselves and to our parents that we make a good and creditable showing. Many students become so highly elated over going home Christmas that they forget their present duties. We should act in the living present; and when Christmas comes we can go home happy, prepared to have a good time.

Honor among students should exist in *College Honor.* every phase of their college connections; in their dealings with the faculty both in and out of the class room, in their relations with each other and with outsiders at large. Why there should be such a variable definition of honor among students to suit their own taste for each different occasion, is devoid of explanation. Honor is honor. There is no man here but knows whether he is in the right or in the wrong. No matter what peculiar situation or condition he may find himself in, he can always discriminate between the good and bad, the honest and dishonest. Then, why is it our honor system has sunk to this "little measure"—that we have practically have none? Are there men among us who are dishonest, are there those who would wink at that dishonesty, would dissipate their opportunities in college and throw to the winds their chance of the future? Do we believe in deceiving ourselves by cheating, and making a pretense at that knowledge we do not have? To all this we would answer *no*, and yet we cannot. There is something wrong somewhere or we would have had an honor system. Can we stand for this? Clemson is our school, and it is for us to remedy these conditions.

Why can't we do the honest, upright thing, beginning now; in our daily recitations, our examinations, and in all our college connections? Let us do it; and in time we can build up an honor system of which we ourselves will be proud, and which will be a rich heritage for the thousands of Celmsn students yet to come.





EDITORS:

D. E. SWINEHART, '15

S. C. STRIBLING, '16

The editors can, for the first time this year, boast of a desk covered with exchanges. By comparison with former year's exchanges, we feel justified in saying, that the work seems to be of an unusually high standard.

We are especially attracted by the *Carolinian*, and wish to congratulate the present staff. The material shows very good judgment in the selection. "*Louvain*" is a beautiful little poem. The words are well chosen, and the metre is exactly suited to that style of writing.

Through the first story, "*The Lass of Lumbellagh*," there runs a pathetic strain, which somehow does not seem to blend with the style of writing. The style could be better used for a different plot. The construction is almost perfect. "*When Ignorance is Bliss*," treats of a man's sacrifice. An ardent love is the foundation of the

story. The characters, however, do not seem to be real characters, but act more as puppets.

The Editorial Department is unusually strong. The subjects are well chosen.

To the "Wesleyan," we must extend the greatest praise. It is as perfect as the limitations to which all College magazines are subjected will permit. The pictures of the staff lend much to the attractiveness of the magazine. The poem, "October" first attracts our attention and deserves much praise. It brings to us pictures of "Roads and fields with colors rife," as if an artist stood before us, brush in hand.

"Virginia's disgrace" is a delightful little story. It is written in a fascinating style, and what the poem lacks in plot is amply made up by the delightful speeches and actions of Virginia. The writer shows ability which is seldom seen in college circles.

"The Thief" is a poem, which can be highly commended.

We were rather disappointed when we examined the contents of "The Davidson College Magazine" to find that it contained only one story, and that one covering seventeen of the thirty-four pages of the issue. This story could have been made a great deal more interesting, according to our opinion, if the author had gone on with his story, and had left off some of his elaborate descriptions of different scenes. However the story was interesting and due credit should be given the author for his preparation. The poetry and the essays in this issue were good, but if a few snappy stories had been intermixed with them, the issue as a whole would have been more interesting reading matter. However, we know by experience just how hard it is to get together material for

the first issue, and this partially explains to us the cause of this little fault.

The Wofford College Journal is certainly to be congratulated upon having among the members of its staff an artist of Mr. Clinkscales' ability. His drawings added greatly to their first issue.

We desire to take this means of extending to the members of the several staffs of the journals and publications on our exchange list our heartiest wishes for a merry Christmas. We may now be scattered about in our respective colleges, and be prone to criticise one another more or less severely, but when the Christmas holidays are here, we will gladly lay aside our exchange duties, and greet one another with right good cheer when we meet in our homes at Christmas time.

S. C. S.



EDITOR: P. L. MCCOLL, '15

TENTATIVE PLANS FOR Y. M. C. A. BUILDING.

The new building will be constructed according to the latest designs, and will be equipped with modern equipment.

BASEMENT.

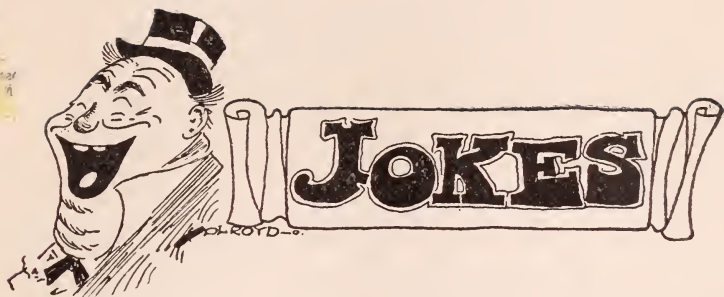
An up-to-date cafe, lunch room, a large dinning room, which will be used for Banquets, Basket Ball Courts, and Bowling Alley will be situated in the basement. The basement will also contain a soda fountain, confectionery, shower bath, and a large swimming pool.

FIRST FLOOR.

The first floor will have a large Lobby, a Reading Room, Ladies' Rest Room, General Secretary's Office and Literary Society Halls. The managers of the Athletic Teams will have an office on this floor. The remainder of the first floor will be an auditorium with a seating capacity of four hundred.

SECOND FLOOR.

The second floor will consist of a number of class rooms, which will be used for the various Bible and Mission Study classes. There will also be a number of dormitory rooms, for the entertainment of visiting Athletic Teams, visiting Alumni; as well as for other occasions when visitors cannot be cared for elsewhere. There will be club rooms set aside for the various clubs, such as the Agricultural and Electrical Engineering Societies.



CHIEF SIDE SPLITTER: CAT RANDLE.

Barnes, at A. I. E. E. meeting: "Mr. Chairman, I move that we hold a banquet just before we go home Christmas, to mark the end of the term."

Patterson: "Don't you worry about that, we'll get marked at the end of the term alright."

Prof Dargan: "Ha! Ha!"

Stewart: "Say Pat, did you see in this morning's State where American ships are being fired on?"

Pat: "By whom?"

Stewart: "The stokers of course."

HOME!

He had been from church to church trying to find a congenial congregation, and finally he stopped in a little church, just in time to hear the congregation read with the minister:

"We have left undone those things which we ought to have done, and we have done those things which we ought not to have done."

"Thank goodness," he said as he slipped into a seat with a sigh, "I have found my crowd at last."

—Ladies Home Journal.

WHO WAS IT?

"Well Sir! Well Sir! That gentleman in the devil's corner with the three inch yawn must have been prowling last night.

Mrs. Wiggs: "Are you the same man that ate my mince pie the other day?"

Tramp: "No Mam, I'll never be the same man again."

WHEW!!

Great concern was felt by the leading physicists and scientists of the world when it was announced by certain authorities that a bucket of water would weigh no more when a fish was placed in it.

Some fish, that!

GRAVITY? YES!

A kind hearted old lady came hurrying up to the little girl who had fallen out of the window with the anxious question, "Dear, dear! How did you fall?"

The girl looked up and with a voice choked with sobs replied, "straight down, ma'am."—Tit Bits.

NEWS FROM THE FRONT.

He had waited thirty minutes for a slow waiter to bring his dinner.

"Now," he said to the waiter, "can you bring me some cheese and coffee?"

"Yes, sir; in a minute, sir."

"And," continued the diner, "while you are away you might send me a postal card every now and then."

Wom. Home Comp.

THEIR FAVORITES.

The French Army—To be or not to be.

The German Kaiser—I'd rather be wrong than be president.

Arbul Hamid—Onward, Christian soldiers.

Czar—Go west, young man.

Admiral Tirpitz—Pull for the shore, sailor.

Count Zeppelin—Women and children first.

Woodrow Wilson—Get together.

—Life.

NEARER HOME.

In a personal interview with Dr. —

As I have said before, I will repeat for the benefit of those coming in late and of those who have not heard—

Yes Sir, right, to a gnats' beel.

Your tough luck, nothing stirring—

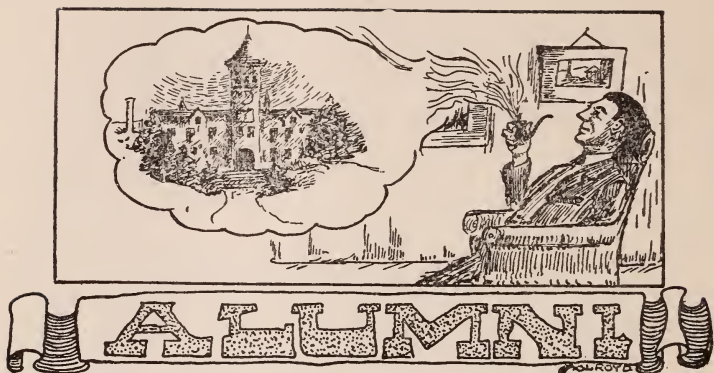
Ah—Young gentleman, as you know—

Rub it out, there's nothing right but your name and that isn't spelt right.

Say, Mr. Man—

Hey, you Boob back there, this is not a sleeper, this is an observation car.

Mr. R—, if you had been awake you would known that—



EDITOR: M. R. SMITH, '15

Before the Clemson Carolina game occurred, the ever loyal Alumni and Clemson students, with their followers, gathered at the Agricultural Hall in the fair grounds. They then marched to the seats reserved for Clemson's followers where they backed our "Tigers" with splendid rooting, such as is characteristic of Clemson men. Backed by this rooting and the interest of the large body at home the Tigers made pie of the chicken. As "Big Matthews" said they tore feathers out with their teeth. Dr. Porter Caughman, an old Clemson man, had charge of the managerial duties for the preparation of the big game.

When the Agricultural Meeting of the Southern States met here, among them was J. C. Pridmore, an old graduate, who is at present with the View of Tennessee. "Prid" was a famous man in his days and won fame here as a track man.

"Johnnie" Wakefield was seen on the campus a few days ago. Johnie was a member of the class of "12" and probably was the smallest captain here that year.

"Red" Gentry "13" was seen in Greenville a few days ago, but didn't have the time to make us a short visit. "Red" will always be remembered by us as a jolly good fellow.

"Rufe" Fant "13" played against us in the Carolina game. "Rufe" is also a good fellow, but we would advise him to make laws, rather than try to make touchdowns on his Alma Mater. By the way "Rufe's" line of hot air took well with the Anderson County bunch and as a result, he was elected to the legislature this summer.

"B" Harris class of "11" is now teaching school at Marlin, Texas. This summer "B" decided that in union there is strength and, as a result, he now has a better half.



South Carolina Experiment Station.

The Clemson College Chronicle.

The Tiger.

The Clemson College Annual.

Literary Staff.

Art Staff.

The Clemson Agricultural Journal.

Editor-in-Chief P. H. Senn
Business Manager W. D. Arthur

The Young Men's Christian Association.

General Secretary R. L. Sweeney
President P. L. McCall
Secretary
Treasurer H. H. Dukes

The Calhoun Literary Society.

President W. A. Bigby
Secretary A. B. Carwile
Treasurer D. R. Hopkins

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Treasurer R. G. Kennedy

The Palmetto Literary Society.

President M. A. Smith
Secretary D. H. Banks
Treasurer J. C. Canon

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President Dr. F. H. H. Calhoun
Secretary and Treasurer J. W. Gantt
Historian D. E. Swinehart

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Manager B. M. James
Captain W. A. Schilleter

The Base ball Team.

Manager P. C. Crayton
Captain S. C. Webb

The Track Team.

Manager R. J. Odom
Captain L. Legrand

The Basket ball Team.

Manager J. E. Glover
Captain C. F. Gee

The Alumni Association.

President H. C. Tillman
Secretary and Treasurer J. E. Hunter

The Senior Class.

President D. E. Swinehart
Secretary and Treasurer C. B. Iler

The Junior Class.

President D. F. Folger
Secretary and Treasurer W. B. Townsend

The Sophomore Class.

President J. L. Cathcart
Secretary and Treasurer C. S. Garrett

The Freshman Class.

President H. C. Horton
Secretary and Treasurer R. M. Finley

The Clemson College Sunday School.

Superintendent E. H. Pate
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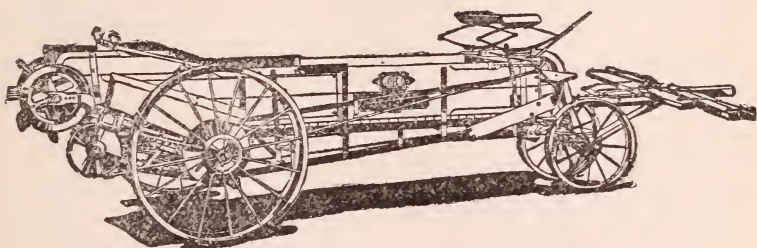
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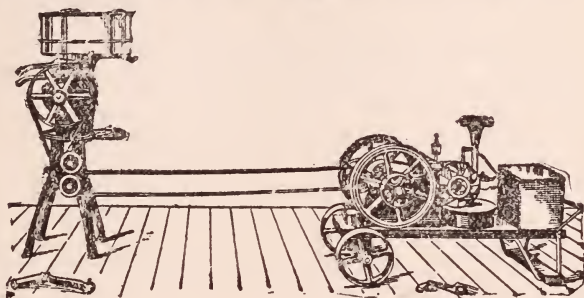
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The Chronicle



VOL. XVIII. No. 4

JANUARY, 1915

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The Chronicle.

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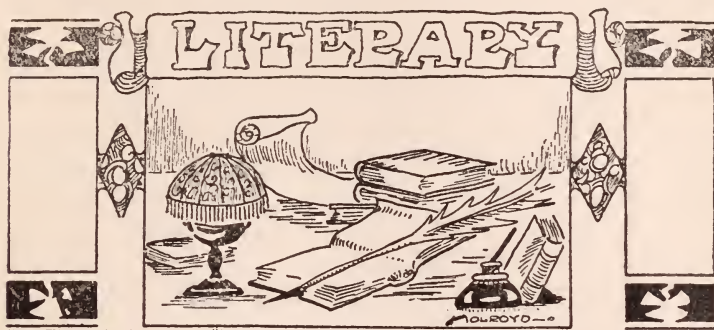
The Clemson College Chronicle

Valeat Quantum Valere Potes!

Vol. XVIII.

Clemson College, S. C., January, 1915.

No 4.



EDITORS :

H. D. BARKER, '15

D. F. FOLGER, '16

C. G. HARRIS, '17

Lines

By W. J. HUNTER, '15

SLOWLY tottering he marches on,
Bending low and lower still
Beneath his sins, and cares new-born,
'Till the time-fretted hours have filled
Another space, and then he dies—
Dies the Old Year and loud the bells
Peal forth their joy, while upward rise
A thousand thanks that all is well.

But far away the mighty clash
Of Europe's armies shakes the earth,
Souls upon souls in a moment's flash
Are hurled into the jaws of death.
But hurrying time stays not his pace

And the Old Year takes his leave,
Bending low that he must face
Such horrid scenes, and dying, grieve.

And lightly tripping comes he in,
The infant year with blush and bloom.
While peaceful bells in union blend
To welcome him, the stifling gloom
Of far-off, blood-drenched fields of war
Stretch far and wide, a spectral sight;
And thru the gloom there's not a star
That dares to throw its little light.



Flying Into the Mouth of Death

By D. H. B., '16.

I HAD volunteered my services together with that of my highly valued, racing type, De Dion car, to the cause of the allied armies, and in the interests of France, my native land. On the morning after my enlistment, I was somewhat startled upon receipt of an order to report immediately to the commanding officer of Paris. I got out my car and hurried around to headquarters. Upon my appearing before the general, he spoke to me seriously, saying that he had an important message to be delivered at Liege. He said that Lieut. Marlin, a close friend of mine, had consented to accompany me in case I should attempt the mission.

"By all means I will go," I replied. "I will be willing to undergo any peril and will risk my life gladly to be of any service to my country."

"Well," said the general, "prepare to start at once, and report back to this office when you are ready to leave. Find Lieut. Martin and tell him of your consent to make the trip."

I took my leave from the office, and motored to a garage, where I had my car filled with gasoline, oil, and water; after which, I started out to find my friend, the lieutenant. In a short while I ran across him near his home. Upon my informing him of my consent to the undertaking, he told me to take him home immediately, that he might change his clothes. Putting him out at his home, accordingly, I went to a store and procured a pair of heavy pistols, and a flash light, and enough prepared food from a bakery to last two days. About ten minutes later we were both on our way to headquarters. I was greatly excited and over-anxious for the trip. My words and actions made Martin aware of the fact. Thinking that I had not considered the danger of the enterprise, my friend censured me accordingly.

"You may regret that you ever undertook this hazard," he said seriously. "There is a great deal more danger involved than you seem to realize. I fear you have been too hasty in your determinations."

"I may appear excited," I answered; "but do not be so unjust as to suggest my thinking of refusing such a chance to prove my patriotism."

"Well, I see there will be no lack of courage on either of our parts," he replied. A few minutes brought us back to the office, where we immediately reported to the general.

"You both consent freely and willingly, in the name of your country, to risk your lives on this important mission, do you not?" inquired the general.

"We do, most willingly."

"Then take this missive," he said, handing us a small roll of paper, which was sealed. "Take it to the commander-in-chief at Liege. In case the message gets lost, say to him that the safety of Paris rests in the delay of the Germans at Liege. Tell him that we are awaiting the arrival of the British troops, without which Paris can not be held. If the defence of his city be long enough to allow the British to land in sufficient force, Paris will be safe. Remember that the city is completely surrounded and that you will have to undergo the difficulty of passing right through their lines. You can manage that as best you think. Go now and God speed you!"

We left the office and, as the city clocks were striking two, rolled through the gates of Paris, taking our course westward along the public highway. As far as the Belgian border, we had nothing to fear; so we glided along past field and woodland, over hill and dale, with the wondrous ease and comfort of peaceful motoring facilities. I loved my car as a mother loves her child. Its wonderful motor was as dear to me as human life. The powerful throbbing of this motor, as steady as the heart beat of man, sounded to me like the sweet

strains of a melodeon harp sounds to a musician. We passed town after town; but, as none of the towns to the east of Liege were occupied by the enemy, there was nothing to be feared from that source.

At seven o'clock we reached the border, having travelled about one hundred miles. Knowing that we would soon be in the enemy's territory, we ran on without lights, although it was growing very dark. There was still fifty miles between us and Liege. It was extremely to our advantage to cover that distance before daybreak in order that we might be able to pass the lines under cover of darkness. At nine o'clock we had still encountered no difficulty worth mentioning. About a half hour later, however, we observed a lantern ahead. Fearing that this lantern might mean the presence of some foraging party of the enemy, I drove forward very cautiously with my exhaust muffled. We were within twelve miles of Liege, so it was probable that we should meet up with some of the enemy at any time. I relied on getting close enough before discovery to see whom we had before us and then being able to speed by before the men had time to act, if they proved to be Germans. Sure enough, as we neared them we could tell by the light of their lantern that they were of the hostile party, doubtless in search of food. They were about twenty in number. I was now intensely excited. We were indeed in a dangerous predicament. It was too late to turn back, so I drove cautiously onward. When within about forty feet of the party, still unobserved, I opened my throttle wide, a thing that on level road I had never before attempted. The powerful engine immediately responded, and the giant De Dion, true to its racing fame, sprung forward with enormously increasing speed. Having put on the exhaust at the same time that I opened the throttle, the terrific outburst of explosive noise almost scared the little band off their feet. They barely had time to jump

to the side of our car before we flew past into the darkness beyond. A few shots were fired at us, but none even hit the car. After a few minutes of dangerously fast driving I was cautioned by Martin to shut down and again assume a cautious speed.

"That was very nicely done," he remarked.

"Yes, and we both owe our lives to this powerful engine. If it hadn't been in perfect trim it wouldn't have responded so quickly and we would have surely been shot or the car damaged. That engine is like sacred property to me."

Sometime later Martin, drawing his watch, observed that it was ten minutes past ten. "You had better drive very carefully now," he said. "We are not more than five miles from Liege, and we will be right in the enemy's lines a few miles farther on."

"How do you think we should attempt to pass the lines?"

"It is a dangerous undertaking any way we go about it. The best way I can think of is to do just as we did a while ago. It might be best to stop a while to be sure that all in the camp are asleep except the sentinels. The farthest outposts will probably be not more than a quarter of a mile from the main body. If we get a good start we ought to be past the camp in less than a minute's time after the first sentinel gives the alarm. We can trust to luck that the sentinel on the other side will miss his mark when he shoots at our flying car in the darkness.

I turned the car up the next by-road we came to and stopped for an hour and a half. At the end of that time we started out again creeping very cautiously along. After travelling about fifteen minutes, we estimated that we were getting dangerously near the lines. We knew that whenever we did come upon a sentinel he would wait until we got near enough to be challenged

before he discharged his gun; nevertheless, we kept our eyes strained ahead.

A few minutes later, as we rolled over the top of a steep hill, there appeared about a mile farther on a number of faintly flickering fires. There was no one to be seen moving anywhere about the tents that were barely visible. We were not so surprised when a little later a gruff voice from directly in front of us challenged:

"Who goes there?"

I answered by plunging my car forward. The startled sentinel had time to think only of personal safety before we shot past him. He turned and fired after us; but his nerves must have been unsteady for his bullets strayed widely. By that time we were running about forty miles an hour and gaining speed every second. That was a thrilling ride, speeding through the night at such a tremendous rate, with nothing to guide the way but the dim flickering fires ahead. I can never forget flying by the line of tents, from which the startled soldiers rushed as if beset by a whole army. They had not time to even think of shooting before we had passed and disappeared. Now we were running away from the fires so that I could barely make out the dim outline of the road ahead. Lucky for us, the road was wide and straight. If there had been a single sharp curve, we would have been dashed to almost certain death that night; and our mission would have been doomed then and there. As we expected, the other sentinel fired on us, once from in front and once from the rear. The first shot, I heard strike the front of the car; and a groan from Martin told me that the second had hit my friend.

"Nothing serious," he assured me. "It only grazed my shoulder. Lucky you did not get hit instead of me. You might have lost control—"

Great! heavens! what was that? A deafening report came from ahead. A ball of fire shot through the air

close to our right. There followed a tremendous volley of rifle fire, the bullets whistling all about us. What! were we to be murdered in such helplessness by our friends, themselves? We could now see the dark walls ahead and could discern the rising towers of the darkened city. Another report burst forth and another cannon ball flew by, this time not more than ten feet from us. Suddenly we were blinded by an intense light. A search light had been thrown upon us. Momentarily, I lost control of my car through blindness. The flying car lurched to the side coming dangerously near the bank of the road. Recovering from my blindness, I found myself looking into the muzzles of at least a dozen guns not more than three hundred yards ahead. We were supposed to be enemies, and it was only the matter of seconds before we would be blown to atoms. As quick as a flash, Martin had out his handkerchief and was standing up waving with all his might. Would they understand? No, it was too late. We were doomed for death and we knew it. The suspense was terrible. Yet, there came no deafening explosion; there came no streaks of fire; there came no crash of cannon balls. Second after second passed and still the open mouthed cannons retained their silence. Then the miracle happened. The massive city gates rolled open wide, and I drove my car into safety.

Shortly afterward, we delivered our message safely to its rightful destination. Liege did put up a stubborn defense. When the Germans finally resumed their march toward Paris, they found the British hosts to contend with. They plowed their way by forced marches to within twenty miles of the fashion city; but they were too late. They found a massive army gathered before them. They were driven back, and thanks to the fruits of that perilous errand, their first campaign was crushed.

Isaquenna

S. C. STRIBLING, '16.

IN THE extreme northwestern corner of Oconee county, South Carolina, is one of the grandest bits of scenery in the South. Almost at the top of Stumphouse mountain a small stream has its source in a typical mountain spring. This stream flows southward down the slope of the mountain, gradually getting larger by the addition of seepage water from the side of the mountain. Several hundred yards below its source this stream is made larger by the junction with another stream. These two streams form a small sized creek. About two hundred yards below the fork of these streams the little creek runs over the edge of a precipice of granite and falls about one hundred and fifty feet, forming a beautiful cataract. The fall is not perpendicular, but is broken in two places, thus forming three steps, each about fifty feet in height. Jagged pieces of granite stick out all along the steps, and break the stream of falling water into thousands of smaller streams. The rays of sun passing through this broken stream of water gives this ragged cliff the appearance of having been studded with thousands of diamonds. On either side of the cataract the sides of the mountain are covered with beautiful mountain ferns and clusters of mountain laurel. From the foot of the mountain, just below the falls, a beautiful, level, fertile valley stretchhes south. This beautiful cataract long years ago was given the name "Isaquenna Falls."

Centering around these beautiful falls there has been handed down an Indian legend which is as beautiful as the falls to which it gives its name. The heroine of the legend is Isaqueena, the daughter of one af the most powerful chieftains of the Creek nation. The Creeks at that time lived in the extreme northwestern corner of South Carolina and just over the line in the mountains

of North Carolina. They were very hostile towards their Southern neighbors, the Cherokees, and had a law that any one of their tribe who should intermarry into this hostile tribe should instantly be put to death. The Cherokees had a similar law. Now, it happened that the beautiful young Creek maiden Isaqueena deeply loved a young chieftain of the Cherokee tribe, and they were betrothed. When Isaqueena's father, the great Creek chieftain, heard of her betrothal he became very angry, because he intended to marry her to one of his chiefs. He instantly sent for his daughter, and demanded of her that she break her betrothal to the young Cherokee and marry the young Creek chieftain, but she indignantly and firmly refused. Her father then ordered her to be cast into prison, and to remain a prisoner until she was willing to conform to his wishes. In some manner her distant Cherokee lover heard of her imprisonment, and made preparations to come to her rescue, but he was betrayed by a treacherous brother, and was captured and sentenced to a horrible death, but he succeeded in making his escape on the night before he was to be put to death. He was pursued, but he managed to baffle his pursuers, and after some delay he succeeded in reaching Isaqueena's village. He remained hidden until one night he killed Isaqueena's guard, and together, he and his maiden love started to a neighboring friendly tribe for protection. But the maiden's escape was so soon discovered that the infuriated warriors from her tribe pursued them so closely that they were forced to give up this plan, and they started southward to the open country, hoping in the swamps to be able to evade their pursuers. After a considerable time the maiden gave out, and could not go on, but the young Cherokee took her up in his arms and sped on, seeming to gain speed and strength as he flew on over the mountains. Suddenly in front of him he saw an opening, and his heart began to bound, for he knew that he was

nearing the lowlands. But his joy was short-lived, for almost in front of him he heard a noise which he recognized as the war whoop of his native Cherokee nation. He turned southward, but soon he came to the edge of a great precipice over which a small stream of water flowed. He realized that he could not go on in that direction, so he turned and started northward, but found that a great, steep, unbroken cliff of blue granite cut off his retreat from the north. The Creek warriors were pressing in from the west and the Cherokee warriors from the east, so he realized that all was lost. There could be but a few moments delay. He and the maiden decided that they had rather leave this world together peaceably, than to be tortured after they were captured. So the young Cherokee gently, but firmly pressed his trembling sweetheart to his bosom and almost in sight of the two hostile groups of warriors they rose and leaped over the edge of the precipice and went down with the water to the rugged chasm below, and thus in death they found freedom, and the right to live happily together throughout eternity was theirs.

The facts of this legend were collected by Mr. Chas. L. Reid, of Walhalla, S. C., and by him they were woven into a beautiful poem entitled "Isaqueena," and thus to him we are indebted for preserving for us this beautiful legend. We of course may never know just how true these facts are, but we do know that they form one of the most beautiful Indian legends handed down to us. Year after year hundreds of pleasure-seekers visit these beautiful falls, and as they stand at the top of the precipice from which the Indian lovers are said to have leapt and gaze at the beautiful scenery before them they are willing to do reverence to the beautiful young Indian maiden, who so many years ago was willing to sacrifice her life rather than be untrue to her lover, and it is meet and proper that she should be revered, for after all, she may be looked upon in one sense of the word as

a martyr, n that by thinking of her and of her sacrifice we may be kept from unjustly saying of the now almost entirely extinct aborigines of this country that they were always an inconstant people. And then too, many may be led by thinking of this beautiful example before them to form higher ideals to true constancy, and thus the influence of this Indian maiden may extend on down through the ages.



A Transformed Ideal

F. C. L., '15.



MARGARET, you are the biggest silly. Why don't you get engaged?" said Sarah laughing. Mr. Leonard is the catch of the season. Just think of you treating him the way you have.

"Oh, do behave," said Margaret, "I can't accept any kind of man, even if he has millions; and I don't expect to."

"But what kind of man do you want?" said Sarah a little exasperated.

"Oh, I'll tell you," said Margaret, tilting her head back, pursing up her mouth, and looking out of the window. "He must have the manners of a Chesterfield and the grace of a courtier. He must have dark brown eyes, pearly white teeth, and dark curly hair which must be parted at just the correct angle always. He must also be interested in girls."

"Is that all?" said Sarah, laughing. "Oh yes, I forgot: he must be immensely rich. But I'm not likely to find him soon; so let's leave him alone. You know I'm tired of staying down here every winter. Father is talking of going to South America and wants me to go with him. Of course, mother is opposed to my going; but if I really want to go father will take me; and I've almost a mind to do it too."

"The idea," said Sarah. "You know you are not going to do anything of the kind."

"I believe I shall," said Margaret firmly. "I've been thinking about it for several days and have about made up my mind to go."

"You'll change by tomorrow," said Sarah, with a smile as she rose to leave. "We shall go motoring with Mr. Leonard in the morning, shall we not?"

"Yes, I suppose I can stand him one more time," said Margaret, laughingly. "Good bye."

They were spending the winter at Aiken, and Margaret Roland was the center of attraction. Her father had large interests in Buenos Ayres and other South American cities, and was a very wealthy man.

The idea of Margaret's going to South America was never seriously considered by her friends until the time of her departure arrived. Margaret was delighted with the idea, and her father was indulgent, so that, when the time came for him to leave, Margaret accompanied him.

* * * *

"Father, when shall we reach the town?" said a dark-haired brown-eyed girl, as she touched up her pony with her riding whip.

"It's about ten miles from here, didn't you say Mr. Lauraine?"

"Yes," said a young man of about twenty-seven. "We shall make it in about an hour and a half."

"Wouldn't the girls laugh if they could see me now in this plight?" said the girl laughing and flashing a look at the young man on the other side of her father.

"He doesn't seem struck with me a bit," she thought to herself; only politely interested, as the girls at home would say."

She rallied him several times about being so quiet; but, as he did not capitulate at once, she became perverse and talked only intermittently, and then only to her father.

Margaret was already acquiring a coat of tan which only helped to bring out the rich color in her cheeks. She was not accustomed to being treated indifferently; so she immediately became interested. She little knew that the young man's apparent indifference was a sure sign of interest on his part.

They were travelling across the country to a mining town which was owned by Mr. Roland, and to which point they were contemplating building a railroad.

Lauraine was a civil engineer for Mr. Roland and also had charge of his business in that part of South America. He had a strong face, a bull-dog chin, *straight* black hair which was brushed straight back over his head; clean cut, though irregular features; and his complexion was smooth, though of a ruddy tan, and showed that he was accustomed to an out-door life.

After what seemed to Margaret an almost interminable age, they arrived at the little mining town; and she was soon installed in the best room that could be secured.

"You must let me take you riding some evenings," Lauraine had told her on their arrival; and she had found herself, instead of being reluctant, glad to accept the invitation.

Weeks went by and the railroad business was still unsettled. Margaret had learned to ride with ease, and even when Lauraine and her father were not there, she made short excursions into the surrounding country. Lauraine had warned her about venturing too far away from the town; as the natives, who were Indians and half-breeds, could not be trusted.

Since the time of their arrival Margaret could hardly understand herself. In fact she would not even try to analyze her thoughts. She would not admit that she cared for Lauraine, yet somehow she could not keep from missing him when he was away and from thinking of him always. The idea of her being in love with a rough engineer of a foreign country was not even to be considered.

It happened that one afternoon, when her father and Lauraine were away, Margaret decided to go for a ride. A shower of rain had come over, clearing and cooling the atmosphere; so that it seemed almost an ideal time for taking a ride.

Turning her horse away from the town, Margaret skirted a small creek and passed a head of tall thick trees. Off to the westward, stretched an undulating

plain, covered with occasional clumps of trees. Tall bunches of pampas, with their white plumes waving in the breeze could be seen stretching to the horizon. Margaret hesitated before going farther, for Lauraine had told her that she must not go so far away from the town. But she was in a rebellious mood; so, putting the whip to her pony, she rode onward into the waving plumes.

"I will show him I don't have to do all the time what he says," she said as she galloped along. "I can take care of myself anyway." She felt her little pistol in her belt.

The Andes loomed up in the distance, and the snow-capped peaks could be discerned through the clear limpid atmosphere.

Finally, with a feeling of exhilaration, she turned her horse homeward.

Suddenly, from out of the grass all around her, sprang a dozen or more natives; black, half-clothed and dirty. With a cry of dismay, she reined in her horse.

"What do you want?" she demanded sternly, with her heart in her mouth.

Somewhat taken back by her attempt at bravado, they stood off and all looked at a big savage looking fellow who appeared to be their leader.

Advancing with a pompous stride, he made a miserable attempt at a salute, and said in an authoritative tone:

wanta de mon to buya de drink."

Margaret did not understand what he said; but, from his gesticulations, it was evident to her that he wanted money.

"I haven't any money with me," said she as calmly as could, "but if you will go to town with me, I will give you some there."

"We no go," said the leader sullenly, a look of cun-

ning coming into his face. "Big man hab big gun, shoot bery much. Give us de mon an we let you go."

"But I have'nt any money," said Margaret desperately, for a savage look had come into the leader's face and the other natives were closing about her. Then the fighting blood of her forefathers overcame her fears and, drawing her little silver mounted pistol, she pointed it at the leader and said angrily, "Halt or I'll shoot."

But instantly the others moved nearer; so, firing full in the face of the leader, she then spurred her horse forward in an endeavor to force her way through the crowd. But her bridle was immediately seized and she was nearly thrown from her horse. One of the ruffians endeavored to pull her down, and she fired one shot at him, but with little effect. The next instant there was a pistol shot from the rear, then another and another. She heard the clatter of horses' hoofs and was then lifted from her saddle and placed firmly in front of a rider who bore her away. The sounds of pistol shots continued in the rear, and the screams of the natives could now be heard.

"You are alright now," said the horseman in a cool voice. My men will attend to those ruffians."

Suddenly Margaret began to cry.

"I'm so sorry I came. I really am so sorry I came," said she. "I knew I oughtn't to have come, but I did it just because you told me not to."

"That's all right little girl," said Lauraine gravely. "No one likes to be told that he must not do a thing. But will you believe me when I say that I know a girl who could boss me a long, long time?"

"I don't know what you are talking about," said she, smiling through her tears; but, with a woman's perversity, she nestled closer in his arms.

* * * *

"Oh Sarah, he's just the dearest man! You just ought

to see him. He's so different from the men we are used to knowing."

"It has happened at last," said Sarah laughing. "Well Margaret, has the air of a Chesterfield and the grace of a courtier, and does he comb his hair at just the correct angle?"

"No," said Margaret, laughing, "but he is a *man*."



The Average Man

By H. D. B., '15.

BACK in the early history of man's civilization, we find that the people's ideal of great men were the superhuman heroes, the wonderful deities of old. If a man once obtained a claim to greatness, the wonderfulness of his powers were so exaggerated that he was completely exalted above the ordinary people. They thought he had some extraordinary or, as we might say, some divine gift that gave him control over forces that were denied ordinary men. They chose him for their leader, they boasted of the many unreasonable things he could do, they unstintingly praised him—yes, in short—they were hero-worshippers.

But do we have to go back into ancient history to find these conditions? How long has it been since the touch of kings was supposed to cure scrofula? How many years has it been since, in your childish fancy, your ideals were such wonderfully great persons? Were you not surprised just a little when you saw for the first time the Governor of your state, to find that he looked only like an ordinary individual? Yes, you may recall the story told of Whittier when he went to his nearest town to see the Governor, who was to make a speech there. Whittier was very anxious to see the Governor, and his disappointment was so great when he found that he had got to town just a trifle late, that he struck out down the road to track him up—when to his amazement, he was told that he was tracking an elephant that had left with the circus.

So we see that it is with difficulty we train ourselves to realize that our great men are not moulded in a peculiar mold; that they contain the same general elements, natural desires, principles, etc., differently developed in accordance with their ideals and purposes. It has been hard for us to realize that

"The man who wins is the average man:
Not built of any peculiar plan,
Not blest with any peculiar luck;
Just steady and earnest and full of pluck.

When asked a question he does not "guess"—
He knows, and answers "no" or "yes";
When set a task the rest can't do,
He buckles down till he puts it thru.

Three things he's learned: the man who tries
Finds favor in his employer's eyes;
That it pays to know more than one thing well;
That it doesn't pay all he knows to tell.

So he works and waits; till one fine day
There's a better job with bigger pay,
And the men who shirked whenever they could
Are bossed by the men whose work made good.

For the man who wins is the man who works,
Who neither labor nor trouble shirks,
Who uses his hands, his head, his eyes;
The man who wins is the man who tries."

But the progress of civilization, the development of human intelligence and understanding is steadily and surely coming to regard its leaders, the men who have made a success out of life, not as demigods, but as average men trained to do the world's work, and inspired to give forth to the world the full returns for the talents with which nature has supplied them.

I do not mean to say that leaders are becoming less important to the progress of humanity, but that the world is coming more and more to the conclusion that the average men of high ideals may safely be developed into powerful leaders; that while there are innumerable

minor variations between individuals, there is not, generally speaking, a very marked difference between the great fundamentals of life in ordinary men, until they deliberately make it so themselves. Every man has been endowed with sufficient talents, with sufficient possibilities to become a man, such a man that "nature might stand up and say to all the world, 'This was a man'," A man doesn't have to change the history of the world to make a success. He makes the greatest success out of life, who aspires to do all he can, and accomplishes all he aspires to do. Success is measured by the obstacles overcome manfully, and by the effort put forth in so doing; for

"'Tis the motive exalts the action;

'Tis the doing and not the deed."

So one average man has as great possibilities of making his life a success, of becoming great, as another; but if one does, there no longer exists that equality between average individuals. One rises eternally above the other, yet he must not be regarded as an especially endowed individual raised to heights impossible for others to reach, but as an average man normally developed as nature had intended him.

The average man! Almost all of us are average men, and we too can fill a noble place in the world if we will; for as Miller says, "We can become what we wish to, and we can do what we wish to do—not thru mere wishes that are fleeting fancies, but thru earnest, constant yearnings of the soul."

And with the dawning of the New Year, let's resolve to do our share of the world's work, to do and attain all that is possible for an average man. Is there any reason why you can not do anything that an average man can, why you should be second to any? Why not adopt Bayliss' conclusions—

"I believe that the world's work is accomplished by the average people that have become trained. I believe that I am an average individual, and therefore what other average individuals have done I also can do, *if I will*. Whether I can do it in the same time is not a point at issue."



Introspection

By T. C. HOUGH, '15.

w. g. H '15

THIS dismal, dank and stormy night
With its o'erwhelming sense of gloom
Is as the mid-day's garish light
Besides our fears, when they foredoom
Our honest selves and drive us 'way
From our appointed place, when man
Lacks courage to face himself and say,
"Yield not—stand up, weak soul—I can."

Why question this or ask the cause
Of things I should or should not do?
Why idly stand, and fool-like pause
When right stands plainly *there* in view?
'Tis but the weakness of the will
That indecision holds us so—
That right and wrong should baffle 'till
The hour is late when chance turns woe.

O, Self! that I should rob thee so
And damn my life ere 'tis begun.
I will at once from this place go,
And higher up—there seek the sun!
O, Soul! chide not this wretched past
With things undone, and sear my brain;
But, guide me on that I at last
May stand and man-like say, "I can."

A Real Holiday

By T. C. HOUGH, '15.

Barracks.

Dear Kathleen:

Last Thanksgiving, Turkey, Chick, Jule Blisters, and I, having nothing better to do, took it upon ourselves to spend the day in the mountains. We rolled out of the bed in the cold grey dawn, and caught the first train out. This landed us in Seneca in a very few minutes. Here we caught a gasoline contraption which we lovingly dubbed Fido. Fido was a good dog, and carried us in record time to the rare little town of Walhalla, nestling in a sheltered spot in the foothills of the Blue Ridge. Here the real fun began. We chipped in and bought a tin can lunch; sausages, sardines, pickles, a pound of cheese, a cake, and crackers by the score. We packed all this in one big box that we might take our turn in having it strapped to our backs. Then we struck feet to Stump House Mountain, which, according to a certain Walhalla man, was about three and one half miles away. In the light of later evidence, Sherlock Holmes would have said this man to be closely related to some of the present day war correspondents.

After passing at least six mile-posts, we started up the mountain over a road that would make a self-respecting corkscrew hide its face in shame. Almost at every turn a bit of scenery would burst upon our view like a blow in the face. There we would stand like so many geese with our mouths wide open. When we got them closed it was only to have them stretchh'd wider at the next bend. When we reached the top we were rather disappointed, for there was nothing to be seen but a house and a well.

We hit another trail, and soon ran across a huge hole in the earth, which turned out to be a shaft of an old abandoned railway tunnel. This old tunnel was begun years ago by a company of men who proposed to connect the Tennessee coal fields with South Carolina sea-

ports. When the workers from opposite ends could hear the hammer blows of each other, the company failed, and now the old hole stands a monument to lost millions, and is a home for myriads of bats. Before we left the shaft, we rolled over the edge the largest stone that the five of us could move. The stone began to hum, the hum grew into a roar, and the roar grew until we feared that we had done something that might be attended by serious consequences. In less time than it takes to tell it, the tornado ceased by virtue of the fact that the stone hit the bottom. Fire a regulation salute of twenty-one guns in a boiler shop working double force, and seasoned with a few fog horns, and you have the sound that came out of the earth when that stone struck the bottom. When the last echoes died away, we made off down the hill to the mouth of the tunnel. Here we held a council of war, and decided to brave the midnight of the interior. Our path lay over narrow boards and slender saplings laid on rocks in six inches of water. We reached the foot of the shaft without mishap. Here we found the tunnel almost blocked with stones thrown in from above as we had done. We climbed over the pile, and found the water on the other side considerably deeper, and the only path a few stepping stones. To start with, I stepped on a loose stone and sat down in water as cold as ice itself. The light went out, and left me in knee-deep water, and all of us in darkness as thick as cold pudding. We easily got a new light and proceeded with our journey. At the very back we fired a round of blank cartridges, and immediately gained a conception of the noise that the Belgians had to endure during the siege of Liege. We wended our way back to day light once more, and there for the first time I felt a deep sympathy for that old mining mule that had fits when brought to the surface of a Lake Superior copper mine.

We rested for a few minutes in a sunny spot at the mouth of the tunnel. By now we had inside information that dinner time was near, and accordingly we spread

our bounteous repast. Our banquet board was a flat topped boulder; linen, wrapping paper; silver, pocket knife; glasses, pickle bottles; wine, pure cold sparkling mountain water. With all that, our feast lacked only the feminine touch to make it perfect. Jule said the necessary girl was Maggie, I said you, and the rest kept quiet on the subject, but I'll wager that they had some very distinct ideas about it. After dinner we drank a toast to every lass that loves a lad, and to every lad that loves a lass.

.....

We took some pictures and continued our exploration. We soon found the beautiful Isaqueena Falls. Isaqueena deserves all the fame that will ever be attributed to it. Its beauty lies in the wild grandeur of the cliff, and in the music of the falling water. A murmur, a gurgle, a wheeze, and even a whine at the foot as if the water was loathe to leave the spot. I'm no poet and can not describe it for you. Picture a rugged cliff, somewhat crescent shaped, scores of feet high with crystal streams pouring over it telling you the story of an Indian maid and her brave.

After the fall the only real find was a gigantic hornet's nest. Had we found this nest a few months ago, the bravest man among us would have gone towards Walhalla touching the road in high places only. As it was, I climbed the tree, and cut down the nest.

We rested for five minutes and hit the short trail for Walhalla. After two or three miles of steady walking, we eased our burning feet by standing in a mill race with water in it over our shoe tops. That water did feel good! As a matter of fact, we felt at least a hundred per cent. better.

About two hundred yards around the bend in the road, we found an old stage coach; a relic of the days when stages plied between Walhalla and Highlands, North Carolina, where the beauty and brain of the lowlands spent frequent summers; a relic of the days when mine host

himself graced his festive board, and entertained his guests in the evenings around the fire, or on the porch in summer. Its steps are worn thin by the boot heel of brawn and brain, and by the dainty toe of hoop-skirted beauties. The top is dented here and there by baggage carelessly thrown by a merry driver. Time has broken the glass from all the windows, and the moths have all but destroyed the once luxurious upholstery.

We left the stage better men for having had our glimpse into the past. About a mile from town we sat down to rest, and then covered the last lap with a speed that would have made winged Mercury turn green with envy. Reaching the nearest drug store, we made short work of a couple of cold drinks apiece, and a cigar apiece for keeps. From the drug store we went to the station. There, to our consternation, we discovered that our kodak was missing. And stored away in it case, snugly lay two of our best rolls of film! Imagine our speed in retracing our steps! first to the drug store, then to the place where we last rested. We did not find our kodak, and were about to give up in despair, when we were hailed from a nearby house, and informed by two young ladies that some people had found it, and had gone up the road not ten minutes before we came. The finders, they thought, would return the kodak on application. Not having time to look up these people, we left an address with the young ladies, and in two days the kodak followed us. Tho, in time our trip will become a vague memory, the kindness of these two girls will always occupy a warm place in our hearts.

We went back to the station, and found Fido patiently waiting to carry us home again. In due time, we arrived at Cherry's Crossing, and footed it back to barracks. Back there, we crawled into an early bed, and dreamed of the "trail that is nobody knows how old,—and those that made it went one before the other."

As ever yours,
T.

The Negro Question

A VERY country and every section of a country has some great problem to confront. Today, the great problem confronting the South is the disposition she is going to make of the negro.

The negro problem can be further divided into social, educational, industrial, economic, and moral problems of the South. These problems which are so directly concerned with the growth and welfare of our Southland cannot be ignored. The negro is in the South, not of his own accord, but because he was placed here by the white man. But since he is here, he is here to stay permanently.

Perhaps no country has been confronted with such a difficult social problem as the South. For three centuries two distinct races have lived side by side; the first two and one-half centuries of this period constitute the period of slavery, when the white man completely held the other in subjection. As long as slavery was in vogue, the negroes were looked after by their masters; and the attention the slaves received from their masters was not of unworthy note. The master fed and clothed his slaves and instructed them morally and industrially. Accordingly, just before the war between the States, the negro attained to his highest progressive age so far.

After the war, the influx of carpet-baggers, the patronage of the government, ignorance and excessive freedom had a reactionary effect upon the race that had for two and one-half centuries had only a restrictive freedom. Accordingly, the negro rushed headlong into waters too deep for him to stay on top. Hence, the effect was that the white man lost all confidence in the negro's stability; and as a consequence, the white man has done all in his power to keep him, as commonly expressed, in his place.

Th Southern white man cannot be blamed for the steps he has taken to keep out progress in the negro race; he is justified in all that he has done; the very life of the Anglo-Saxon race of the South demanded that such steps should be taken. The one great problem that confronted the South after the war was how to keep the Anglo-Saxon race pure; and in his efforts to keep the race pure, the Southern man did the only right thing.

The keeping of the Anglo-Saxon race pure, and at the same time, the elevation of the negro to a position where he can be self-repectful and earn a living is the social problem of the South today. The most effective means of accomplishing this is to deprive the negro of all power in politics, and then educate him along industrial lines. Social equality between the two races can only never be realized, but the idea is perfectly absurd and without foundation of reason. The civilization of the white man started thousands of years ago, and he will always be head, director, and leader of the important business of his country. Experiment has proved that the negro is not capable of self-government, and that he hasn't the ability to direct important enterprise.

But the negro is capable of doing one thing; he is able to work; especially is he adapted to agricultural work. He makes up the larger per cent of the farm labor in the South, and he should be instructed along agricultural lines. It devolves upon the South, as her duty, to give the negro a chance in this direction; not only will it make the negro more self-respecting, but it will enable the Southern farmer to make use of efficient labor and efficient farm tools.

Thus, the industry of the South would be materially developed, and the dividends realized from a larger and more economic production would enable the South to take its place side by side with the West or any of the world's great producing sections.

The economic influence thus exerted is obvious. Not

only would the white man make more money and produce goods at a lower cost, but the negro would also realize some benefits. He could easily earn a living, secure some property, and build himself a little home. If we have got to live by the negro, yes make him decent enough to live by.

A moral influence would be exerted over the negro. Enabled to look up to himself with self-respect, save some money, and work regularly, he would be less inclined to squander away his time; he would be less inclined to drink intoxicating liquors; he would cease gambling, and instead of using his money for this purpose and for drinking, he would invest his money in property or place it at interest in a bank. All this would tend to do away with a large per cent. of the crimes in the South. About thirty per cent. of the crimes committed in the United States is laid before the door of the negro, and it is the negro's shiftlessness that causes him to share so largely in our country's crimes. The fact that crimes would be materially reduced should be an incentive to the South to give the negro the industrial education indicated above.

The Outcast

D. F. F., '16.

I WAS the only child of a carpenter that lived in the tenement section of a great city. My mother died when I was ten and I lived with father, taking the place of housekeeper as far as a ten year old girl could be expected. My father worked hard and was away from home all of the day, but we were happy together in the evenings. He was always kind and tender to me and he sent me to school for several years.

When I was nineteen, father had not married, and I knew that he would not on account of his true love for mother. My social life was necessarily scant, but I was at the age when every natural girl begins to enjoy the company of young men. Naturally I began to care for a young man, who was very attractive and nice to me. I had known him for a short time only, before we were going to picture shows during the day, while father was at work. Soon he asked me to go to the theatre with him one evening. I thought of the delightful time that I would have and of how much I would enjoy being with him. Then I thought of father, he would be left at home alone for the first time since I could remember, but then I knew that he was only a man, he would want me to enjoy myself I felt sure, and I accepted the invitation. Father seemed to dislike the idea but he gave his consent with the condition that I ask his permission first thereafter.

We went to the show and there I met another couple of young people. The whole evening was new to me and I enjoyed it very much. After the show the couple that we met at the theatre suggested that we go on the roof garden with them. The thought thrilled me beyond measure, my heart fluttered with excitement. I had never been on a roof and I was not sure that I would

know just what to do. Still I was afraid that it would be impolite to refuse, and we went.

We took a table in one corner behind some palms, an orchestra began playing, and a merry throng of playgoers began dancing, eating and drinking. In a few minutes a waiter had covered our table with sandwiches and wine. The others began drinking at once, but here I refused. I had never taken wine and whether it was polite or not I would not break my habit then. I told them as nicely as I could that I did not care for anything to drink at all. My friend called the waiter, however, and ordered a lemonade. As I watched the dancers in the center of the garden my head became dizzy, I grew sick and the whole world seemed to whirl from under me. I grasped my friend's arm and asked him to take me home. I remember that he almost carried me to the elevator with his arm about my waist, and from there to an automobile in front of the door, but nothing more.

I awoke next morning with a sick headache caused by the drug that had been given me on the roof the night before. I was in a strange room with blinds all closed. I went to the window quickly and threw it open to see an unfamiliar street and vicinity. I attempted to leave the room by the one door, but to my horror it was locked. My poor aching head was flooded with questions. Why should I be locked in there? Where was my friend? Where was I? I wondered if father knew where I was, or was he frantically searching for me at that moment? I went to the door again and struggled with the lock in vain. I beat upon it and called for help. Then I heard hurried footsteps on the stairway and a moment later I shrank from the sneering smile of what I had taken for a friend. The man who had been so nice to me for no other purpose than making me his slave had won his game. He was my master, he told me so, and demanded submission at once.

Two years have passed since that morning. It would be impossible for me to depict the torture and intense suffering that I bore during that time, even if I should wish to. No one who has not experienced the life can ever imagine half of it. And all the time I saw this friend (I can not call him a man now) that had won his game on me, won with numbers of others and twice with friends of mine.

To-day I have witnessed the most trying scene of my life. It was in the same house that I had been taken two years ago. I came down the stairs to lunch, and there working on the steps was my father. I would have fled, knowing that he had rather think me to be dead than in that house, but it was too late, he had seen me. For a moment he stood motionless, and then he grasped me to his bosom sobbing with mingled sorrow and joy like a broken hearted man as he was. That same torturer of my life entered the hall then and saw us together. He rushed up the steps and jerked us apart, striking my father in the face, and ordering me upstairs. Thru force of habit I was ready to obey, when father jumped on the man like a mad cat. I saw the coward draw his gun and I grasped the hand-axe from the step where father had left it. With all of my strength I brought it down on the coward's head, but it was too late, the gun had done its work, and the two fell to the floor dying. I saw a policeman coming towards the house, and having been taught for two years to fear them, I escaped from the house thru the back door and gained the street by the alley.

Now here I am, an outcast and man-slayer, wandering on the streets of a heartless city, without money, friends, or home. What can I do? I can never go with the friends of my childhood again. There is but one life for me, that of a slave and, altho I know its horrors I must face it. Face it here among people who call themselves Christian men, among people who rule this city

and are able to put an end to this. But they will not. They do not care to because too many of them love the dirty dollar more than they love the freedom and purity of the unprotected weaker sex. Nor do the professing Christians of the church of God demand that we be protected. They cannot pollute their sacred altars by thinking of us! The world might talk about them if they did!

I cannot live more than five or six years longer, then *your* daughter, sisters, or sweetheart may take my place. But my one prayer shall be that there will be more *men* after I am gone, men that can and will protect the unsuspecting girls of the future and give to every procuring fiend his just punishment of death. I say this because is it not better to kill a few heartless beasts than to allow them to ruin the lives of our young men and women?

The Clemson College Chronicle

FOUNDED BY CLASS OF 1898.

Published Monthly by the Calhoun, Columbian, and Palmetto Literary Societies of Clemson Agricultural College.

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EDITOR-IN-CHIEF: W. J. HUNTER, '15

Resolutions.

Amid the exultant chime of bells and resolutions newly made, the New Year comes in. We are at once made glad with the thoughts of a new leaf on which to write the records of the coming year. We picture ourselves leaving off our old habits and forming new, but better ones. It is good and alright that we fall in with the crowd and the season and make all manner of resolutions; but, it is better for us to keep the resolutions after they are made.

It is particularly true of college students that they make a thousand and one resolutions at the beginning of each new year. Many of these pertain to the different lines of activities afforded a college student. I am sure

that every one of us have made just some such resolutions. Now that they are made, let us be man enough to stand by them, even though it costs us hours of work and many sacrifices. Then, when the Old Year takes his leave, we may look back and feel proud of our efforts—then strive toward a higher level during the New Year.

....

Economy.

It is a fact that the economic conditions around us have been badly upset. Money is much scarcer in the South than it has been for years. Suffice it to say that we have heard of these conditions in more ways than one, and have had these conditions brought to bear upon us in more ways than one. We read that Fairfax Harrison, of the Southern Railway Company has reduced his own salary, that business mens' salaries have been cut in half, and that the ordinary laborer's wages have been reduced. But the question is: have we, as college students, acted in accordance with the conditions thrust upon our people and especially upon our parents? There is nothing that pleases our parents more than to let them know that we appreciate the present financial conditions, and are trying to cut our expenses. It may mean a sacrifice of a number of things to which we are accustomed more or less, but is worth the doing. Surely we can sacrifice a few things when we think of whole nations at the point of starvation.

*Inter-Collegiate
Debates.*

Last year witnessed our first inter-collegiate debate, which was held with Georgia Tech, in Atlanta. And while we did not win this event, we gave *Tech* such a tough fight that she dared not tackle us again this year. The most important thing about this debate tho is the

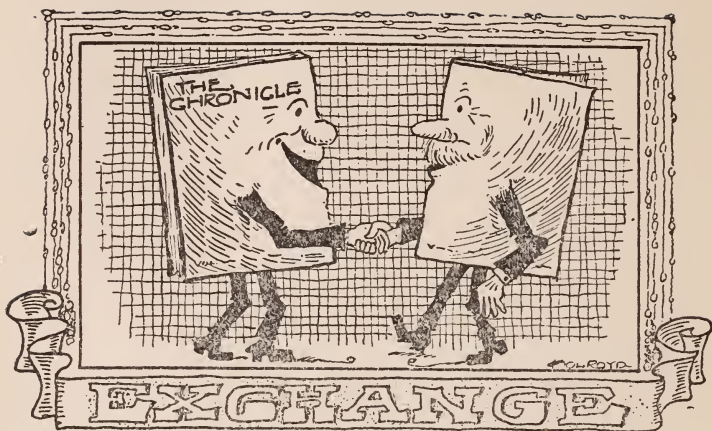
fact that it caused us to realize the importance of such contests as a stimulus to literary society work. And anything that will do this can hardly be over-estimated at a technical institution, where literary training is rather limited. So this year, we readily accepted the challenges for three inter-collegiate debates.

One is to be held with Davidson, at Rock Hill, about Easter. Each side is allowed two representatives. This year they submit the query, and we choose the side; next year the reverse. This promises to be an interesting series.

But perhaps the most important debating contract has just been closed with Wofford and the College of Charleston—for a triangular debate. We meet Wofford at Spartanburg, Wofford meets The College of Charleston at Columbia, and The College of Charleston meets us here. This all on the same day with the same subject. This provides for the training of four representatives from each college. And if we lose to one of them, we still have a chance to win enough glory at the other to in part counteract the loss of one.

This seems to be an excellent arrangement. And why should it not be as interesting contest as the test of brawn? And who would dare say we should lose to either there? Who is ready to show them that it's Clemson who puts out the all-round man?

H. D. B., 15.



EDITORS:

D. E. SWINEHART, '15

S. C. STRIBLING, '16

The Exchange editors have searched the November Isaqueena with unusual care, in the hope of finding some praise-worthy selection. It is all in vain. We are forced to admit that the Isaqueena is falling from its usually high standard. "The Sword of Margins" is not totally bad. In fact, it has a very clever plot, and the words are well chosen. In the "Treatment of the Story of Faustus in Literature," the author has made the unpardonable mistake of attempting to discuss that of which she has little or no information. It is evident that the attempt to use too many large words has resulted in failure. "Uncle Sam's Passport" has a good frame work, but the style and choice of words in description mars the interest which such a story would usually awaken. The poetry is, on the whole, of a better quality than the prose. In the editorials, we find another example of using the right word in thhe wrong place. The subjects

chosen would do quite well for a news paper, but are not of the kind to prove interesting to the readers of a College magazine. We would suggest that the words be more carefully chosen, and fitted into their proper place. It is hoped, that with the New Year, we can see an improvement in this magazine.

One of the best publications received by the Exchange department this month was Vol. xxxiv No. 2 of "The Wake Forest Student." It was a large issue and contained many good stories, essays, and poems. Among these the one which first attracted our attention was an essay "The Highest Patriotism." The writer of this essay deals in a very strong manner with the question of international peace and the great responsibility which the American nations should feel in bringing about universal peace. He certainly selected a proper subject, for the conditions in Europe should cause us to study this question closely at the present time, for throughout the world today there is no nation which is better fitted on account of its high religious, political and educational advancement to lead in this work of universal peace than is the United States. Another essay, "The Changed Legal Status of the Negro," deals well with the subject discussed. This subject is another one which we should study closely in the South today, and especially is this true of the present college students, for in a few years we may be called upon to face a great crisis on the race question, and we may have to settle for good the legal status of the Negro, so we cannot give too close study to the subject. A third essay deals in an excellent manner with "Social Life of the Restoration Period." Probably the best story of the issue is "The Return of Jim Hardy" in which the writer pictures a young lawyer who is haunted by the ghost of negro criminal which he was at one time proud of having been able to convict.

The November issue of the Davidson College Magazine is also a very creditable issue. "Nahwane" is the subject of a story which deals with an Indian legend. This legend is told by one member of a camping party in the mountains to his companions one night, and the one doing the telling becomes so stirred by the legend that after his companions have retired for the night he slips out and tries to imitate the Indian hero of the legend by jumping over the side of a mountain and killing himself. The ending is very tragic when compared with the beautiful beginning. There are two very good essays, one on "Shelley, The Poet." and the other on "The Klu Klux Klan in 70." The latter gives some interesting facts about the beginning and later work of the "Klu Klux Klan" in the South.

One noticeable feature of "The Wesleyan" for November is the fact that separate page pictures of every young lady on the staff are given in the issue. While we recognize the fact that this is very expensive we believe that this would be an excellent example for all college publications to follow if possible. It would be the next thing to meeting the members of the different editorial staffs and we believe would be a means of promoting the advancement of college publication work by bringing us in closer touch with one another.

The November number of the Winthrop Journal published by the young ladies of our sister college at Rock Hill is indeed a very creditable number. "Systematic Education" is the subject of a well planned essay which should be closely read by every college student, for we should all have a full realization of what it means to us to have a systematic college education in this great age of opportunities. "The Tribal Call" is the subject of

a story which tells of an Indian chieftain who had such a strong love for his native people that he gave up a great opportunity of placing himself among the leading men of his time in order that he might go back and live in his native land. "Our Hero," and "Jimmie and the Princess," are the subjects of two interesting stories.

.. S. C. S., '16.

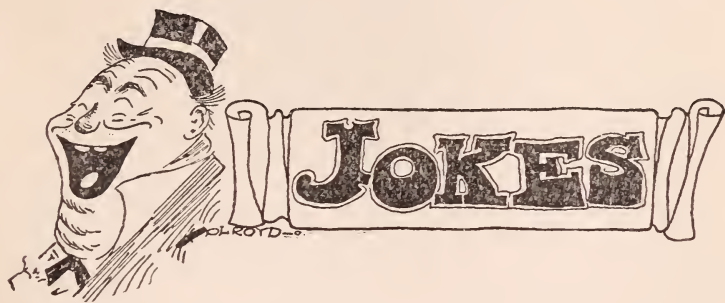




EDITOR: P. L. MCCOLL, '15

A very vigorous building campaign has been waged during the past weeks. On Sunday night, Nov. 29, the association met with the student body in the college chapel and listened to the able addresses of the following men: Dr. W. M. Riggs, on the subject, "The History of the Rockfeller donation, and the liberal gift of the trustees of the college. Prof. R. E. Lee gave an illustrated lecture on the building, showing in detail the various departments. This was extremely interesting. Mr. D. E. Swinehart, president of the Senior class, and Mr. D. F. Folger, president of the Junior class, impressed upon the student body the extreme need of a Y. M. C. A. building at Clemson, and urged them to get into the campaign and pull. Dr. F. H. H. Calhoun and Prof. D. W. Daniels told the cadets that a great responsibility rested upon them. That they were the ones to build the foundation on which the future depends. The exercises were closed by a short talk from "Red" McMillian and Mr. R. L. Sweeney. This campaign aroused a great deal of enthusiasm and the results have been fair.

The association had the privilege of having Mr. Gordon Poteat, representative of the Student Volunteer Movement, for several talks. We were very fortunate in having ex-Governor M. F. Ansel to address the Y. M. C. A. Sunday night, Dec. 6. He is loved by every cadet; this was shown by the large crowd that came out to hear him.



CHIEF SIDE SPLITTER: CAT RANDLE.

NOT NEEDED.

Two college students were arraigned before the magistrate charged with speeding in their motor car.

"Have you a lawyer?" asked the magistrate.

"We're not going to have any lawyer," answered the older of the two. "We've decided to tell the truth."—*N. Y. Times.*

NO SYMPATHY.

"Sir, your daughter has promised to become my wife."

"Well, don't come to me for sympathy; you might know something would happen to you, hanging around here five nights a week.—*Houston Post.*

SERVED 'EM RIGHT.

The Vicar: "For shame, my lad! What have those poor little fish done to be caught on the day of rest?"

Tommy: "That's what they get for chasing worms on a Sunday, sir."—*Ino. Bull.*

Stewart, inspecting, "All in?"
Rat, "No, sir, lights out."

“Non paratus,” freshi dixit,
Cum a sad and doleful look
“Omni rectum,” Prof. respondit,
“Nihil,” scripsit in his book.—*Ex.*

MENTAL TREATMENT.

“The gentleman who’s just come in wants fresh-laid eggs with his tea. Cackle a bit while I run over to the store.” . . .

AWFUL.

Barber—“Your hair’s getting thin. Let me put a tonic on it.”

Mull—“I put something on it every morning.”

Barber—“What’s dat, Boss?”

Mull—“My hat.,’ (Hair cut in silence).—*Ex.*

JUST THINK OF IT.

“This is an eight-day clock, madam,” explained the jeweler to his country customer. “It will go eight days without winding.”

“Gracious,” exclaimed the customer, “how long will it go if you wind it?”—*Ex.*

PASSING THE TIME. T

The Scotchman could not find his ticket. On the conductor’s second round it was still missing.

“What’s that in your mouth?” he asked.

Sure enough, there was the missing ticket. The conductor punched it and went his way.

“Oh, we’el,” replied Sandy, to the banter of his fellow passengers, “I’m nae sae absent minded as ye wad think. Yon was a vera auld ticket and I was just suckin off the date.”—*Success.*

STORY ENDINGS.

"With a sob, she fell into his arms."

"—and lived happy ever afterward."

"Gritting his teeth, with suppressed rage, he strode away into the night, alone."

"The wind whistled overhead, but the stark figure, with the knife in its breast, stirred not."

"It's a boy," said the old family doctor."

INFALLIBLE SIGNS.

Your house destroyed by fire signifies a change of residence.

Your collar button rolling under the dresser is a sign of approaching anger.

Breaking your leg on Friday is a sign of regret during approaching week.

Slipping on a banana skin is a sign of hard luck if both feet leave the pavement.

Eating a big meal is a fairly accurate sign of hunger.

When a person is perspiring freely, it is generally accepted as a sign that the person is not cold.

JUST AS GOOD.

Wild-eyed customer: "I want a quarter's worth of carbolic acid.

Clerk: "This is a hardware store, but we have-er a line of ropes, revolvers and razors.—*Yale Record*."

HIGH FINANCE.

Verdie: "I understand that Jimsie's pretty close with his money—

Claudie: "Well, I should say so! He can bust a nickel to buy a morning paper and have spending money the rest of the week."—*Illinois Siren*.

APPROVAL.

Marion: "Oh, Mrs. Smith, I think your baby is just the cutest thing. I suppose it is the latest thing out."—

HE HAD THEM—

She (after the quarrel) "Leave my presence.

He (confused) Er—why—er—you have them all now.—*Judge.*

THE RIGHT ONES.

"I want to feed on Literature—What authors would you recommend to give me a literary appetite?"

"I think, if I were you, I would begin with Hogg, Lamb and Bacon."

MAKING CONVERSATION.

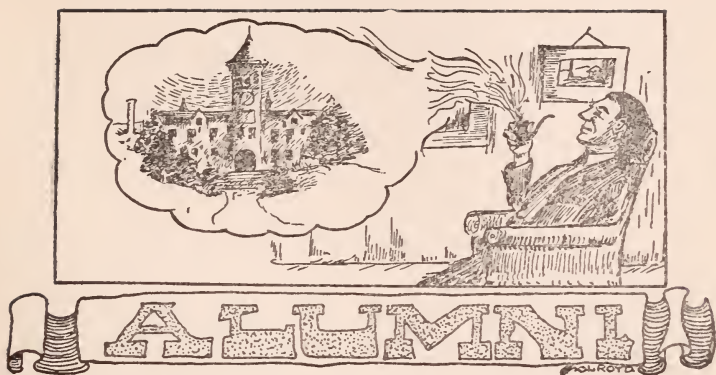
Smith (on steamer in mid-ocean) "Going over?"

Brown: "Yes, you?"—*N. Y. Times.*

COMPANIONS.

A teacher said to a boy considered dull in mathematics: "You should be ashamed of yourself, why at your age, George Washington was a surveyor."

"Yes, sir," was the response, "and at your age, he was president."



EDITOR: M. R. SMITH, '15

Among those who attended the dance given on the night of December 4th were, Alex Robinson, '10; Woodward Allen, '10; "Sook" Erwin, '14, and Joe Douthit, '14.

m

Led by the band and their chief rooters, two hundred or more loyal Clemson men attended the Georgia Tech-Clemson game. The rooting done by this noble little bunch was grand. Many lost their voices. While we did not win, our team and its rooters did their best as Clemson men always do. We wish to thank Mr. Rosborough, The Atlanta Chapter of the Clemson Alumni, and the Atlanta Y. M. C. A. for their kind and courteous treatment of our rooters.

Some of the old Clemson men who attended the Clemson-Tech game were: "Harry" Hutson, "Louis" Hutson, "Bill" McCleve, "Ed" Poag, "Bob" Nickles, "Shine" Anderson, and others.

"Alex" Lewis "Rummy" Magill, "Chicken" Rice, "Gonny" Cox are teaching the Phillipinos Agriculture.

We wish to thank Mr. Forsythe for the time and interest he spent in helping "Coach Bob" to whip our team into shape for "Tech."

"Jule" Carson, "Hop" Gandy have returned to their homes, at the close of the foot ball season. They served in the capacity of coaches during the past season. "Jule" was assistant coach and "Hop" was coach for the Freshmen.

A. J. Speer 06 is secretary of the Y. M. C. A., in Birmingham, Ala.

D. C. Britt, 10, is in East Orange, N. J., "Toots" was a great football star in his day.

Prof. D. H. Henry, '98, was married to Miss Etta Sadler, of Rock Hill, on Oct. 22nd. We wish them much happiness.

TO OUR READERS.

It is a well known fact that the receipts from subscriptions alone will not support a college publication. Naturally, therefore, the manager turns to the business man for help, and it is this help in the form of advertisements that makes possible the publication of the magazine. The Chronicle has advertisers in every good town in this State and the neighboring States. Everyone of them will give you a square deal, and will greatly appreciate your patronage. We urge you, therefore, to patronize them; give them your business, and take your friends to them; show them that you believe in them. Help those—our advertisers—who are so loyal to us, and whose support we so highly appreciate. In so doing you will not only help yourself to the many good things which they have to offer, but you help their business which in the end makes possible the publication of the Chronicle.

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Income	For Year	For Year
From first year premiums	\$17,410.72	\$205,030.66
From renewal premiums	73,027.49	549,510.17
Total	\$90,438.21	\$754,540.83
Interest from investments and other sources	18,954.20	130,771.72

Total Income\$109,392.41 \$885,312.55

Income Multiplied More Than Eight Times in Nine Years

Admitted Assets Dec. 31. 1904 \$333,977.61 1913 \$2,204,634.91

Assets Multiplied More Than Six Times in Nine Years

	1904	1913
Insurance in force	\$2,937,353.00	\$24,146,909.00
Insurance in Force Multiplied More than Eight Times in Nine Years		
Dividends paid to Policyholders during 1913 and amount set aside for payment during 1914		\$62,120.95 per cent.
Interest earned during 1913 on mean amount invested in Mortgage Loans Considering saving in taxes on non-taxable securities, interest earned on total mean invested assets during 1913 is equivalent to		6.6 per cent.
		5.96 per cent.

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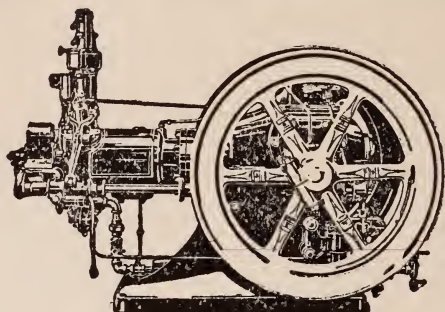
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The Chronicle



VOL. XVIII. No. 5

FEBRUARY, 1915

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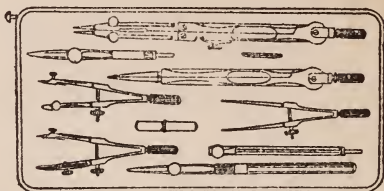
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THE
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The Clemson College Chronicle

Valeat Quantum Valere Potest

Vol. XVIII.

Clemson College, S. C., February, 1915.

No 5.



EDITORS :

H. D. BARKER, '15

D. F. FOLGER, '16

C. G. HARRIS, '17

The End of Life

By W. A. M., '16.

WHAT IS the goal toward which our footsteps trend?

'Tis but the grave where earth and Heaven blend.

Why should we fear to go beneath the sod
When it is but the gateway, leading on to God?

'Tis only those whose lives are lived awrong,
Who tremble when they hear the funeral song;
The righteous, standing in their faith alone,
Are filled with glory, even tho' they mourn.

So let us live, that when our weary feet,
Have brought us to the goal, and we our Saviour
meet,

Our souls may face Him without cause to fear,
The while our bodies lie in peace upon the bier.

And when some life more precious than our own,
Is cut untimely short we have no cause to mourn.
For tho' the world seems bleak without our friend,
We know that "over there" we'll meet again.



Our readers will be interested in the statement about the
Potash situation in the advertisement on page 1.

Lost in the Rockies

D. F. F., '16.

WE HAD Worked hard for three long summer months, surveying for a railroad in the Rockies; and when a camping trip for a week's rest was suggested for the latter part of August, I was very eager to be in the party. There went into the mountains of Idaho, for a week of fun and sport. We pitched our camp about twenty-five miles from the nearest village, and ill luck began at once. The old guide, Joe Chapman, predicted a bad, cold rain the first day, and although it was cloudy, three of us persuaded him to go with us on a hunt that afternoon.

We went out to get the much coveted fresh meat of the wilds, while the others remained in camp to make it more comfortable. Old Joe led us into the forest to a creek, which he crossed with one of the fellows, telling McLure and me to go up to a large rock cliff which we could easily find, and wait there until he and Warren should arrive; then we parted.

McLure and I heard their guns for some time, but as we went up the stream it began to get very rough, and we could hear nothing save its roar. We hunted on with much good luck until we came to the cliff designated as the meeting place. But there was no sign of our friends. We waited for perhaps an hour without hearing anything of them, and then we fired several shots, but still there was no reply. It began to rain slowly and we decided to return to camp, thinking that Joe had either turned back or that he would be able to get to camp if he did come on to the meeting place. On the return we fired our guns frequently, but we never heard a reply.

We reached camp just before night fall, wet to the skin, and hungry. As we entered the tent everybody asked anxiously, "Where's Warren?"

"I don't know, we haven't seen him," McLure replied.

"What do you mean, didn't he return with you?" I asked old Joe.

"No," he replied, as he walked out of the tent, looking anxiously into the forest, fast growing wet, cold and dark. "When it began to rain I told him that I would have to turn back on account of a touch of the rheumatics, but he wanted to go on and meet you fellows so as you wouldn't think that we wuz lost, and I let him."

I saw the stern old face of the mountaineer grow wrinkled with anxiety as he talked and his voice quivered. I caught him by the arm to pull him into the tent out of the rain and snow, but he would not come. He went to work at once and by his efforts and directions we soon had a large fire leaping into the air. He then ordered a gun to be fired every ten minutes.

Gradually we began to see the seriousness of being lost on such a terrible night. It was then too dark to see any distance in those dense woods, and we knew that we must wait patiently until morning to search for Warren. The only thing that we could do was to keep up the fire and the signals of the gun. This we did for the entire night and very little sleeping was done. We could not forget Warren, when it was cold to us wrapped in blankets in a dry tent, we knew it must have been beyond endurance in that blizzard with nothing but summer clothing.

Before the first faint light had appeared in the east the next morning we had eaten breakfast and made ready to start on the search. With the break of day, one man started to the nearest settlement for aid in the search, two went up one side of the creek, and one with Joe went up the other side, while two remained in the camp.

I happened to be the one with Old Joe in the search. He led the way rapidly up the stream, never speaking except to answer a question of mine. His whole soul

seemed bent in one direction and he followed it with persistence. We went direct to the place where Joe had turned back, and then the mountaineer picked up a trail that would have meant nothing to me, yet he followed it with wonderful rapidity and accuracy. He led the way on, pointing first to a broken twig, then an overturned tone or a shell from Warren's gun. At places he could scarcely find a trace, the rain had been so hard. But always he found the way out and went ahead in that silent manner peculiar to the mountaineer. Finally the trail became so clear that even I could see it, the bushes were broken as if an animal had staggered through them. It was only a few moments then before we came to Warren's body at the foot of large tree. His gun was gone, and he was lying there stiff with cold and unconscious. I thought that he was dead, but Joe placed his ear to his breast and told me that his heart was still beating.

I fired my gun several times quickly and heard an answer from the other two men at once. It was only a few minutes before they came up, and we made a stretcher out of some poles and a blanket brought for the purpose. We rushed Warren to camp as quickly as possible and poured hot drinks into him. By constant rubbing and gradual warming we had him conscious at the end of two hours.

Warren was always opposed to discussing the subject afterward, and, although I asked him several times to tell me what he did that night, he always refused.

Honesty in Our Nation

S. C. S., '16.

WE AS YOUNG students of American history like to think of our nation in the past as having stood before the world as a sterling example of a true, honorable, and almost perfect type of a Christian democracy. But, can we, after studying minutely the conditions which exist in our nation to-day predict for the future of our nation that high stand which it has taken in the past? Can we say that perfect honesty has existed, and will always exist in our dealings with ourselves, and in our relations to the other nations of the earth? I fear that we will have to strain our truthfulness just a little to say that we can answer in the affirmative.

'Tis true that we have at the head of our nation to-day, one of the purest and grandest men in our history, and that under him are an array of true and just and honorable men in office, but that is of small consequence when we come to look into the future. All these places must be filled at some time or another in the near future, and we almost tremble when we realize that just one set of dishonorable office-holders may forever ruin the reputation of this grand old nation. Our fear is greatly increased when we look around us and see all kinds of dishonest practices going on. We become almost appalled when we, as it were, go on a visit through the universities and colleges of our land, and see young men and young women neglecting to live up to the high principles of honesty, instilled into them in their early lives by their loving mothers. These young students seem to overlook the fact that right there in their college days they may, by living under loose principles of honor, imbibe a germ which may in later years ruin their own lives, as well as joining with the thousands of similar cases to help in the final breaking up and destroying of our present simple and honorable form of government. If our government

falls, as fall we believe it must at some distant time in the future, we are convinced that this growing tendency among our people of neglecting to always do and think honestly will be no small factor in leading up to the final downfall.

Not many days ago England, in reply to a note sent to the English government by our beloved President, demanding that they at once cease delaying and searching American vessels, pointed out the fact that they had in more than one instance found contraband goods concealed in ships flying the American flag, which fact should have been evidence enough that only legal goods were being carried by those ships. This one instance alone must have greatly lowered the reputation for honesty which our nation holds abroad. Such a thing can happen only once or twice before our reputation for honest dealing and trading with other nations will be ruined forever.

Then since these things are true, the college student should begin while he is yet young and build up for himself a reputation for honesty which is above reproach; for he will be called upon to take the positions in our government left vacant by his father's generation, and when the time comes that each office-holder has an undeniable reputation for honesty, then, and not until then, will our government be truly a perfect type of the true Christian democracy. Then, and only then will we, as a nation, take that high and exalted position among the other nations of the world which we so justly deserve. We place confidence enough in our rising generation of loyal young Americans to believe that they will see the truth of these statements and will promptly stand forth to defend the reputation for honesty in the future which our nation has always held since its foundation more than a century and a quarter ago.

At Times

By W. J. HUNTER, '15.



OUR COURSE of life is shaped and sealed
By some dateless destiny;
We but fight our fight and yield
To life's strange perplexity.
But moments come when we are free
From the world's deep, low monotone,
And for the instant we can see
That life which we would call our own.

As some lone wanderer at even-tide
Walks up the summit of a hill,
And o'er the verge stares open-eyed
Upon the dying day until
His soul is lost within the haze
And joyed with things unknown before;
So we at times peep thru the maze
Of life into our *real* life's door.

The Wanderer

By P. J. CRECY, '15.

FOR MANY years he had wandered over the vast and glorious West. Seemingly, there was no purpose in his ramblings. However, deep down in his heart there was a burning spark, a spark that always urged him onward in his tireless and wearisome travels. This old man had a great and undying lust for that thing which men think yields them pleasure—gold.

Years before, John Russell was the master of a beautiful little home in a hamlet in West Virginia. They were poor yet they were happy in their poverty. After a time, a little sunbeam came into their home—a little girl babe—something for them to love, cherish, and live for. No peasant home could have been happier than this one. In another short happy year the fates intervened. The beautiful little mother was beckoned by the shadowy, uncanny hand of death. Oh, why was his darling, Grace, taken from him in this, his first great happiness! The spirit of John Russell was crushed within him.

After the burial of his young wife, John decided to go West, where perhaps he might forget this awful thing that had blighted his life. He left the little girl, Ethyle, in the care of a good old Aunt, with the promise that he would return and re-claim her when he had made his fortune in the rumored gold fields of the West.

Arrived in Denver, the then center of the gold fields, he took his place among the eager and feverish fortune seekers. When a new strike was rumored, Russell was among the first to stake out a claim. He panned out enough gold dust to pay for his scanty fare, and mining implements, consisting of a pick, spade, and a box to wash out the yellow mineral, and that was all.

There seemed to be something mysterious about his movements. He never said anything that was unnecessary to anyone. He went at his work as if it was a matter of

life and death to him. He wandered from one mining camp to another in his hopeless chase after the ever-fleeing ten strike. As the glimmering mirage of the desert often leads the weary traveller on to destruction, so did this burning lust for gold beckon poor John Russell onward in his unequal struggle against poverty. Old Russell's name was connected with the hastily made history of nearly every gold strike in the West during the seventeen years of his wanderings.

In the meantime, things of importance were happening in the little hamlet in West Virginia, which he had left some seventeen years before. The little babe, Ethyle, had grown to be a lady of no little importance in the village. She was now just blossoming out into beautiful, young womanhood. She was the beauty of the mountains. No other girl for miles around could boast of such beautiful golden hair, such dreamy blue eyes, and such blushing red cheeks, so all the country boys thought.

One day a visitor appeared on the scene. He was a tall muscular youngster from the city. The boys looked upon his clean-cut features with many misgivings when they first saw him. They immediately pictured him as a possible rival, and he was, therefore, not wanted.

On a particular day in June, Ethyle was sitting on a rock under an apple tree eating some of the luscious fruit. Suddenly, she was disturbed by a man's voice.

"Good morning, Miss ——, sorry to disturb your quiet reverie, but could you tell me the name of the owner of this land?" He had removed his broad brimmed hat, and was now leaning toward her, his hand grasping a limb of the tree.

"Why, sir, this is my land, or rather my father's."

"And may I inquire where your father is? I desire to see him on very important business."

With a sorrowful shake of her head, Ethyle replied, "He has been gone for many years. He left home when I was but a baby. He has written me many letters about

his travels. The last time I heard from him, a month ago, he was in the Black Hills."

"I must see him as soon as possible, this business demands immediate action. Miss ——, pardon me, but you have not told me your name yet," with a smile.

"Ethyle Russell, sir," she replied.

"And mine is Harry Worth."

With a handclasp, and a long look into her beautiful eyes, their friendship began.

Ethyle conducted the stranger to her home, and he there interviewed Mrs. King, Ethyle's aunt. The maiden sat on the steps while the two were talking inside. At length, Worth came out, and after a smiling adieu to Ethyle, departed for the nearest town, about two miles away. Ethyle ran into the house and excitedly asked her aunt what Mr. Worth had to say. There was a glad light in the old lady's eyes as she said, "dear, he had great news for us. It affects your's and your father's future." Then she took the slim figure in her arms and whispered, "you may see your father in a few days."

"Why, how, what has this man to do with father, auntie?"

"That's all right, dearie, I must not tell you now," and with a queer little smile, she added, "but perhaps you will know before long."

Two days later in Deadwood, South Dakota, a telegram was handed to John Russell. Fearful of its contents, the old man, after a little hesitation, tore open the yellow envelope. It read as follows:

———, West Virginia.

John Russell,

Deadwood, S. D.

With a puzzled look, the old man studied the name. Harry Worth, who was he, and what was his business? There was something about the telegram, however, that told him he had better go.

A week later excitement reigned in a certain little town. John Russell, after an absence of seventeen years, had at last returned home. A mysterious man accompanied him from the station. They were in close conversation the whole way home. Ethyle ran out to meet them. Somehow she knew that this old wrinkled and grey-bearded man was her father. Tearfully she rushed into his arms. As the old man embraced her, a new light came into his eyes, a light that had been extinguished for seventeen long years.

The important news leaked out. A few days later the newspapers of the country had the following headline in large print:

COAL FIELDS DISCOVERED IN WEST VIRGINIA.

Harry Worth of the Virginia Coal Development Company has discovered rich beds in the territory on, and surrounding the land of, Mr. John Russell near ——. Mr. Worth has secured the contract to work up the mines for Mr. Russell. Worth will superintend the work and at present will probably make his headquarters at Russell's home. Work will begin in the next month.

Ethyle heard the news the afternoon of the same day. She ran into the house with the paper, brought by the mail man, and excitedly sought her father.

"Oh, daddy, I know what it is now." Pushing the newspaper under the old man's face, and pointing to the large headlines, she exclaimed, "This is your great secret."

With a gentle pat on her beautiful curls, he laughingly accented. She gave him a loving hug and gleefully ran to show the startling news to her aunt.

Three months later the scene changes back to the old apple orchard again. Ethyle and Harry were sitting on the old rock under the apple tree dreamily watching the sun set over the distant hills. They thought of a day in

June, three months before, when they first saw each other under the same tree.

"How beautiful you were that first day, dear," as his arm gently stole around her waist.

"Did you really think so?" she roguishly asked.

He could stand it no longer; he must ask her now.

"Oh, Ethyle, I love you. Would you, could you?" and there was longing and entreaty in his eyes as he looked up into her eyes.

With true maiden modesty she bent her smiling and trembling face. In those brimming eyes he read his answer. He gathered her up into his strong arms, and just then the sun ducked his head beneath the mountains, leaving the lovers to themselves.



A Plea for Compulsory Education in South Carolina

By D. R. HOPKINS, '15.

COMPULSORY education is a subject that was made an important plank in the platform of one of the prominent candidates for Governor in the recent campaign. It is now being seriously debated by the legislative body of this state, and it is highly probable that a law will be enacted requiring all children of the state, within the limits of school age, to attend school for a certain length of time each scholastic year. This is a subject that should be brought before the minds of the people of South Carolina, for there is no state in the Union to-day that needs to discuss such a question more seriously than does South Carolina; for her percentage of white illiteracy, over ten years of age, is 10.5 per cent. as compared with .4 per cent. in the state of Massachusetts, which state has had compulsory education for a number of years. We find South Carolina numbered with the last six states that have failed to take this important step of compulsory education. And out of the other thirty-nine states, not one of them but has had a decrease in her percentage of illiterates. South Carolina, therefore, has been foremost in the onward march of civilization. We should not, for a moment, stand back and see our grand old state fall in the rear, when she once was among the first in the nation. But as long as her people are ignorant, South Carolina will remain in the background. Then, in order to put our state on a higher plane, we must decrease the ignorance of her people.

But when we first look at the question of compulsory education, there are several points that present themselves, which seem to make such a law unsatisfactory. These points put in the form of questions are (1) Has the state a legal right to force a man to send his own child

to school? (2) Can such a law be enforced after it is made? (3) What will the poor widow do, who is not able to send her children to school? (4) Where will the extra money come from? and (5) What will be the effect on the negro's relation to the white man? These are the arguments upon which the opponents of compulsory education base their opposition. Each of these questions present a problem within itself, and it is to reconcile these points with a compulsory education law that I will direct the remainder of my remarks.

The first question asks if the state has a legal right to *force* the parent to send his own child to school. This question, stated in other words would read, "Has the state a right to *protect* the mind of the child?" Has it a right to protect the body of the child? Certainly, it has laws forbidding the parent to abuse his own child in any brutal or cruel manner. Now, surely the mind is due as much protection from the state as is the body. The state has the right to punish crime that is caused by ignorance and illiteracy, then she should have the right to take steps to remove the cause. In order to secure peace, happiness, and prosperity for the nation, it is imperative that we have certain restrictive laws that apply to all. Such laws are seen enforced every day, and no sane man wishes any of them abolished. The crimes committed in this state are perpetrated largely by uneducated people. Sixty per cent. of the criminals of South Carolina are illiterate—eighty-five per cent. are deficient in education. Then, any means by which the number in this class might be decreased, would, to say the least, be legal. And, more than that, we would be taking one step nearer civilization in the higher sense—one step farther away from barbarism. Some children, of course, are out of school because their parents are unable to send them, while others are out because their parents are not only ignorant themselves, but are brutal and selfish. We certainly should not hesitate to force such as these to give their children the rights

they deserve. It may be said that if these people were shown their duty and obligations to their children, they would not need to be forced by law to send their children to school. This is undoubtedly true, but can it be done? There is a class of people, who being in total ignorance themselves, do not, and can not, appreciate the value of an education. While you are trying to convince the parent, the poor boy would grow up in ignorance.

There are those who admit that the above statements are true, but they argue that such a law can not be enforced after it is enacted. There is not a law on the statute books but that has been, and is being, violated. Is it reasonable or logical to say that, because a law cannot be *completely* enforced, it is no good? Do the laws of the state against murder prevent all murders from being committed? Do the laws against stealing prevent all theft? Then, are these laws no good? For enforcing the compulsory education law, most states have truant officers, whose duty it is to see that the law is not violated. The age, name, and residence of every child of school age in the country can be gotten by the assessor. From this a list can be made and given to the teachers of each school. The teachers, then, can be required to report all absentees to the truant officer, who can at once make investigations. Thus, can the law be successfully and economically enforced. Of course, in case of illness the child is excused. There are many other conditions which the different states hold as proper excuses for an absence. These minor details, however, can easily be worked out to suit the conditions as met in the state. Those states that have had compulsory education laws the longest find the least opposition to it from the people. This is because the people have become more thoroughly educated and therefore know the value of an education. Hence, there is very little compulsion necessary in these states at the present time.

Next comes the problem of the poor people who are

really unable to do without the work of their children during the time they should be in school. Neither, are they able to buy the necessary books. What is to be done? Well, we certainly would not leave them in this base condition. And as long as they remain ignorant they will remain poor. So, in the name of humanity and civilization, we would extend a helping hand and lift these people up and put them on the road to light, decency and civilization—do anything possible to help these poor, friendless, neglected boys and girls. But this is what can be done. Upon investigation, every such case should be aided by the state to the extent of the child's wages for the length of the required school term.

You say that this will cost something. But, can you expect to get something for nothing? From a business standpoint, the state would receive adequate returns for the necessary expenditure. If we consider only the reduction of crime, this alone would save thousands of dollars in actual money to the state. And when considering it from a civilized—a Christian—standpoint, the expenditure would be negligible when compared with the increased intelligence, happiness, and productiveness that would result. Would this be a good investment for mankind to make? To make a comparison of the actual cost per student in the different states, we find that South Carolina has a cost of less than nine dollars (\$9) per capita, while the states of Washington and California each has an average cost of over sixty dollars for every child in school. The few extra mills that would have to be levied would work no hardship on any of the property holders. The fact that they would not raise any serious objection to paying the extra tax is shown by the large number of districts throughout the state that have already voted an additional school tax upon themselves.

Lastly, let us consider the question of the negro. This is the point that most people argue as being the greatest disadvantage to compulsory education. These thoughts

are foremost in their minds: are we going to give our money to educate the negro, and are we going to put the negro on an equal with the white child? In the first place, the negro is already getting the white people's money for school purposes, and they are making a great deal more use of it than the white man is making of the part he gets. For the negro has decreased the number of illiterate negroes over twelve per cent. since 1900, while there has only been a decrease of eight per cent. in the number of white illiterates since that time. Then, since the negro is already taking advantage of schools wherever possible, a compulsory education law would effect him very little. It is the illiteracy among the whites that such a law would tend to remove. But, granting that such a law would put all the negroes in school, do you think it wise to let thousands of white children grow up in ignorance, lest, in trying to prevent it, you arouse the aspirations of the negro? Is it better that both races remain ignorant or that both races be educated? The ignorant negro can compete with the ignorant white man, but the educated negro cannot compete with the educated white man. Which is the superior race? Is it possible for a race of people just out of African barbarism to compete with a people who have been civilized over two thousand years?

It may be thought by some that to educate the negro would tend to bring about equality of the races, but, on the contrary, education tends to keep the races distinct from each other, while ignorance and illiteracy draws them together. For, it is only among the most base and illiterate people that you find a mixing of the races at the present time. These, and other potent reasons should convince any sane man that South Carolina should have a compulsory education law.

The Clemson College Chronicle

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EDITOR-IN-CHIEF: W. J. HUNTER, '15

February's Glory.

Here has stealthily glided into our presence the chilly February, whose cold icy stare almost causes cold chills to run down our back. We have heard that

“February brings the snow,
Makes our feet and fingers glow,”

so often that we are accustomed to looking forward with dread to the cold, rough weather, the short, dreary days that this short month brings us. But after she once gets here, we usually change our minds. This is not as much so with students as with others; for with the majority of students with prescribed routine work, a day is simply a day, whether it be a “rare day in June” or a dull day in

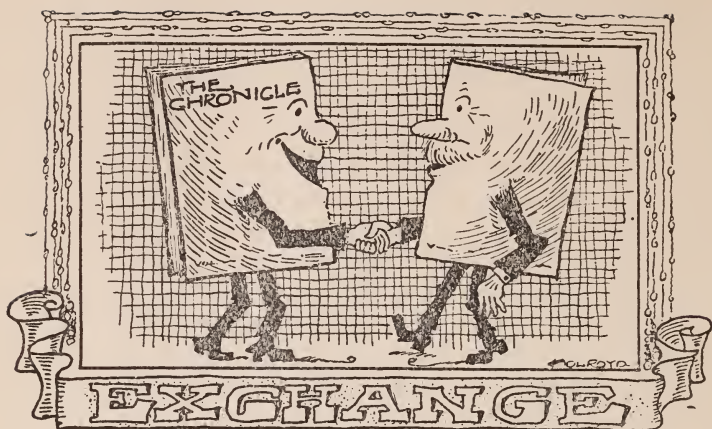
November. It is to the people who have homes to den up in, who enjoy home life, who delight in the home circle, in gathering around a glowing fire on a raw, cold day—there cosily shut out from the dreary world outside; there with the family ties happily binding together with a spirit of love the inmates of this enviable home; there where the exquisite happiness of such a home moulds into a heroic cast the developing character of the fortunate youth; there where for every inmate the most heavenly days of his life on earth are spent—it is for these people who are not in school that this month appeals most strongly. And looking forward into the bright future, when we may be so fortunate to be blest with a cozy little home of our own, I believe we should be fonder of this slighted month.

Needed Perseverance The progress of civilization demands something better from us each day, each month, and each year we live. That this is recognized by most of us is shown by our turning over a new leaf at the birth of each new year, by our resolving in some way to come a little nearer doing what we ought to do, to come a little nearer the individual ideal for which we are striving. The beginning of this New Year—and it promises to be one of the grandest in the history of the world; for one reason is that Clemson is going to send out into the world her largest and best Senior Class of one hundred seven well trained men; men that seem destined to change the history of the world, to raise the standard of civilization; men whose public lives will cause 1915 to be marked in history as the beginning of a new era (A Senior's opinion, of course) —but, as I was saying, the beginning of this year witnessed in us noble resolutions we desire to see perfected into a reality. This was an excellent step; we must have ideals for which to strive, but—the hard part of the task is yet before us. It is so easy to know what

we ought to do, to plan an ideal life compared with the perseverance, the cold reality of perfecting these ideals. It's a *man's* job to do this; and, indeed, it's a test of the manhood in each of us. Is February finding you living up to your newly-formed resolutions? Are some of them beginning to look impossible? Is the *man* in you too weak to do what you know you can and ought to do, what you said you would do? If you are not true to yourself, to whom do you expect to be true?

Yet, perseverance is a difficult accomplishment: We sometimes feel that we can't live up to what we have promised ourselves. But we have no reason to despair, there have been enough great men in the world to prove that perseverance can be mastered. We, too, can master, and weave into the fibre of our character, this worthy quality. But it must be carefully and persistently cultivated; it must be strongly upheld by will power, which is so easily weakened by giving away, by resolving to do something and failing to exercise enough will power to do it. We decided last month to take greater advantages of our opportunities this year, and let's do it, let's persevere to the end or move heaven and earth in the attempt! We must cultivate will power in order to have perseverance, and we must have perseverance in order to accomplish anything worth while, worth adopting to bring forth the *man* that's in us, that our mother, our state, that the whole world has a right to expect of you.

H. D. B., '15.



EDITORS :

D. E. SWINEHART, '15

S. C. STRIBLING, '16

We are very glad indeed to note that the present financial stress has not very materially hindered the publications on our exchange list. We believe that this publication work is one of the most important phases of literary work, and that it should be one of the last phases to be neglected in case of a financial strait, for we all realize that in this modern age, the successful man or woman is the one who can readily express his or her thoughts.

We young South Carolinians deeply love our state and all her great and noble men, and are always gratified to hear words of praise spoken of them by outsiders, and especially are we gratified when we read tributes to our beloved statesman, John C. Calhoun, who was born, raised and trained right near where the editors of the "Chronicle" daily strive to put out a publication. In the December issue of the "Lenoirian" we find an essay, "The Idol of South Carolina," John C. Calhoun. The

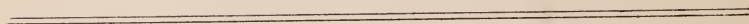
writer of this essay paid a beautiful tribute to South Carolina's great son, and to her we are thankful. In the same issue we find an essay entitled, "Is a Lie Justifiable." We were just a little disappointed when we read this article. It contained a very pretty story, but we failed to see that the writer answered the question which she started out to argue. The only fault we find is that the selection of the subject was not the best. There are two very good pieces of poetry in this issue, "From Mercy To King," and "The Bugle Call."

The "Winthrop Journal" put out a very creditable Christmas issue. The very first story, "His Reflections," right in the beginning cast a slight gloom over the merry Christmas spirit which should have stood preeminent in the contents. The story is well formed, and the English used is very good indeed, but we believe if the writer could have ended her story in a happier manner, her story would have been enjoyed a great deal better, especially at the particular season of the year at which it was written. There are three kinds of ending to a story, a happy ending, a tragic ending, and an ending in which the story is left to be brought to an end by the imagination of the reader. We repeat, we think that the first is a great deal more appropriate at the Christmas time, when all thoughts should lead to peace and happiness. Of course tastes differ, so we pass on from our discussion, "What the Christmas Stars Saw," is a good Christmas story with a pleasant ending. This issue also contains some excellent poetry, especially the poem, "The Message of the Angels."

We have looked with interest through the "Christmas Carolinian," the January "Wake Forest Student"; "The Mercerian", "The Pine and Thistle", "The College of Charleston Magazine", "The Criterion," "Vanderbilt

Observer," "The Tattler," "The Wofford College Journal", and many of our other exchanges too numerous to mention. We are glad to note that there is a growing tendency to use more poetry in all of these publications.

We acknowledge with thanks the receipt of our many exchanges.





EDITOR: P. L. MCCOLL, '15

The New Year opened with bright prospects for the Y. M. C. A. The money for the new building has been raised and the erection of the building will soon begin. The boys are deeply interested in this enterprise and they are straining every nerve in order to give to such a cover.

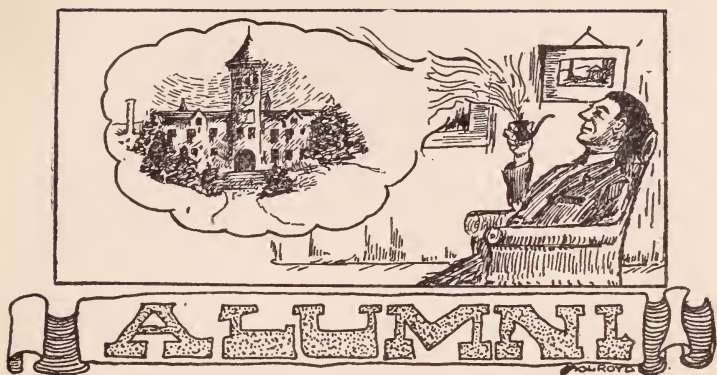
The membership of the association is not as large this year as it has been in previous years. The reason for this is because the boys have sacrificed the pleasure of being a member in order that they might contribute more to the building fund. At the last meeting of the advisory board it was decided to let all those cadets who have paid their subscription be enrolled as members. This will increase the membership very much, making the total run up to about two hundred. There are a good many more who have not paid their subscription yet but are going to do so soon.

The Spring conference, which will be held at Winston-Salem, N. C., meets sometime this month. The general secretary, Mr. R. L. Sweeny, the local secretary, Mr. D. F. Folger, and Mr. B. L. Hamilton will represent the Clemson association. This is a strong delegation and we are expecting them to bring back something that will cause the association to "sit up and take notice."

WHAT ABOUT THE BLUE RIDGE CONFERENCE?

Well, we are going to have a large delegation at Blue Ridge this summer. We cannot afford not to be well represented at such a conference as that held at Blue Ridge.

One of the most interesting lectures that the Y. M. C. A. has had in some time was that given by Dr. J. O. Reavis, of Columbia, on last Sunday evening. He lectured on his trip up the Congo river. He took up event after event, telling of his trip very much in detail. He told of the swiftness of the Congo, the various animals found in the river and on the banks, the great crowds which greeted them along the banks of the river, the way these Africans live, how anxious they are for someone to teach them the Christian religion, the improvements in their savageness within the past twenty years. He also, told us of their trip across land on these African's back, the "tom-tom" telegraph system, the greeting he received at various stations, the extreme high value of salt, etc. He closed his address by showing us the great need of missionaries in Africa.



EDITOR: M. R. SMITH, '15

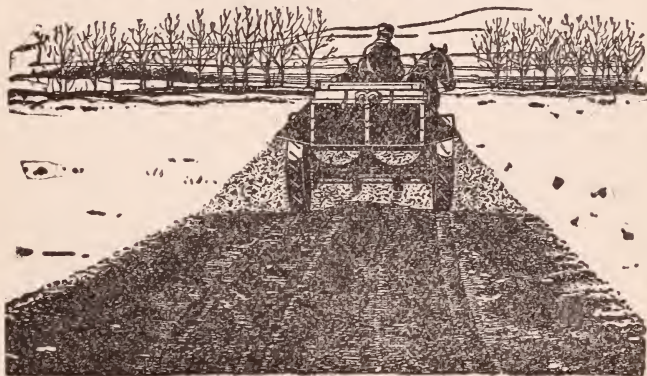
Since the last issue of the Chronicle went to press Clemson has secured a \$75,000 Y. M. C. A. Building. Mr. John D. Rockefeller gave \$50,000 of the required amount, on the condition that the College raise the other \$25,000. This was announced last session before the boys went home. When they returned, the faculty had met in their absence and contributed \$15,000 of the necessary \$25,000. This left the students \$10,000 to raise with the help of friends and the Alumni. During all this, a great war came upon Europe, and a slump in cotton fell over the South. The prospects of the building which was so bright in June, fell as each day passed. Everyone seemed to lose hope till the possibility of this building seemed a dream. When only a few weeks were left before Mr. Rockefeller's promise would be withdrawn, if the necessary amount wasn't raised in that time; so our Alumni and friends came to the rescue. The amount was raised through the help of the loyal Alumni and friends. It is always such loyalty as this that is characteristic of "The Clemson Man." The Charleston and Atlanta

Alumni gave a handsome sum. But it is not so much the gift that counts as the spirit that the gift is given with, and the spirit of our Alumni is worthy of praise and appreciation. We wish to thank them, and hope that our class and those classes that follow will always remember this great example of loyalty.

It is with a great deal of pleasure that we learned of the Clemson men who are to represent us in the legislature. We haven't been able to learn the names of all, but we know for a certainty that George Warren, '08, Rufus Fant, '13, and T. E. Lagrone are there. We wish to extend to them our heartiest congratulations. They have a brilliant opportunity before them, to help their mother state in such times as these, when the call is for men. We feel sure they will make good.



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	1904	1913
Insurance in force	\$2,937,353.00	\$24,146,909.00
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Dividends paid to Policyholders during 1913 and amount set aside for payment during 1914	\$62,120.95 per cent.	
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THE Chronicle



VOL. XVIII. NO. 6

MARCH, 1915

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THE Chronicle.

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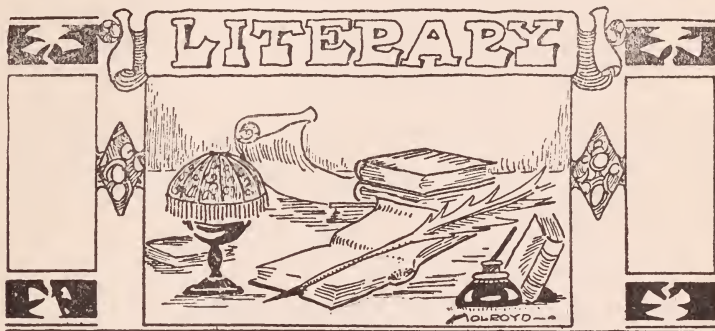
The Clemson College Chronicle

Valeat Quantum Valere Potest

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No 6.



EDITORS:

H. D. BARKER, '15

D. F. FOLGER, '16

C. G. HARRIS, '17

Lines

THE little things we do to-day
That will help our fellow-man,
The kindly words we chance to say
To those who in sorrow stand,
May prove more than we can know.
Those words and deeds, like goodly seed,
Will upward spring and bloom and grow,
And serve us in our day of need.

W. J. H., '15.

Truth in the Wilderness

WES, HE loved her. He would have given his life for her. Words are inadequate to express his affection for her. He thought of her during the long hours of day, and dreamed of her at night; regardless of how little she showed her affection for him. It was a case of true love at first sight. These were the sentiments of Bill Langsford, a young, husky looking chap of about twenty. He was not a native of the little New England town in which he now lived, but had recently landed there in search of a job.

One night at a reception, Bill's eyes fell upon Beryl Bennette, a girl who appeared to be about nineteen years of age. She had large blue eyes and apparently dark brown hair. She was tall, but not out of proportion. Their conversation that night was rather brief, but the next day Bill met her on the street and walked home with her. He knew that he loved her, although their acquaintance had been very short. His affection for her was of a depth indescribable, and only those who have had such experience may know of its ardent fervor.

The frequency of Bill's calls increased very rapidly, and each night, when he looked into his sweetheart's deep blue eyes and bid her adieu, a feeling of satisfaction crept over him. A short time passed and things went on first rate for Bill. She tenderly assented to the all-important question, which the reader may readily guess, that was now put before her. But her consent was not all. She was only nineteen, so Bill had to consult higher authorities. The contemplation of this puzzled him. He knew that he had proved himself worthy, but for such a short while. Finally the day came, then the hour, and Bill tested his nerve. His heart almost ceased throbbing while he awaited the answer. It came, and to his great sorrow was "Impossible." But Bill was given the proposition, that if he would go off, and, in two years' time

make good, he would be at liberty to marry the girl he loved.

This seemed pretty hard for Bill at first, but he decided to try it. So without delay he had his trunk packed, and was off on the early morning train for the West. Without delay he got a job with a small mining company.

Bill possessed a winning personality, and soon won the respect and affection of his comrades. His hard-working, good habits and honest dealings began to tell, and by the end of twelve months, he was elected vice-president of the company. Some months later, the President was seriously injured by an explosion in one of the mines, and of course Bill was promoted to the presidency. Nearly twenty-two months had passed and surely he had made good. He could hardly have done better; so he looked forward to what he thought to be the happy end of the two years.

In the meantime, Beryl found it impossible to control her thoughts. She loved Bill and knew that he once loved her, but, was his love still true? Did he ever think of her any more? Would he come back to her and fulfill his promise at the end of this time, These and similar questions kept her brain in a whirl. She might have made the affirmative reply to each of these questions, but about this time she met a rather good looking, middle-aged man of about thirty-five. Wealth and social standing were his. He was rich in money, knowledge, and every thing else except one thing. He was not happy. He was a bachelor, and had never given a thought to the question of marriage. But now he saw his mistake, and was seeking an opportunity to correct it. You may imagine what followed. Later he was seen treading the paths which had been previously trodden by Bill. I might say that he did it well too; for soon it was announced that Miss Beryl Bennette and Mr. Thomas C. Prioleau were to be married on the seventeenth of September.

Bill was sitting at his desk when he received the following telegram:

"Am sorry to say, but I consider our engagement no longer binding, for I fear you have forgotten me. Wishing you all success and happiness."—B. B.

Bill leaned over on his desk and ran his fingers through his hair, unconscious of what was happening around him. Then he tore off a piece of paper, and wrote: "Important business, am gone for a few days, but will return soon."—W. B. L.

With that he hastily gathered up some of his business form letter heads, etc., and hurried to the place whence the telegram came.

It was late in the afternoon when he arrived at his destination. He soon found that Beryl and Mr. Prioleau had taken a stroll out to the park. With that he hurried off in the direction of the park. Upon arriving there, he found the pair seated on a bench in a cool and shady spot.

Prioleau had her hand, and they were conversing freely. Bill stood still for a moment, bit his lips, and tried to collect his thoughts to see if it really could be true or if he were just dreaming. Then he walked slowly toward the loving couple. When he got within several paces of them, he looked straight forward. Beryl was first to recognize him. She sprang to her feet, ran to him and begged him to forgive her. Bill neither spoke nor moved. Of course this puzzled Mr. Prioleau, so he went over to see what was the trouble. He spoke, but got no reply, and the three stood for a moment as still as the dead of night.

Beryl was the first to move. She slowly removed the ring from her finger, and without a word, placed it in the hand of the man whom she was to marry. For another brief interval neither spoke nor moved. Again Beryl was the first to break the silence. She turned to Mr. Prioleau and told him that she could not marry him. That she had found the first and only man that she had truly loved.

Mr. Prioleau turned about, and with arms hanging carelessly by his side and face toward the ground, left the two in the park.

Now Beryl was free to tell him all, and she did. Bill still seemed speechless, but ran his hand in his pocket, and pulled out the papers showing his position with the mining company. Again Beryl passionately begged him to forgive her. He took her by the arm and they walked back to the bench together, and sat down. Then Bill spoke. He told her that she had deceived him once, and that she would do it again. She tried to speak but a lump filled her throat. Finally she threw out her arms, but found only the open air in her embrace. Bill was gone.

S. W. HAIGLER, '16.



Efficiency in College Work

THE DEFINITION of efficiency is the useful work accomplished, divided by the total work expended.

We should carry on our work so as to make our efficiency fraction, work accomplished, as large as possible. Both the numerator and the denominator of this fraction should be increased, but be sure that the numerator increases more rapidly. In other words, we should increase the total amount of work that we do, and, at the same time, enlarge the amount of useful work accomplished.

Is the time that you spend in your room at night and in the recitation room during the day spent to the greatest advantage? Very few can answer "yes" to this question. After we have finished studying at night, we should not spend the remainder of our time reading some cheap novel, but should read good literature or scientific works. Don't go to a class without having studied the lesson; for, we should learn to be thorough in our work while we are at college and the habit will stay with us in after life. Why not pay close attention to the lectures in the classroom, and get all out of our college course that's in it?

What do you do with your afternoons? Are you engaged in some form of athletics, or do you sit around in some room and tell questionable jokes? Your body should be trained as well as your mind, and the best way to do it is to take part in athletics. If you utilize your afternoons by staying in the athletic field, the numerator of your efficiency fraction will be greatly increased. Why not use some of your spare time writing for the college publications? Take an active part in the literary societies and learn to think on your feet; for, one thing that you are sure to be called on to do in after life is to speak in public.

If we always try to employ our time to the best advantage, the efficiency of our work will be greatly increased

and our efficiency fraction will grow larger and larger until it will finally become almost a whole number, which is the ideal condition.

F. C. A., '16.



Sunset

IN a cloud far away in the western sky
Sits the sun on his mighty throne,
Like a ship on the billows, riding bravely and high,
When the waves by their monarchs are torn.

Darting hither and thither from this mighty sun,
Like the deer springing straight from his bed
When he's found by the hunter in his mid-night lair.
Thus the rays from the sun are sped.

As a crimson-like flood out upon the field,
Where the swords of men are bent;
Thus the sky is illumined by the mighty rays,
And the heav'ns have a rosy tint.

But the sun sinks faster in the western sky,
Dropping o'er the woodland crest;
And twilight drifts o'er our beauteous land;
And the sun—he sinks to rest.

M. M. BRICE, '17.

The Mysterious Ten

THE SMALL town of Skull Canyon could afford but one up-to-date drinking house and gambling resort—at least a flaring sign asserted that the “Gold Nugget” was the best in town.

This saloon on a particular night was the scene of a very interesting little episode, a typical scene common in the West during the early days.

Bang! Crash!

A pistol shot, accompanied by the shattering of a large hundred dollar mirror behind the counter, announced the rather hasty arrival of a visitor. A large, towering figure loomed into the bright light. He wore the gay, gaudy clothes of the Mexican, but he was not Mexican. Around his waist hung a broad holster. It was made for two pistols. One of the twins was in his hand and the other peeping his defiance from its sheath. The six-shooters were flanked on either side by silver handled bowies.

“Well! The big high boy o’ this burg has arrived. He is called ‘Red Eye Sam’ by his friends, and them as what ain’t his friends don’t call him more than once”, this with a beastly, sinister grin. “You boys crawl out from under the tables, and come over and have a drink with me, I won’t hurt ye.” This invitation being backed by a rather ugly looking gun, the cowering throng of half-breeds, Americans, and Mexicans, hastily slunk over to the bar for they knew there would probably be more fireworks if they did not drink with Sam. Their wants satisfied, Sam flipped a crisp, new ten dollar bill over to the bartender. “That for your trouble,” and as he was leaving, “See you later, gents.”

As “Red Eye” left the dive, a dark figure eased around the corner of the shack and entered the saloon. His face, though slightly rinkled, bore the strong, clear markings of manhood and character. He wore the regulation U. S. Army uniform. This was no other than our famous

scout and Indian trailer, Briggs. He paused at the rude bar, removed a cigar from the crown of his large sombrero, and lit up.

"What is it, stranger?" asked the attentive bartender.

"Nothing," briefly replied the Scout.

With a casual glance over the room, Briggs noted that the men were apparently at their games again. Now hastily turning to the keeper of the dive, he asked, "Would you mind my seeing that bill that Sam gave you just now? I am pretty certain that it was a bill. I have an important reason for this."

"What's 'Red' been doin', pulled ye for a little o' the long green? Well seein' as how it is so all-fired important, I can let ye have a squint at it I reckon."

With this the clerk took the bill from the drawer and handed it over to the King of Trailers, for this was the name by which that great scout was generally known. The Scout eagerly glanced at it for a moment. "As I thought," he muttered, and handed the currency back to the clerk. The Trailer disappeared as quick as he had appeared, and the gay rabble settled down to their games for the second time that evening.

In the meantime, 'Red Eye' had quitted the town, and made his way to a small hut in the nearby hills, where the gold diggings were situated. The small cabin was placed somewhat apart from the others, and was built in the side of a steep hill. Arrived at the cabin, Sam impatiently knocked on the door with the butt of his revolver.

"Who is there?" asked a low voice from within.

"Open up! You know who it is, Grace," gruffly replied Sam.

The door was unbarred and Red walked in.

The hut was rudely constructed of rough pine boards. A partition divided the building into two rooms. A small bed, a rough table, a few chairs, and a wardrobe, nearly concealed by thick, heavy curtains, constituted the furniture of the room which Sam entered.

The owner of the timid voice, Grace, proved to be a young girl of perhaps sixteen years. She wore a simple calico dress, and her beautiful hair hung loosely about her shapely shoulders. Her face was a picture of fear and intimidation, although her sweet countenance spoke for itself—she had seen better days.

"You came back early to-night, Father," Grace said, as she timidly advanced and removed his hat.

"Anybody been 'round here since I left," brusquely inquired Sam, seemingly ignoring her comment. "The boys was to come to-night to get the money."

"No, Father, no one has been here since you have been gone."

"Maybe they come in by the other way." With a final scowling look at the girl, the man now stalked over to the dark curtains, parted them, and disappeared through a black, yawning hole in the wall.

The Trailer easily followed in the wake of Red Eye Sam. In front of the cabin the Scout paused and debated as to his next move. If he should go up to the door and boldly knock, he would give Sam an opportunity to escape. While engrossed in thought, he was suddenly startled by a sound off to his left. Noiselessly dropping to the ground, the great Scout peered over in that direction. He discerned three dark figures moving toward the hill. They advanced to the hill, about one hundred feet west of the cabin, and seemingly vanished on the spot! Puzzled by this extraordinary feat, the King of Trailers made his way to the cliff, and was surprised to find nothing more nor less than a clump of bushes. Pushing through the labyrinth, he came to a small hole in the side of the hill. This solved the mystery; the men had undoubtedly entered the cave or tunnel. The gloomy, murky darkness that prevailed seemed almost impenetrable. As the Scout was about to move into the opening, the sound of a pistol shot suddenly broke through the stillness of the night air. The sound came from the

bowels of the earth, and reverberated through the cave like the boom of a large cannon. Jerking a searchlight from his pocket, the Trailer now forged ahead, anxious to know the meaning of the single shot. About a hundred feet in, he abruptly rounded a corner, and came to a square room, hollowed out, and boarded up on all sides. Peeping through a crack in the wall, he beheld a strange sight. Red Eye lay bound hard and fast in the middle of the room. A glad light of surprise broke over his face as he glanced at three other men in the small room. Two of them were bandaging a wound in the arm of their comrade. Apparently satisfied with the surroundings, the Scout boldly entered.

The men whirled quickly, guns being brought into evidence with the same rapidity.

"Why the rush, boys?" the Trailer laughingly inquired. "Don't you know me?"

"The King of Trailers, by gravy", the men yelled, grabbing his hands.

"It seems that you have taken the job away from me, Sheriff," pointing to Sam. "I was detailed to get him."

"We were after him too. One of his men got drunk down in the Canyon and gave up the whole scheme. So all we had to do was to come and make the raid. His man told all about the cave, and how this room joined with the hut by a tunnel. The skunk winged Bill as we rushed the hangout," returned Mackie, the Sheriff.

The Scout was now examining some rather curious machinery over in one corner of the dug-out.

"So this is his coining room, eh, Mack," remarked the interested Trailer.

"Yes, and the counterfeit is in that box on the shelf."

Upon examining the contents of the box, the Scout discovered several neatly arranged piles of new greenbacks, mostly ten dollar bills. Just then the men were startled by cries coming from the tunnel ahead. "Grace, I reckon, that's his girl," explained the Sheriff. "We'll take care

of Sam, Briggs. You go and see what is the matter with the girl. Go through that door, and enter a tunnel which will lead you to the scoundrel's living quarters." With this, the Sheriff and his deputies departed with Red in tow.

The King of Trailers made his way through the tunnel. He could hear smothered cries and knocks on the door at the end of the cut-out. At the end of the underground passage, he came to a barred door. He unfastened it and entered the abode through the dark curtains.

Two hours later the Scout walked into Sheriff Mackie's office in town. "What did you do with the girl?" hastily inquired the officer of the law.

"It's all right about her now, Mack. I had a long talk with her, and she has decided to go to her Aunt in Denver. She lived there up to six months ago, when she was persuaded to come here to her Father. Grace said that Sam had treated her like a dog; still she seemed sorry about his capture."

The next day, after a tearful farewell to newly made friends, a lone passenger left Skull Canyon in a stage-coach for Denver.

That evening the King of Trailers slowly wended his way out of the Canyon toward Laramie, there to rejoin his command.

P. J. C., '15.

Indian Legends

TAKEN as a whole, the American Indian has been the inspirer of much interesting literature. His simple mode of living, his peculiar customs and habits, and most of all the simple quaintness of his many traditions and beautiful legends form an inexhaustible source of interesting literature. The legends, especially, are often very entertaining, being filled with such quaint and curious ideas, tinged with superstition, and not infrequently containing many beautiful sentiments of heroism, love, and religious ideals.

A striking example that beautifully expresses some of the above-named traits, is found in Longfellow's *Hiawatha*, a poem, it is true, that tends to idealize the nobler thoughts of *Indian legends*; yet it is asserted that, "thru it all, the author makes Hiawatha the embodiment of no virtue, the hero of no adventure, for which he has not the authority of Indian tradition." There are hundreds of legends that are just as fascinating as *Hiawatha*, if they were as interestingly expressed, that will appeal to the literary world as long as literature rests on its present foundations.

As is shown by the 19th Report of the Bureau of American Ethnology, the wild Cherokee Indians, whose camps once spread over this very campus, were rich in myths that explained to them the *origin* and existence of everything from the earth, sun, moon, and stars on down to the simple little plants and insects. Everything had some peculiar legend attached to it. The Indian names of certain streams, mountains, and waterfalls that we encounter every day are shrouded in some interesting myth, if we could just get at *them*. Take, for instance, on the head waters of this river, or rather on one of the large tributaries of the Seneca river, is a beautiful and much noted waterfall bearing the euphonious name Isaqueena, which at once suggests some legend. The many hundred

people visiting there every summer to enjoy picnic parties in the cool shade of the great cliffs surrounding these falls, seem never to tire of hearing how, according to the old Indian legend, Isaqueena—the most renowned and beautiful maiden of her tribe—and her lover leaped off over the falls, rather than be parted at the demand of their different tribes, whose marriage laws prohibited them marrying out of their tribe. Can such beautiful legends be produced by any other race?

By B., '15.



The Fate of the Biscuit Maker

THIS story deals with a girl, and secondarily in the background, appears a man. He matters little, and all we will say about him is that the standard discription found in almost any novel will fit him. The girl too, might have stepped from the pages of a novel. She was a slim little being, with blue eyes, bright hair, all demure and petite.

These two met on a summer's evening in Tryon, N. C., where they were spending their vacations. And just between you and me, a case of love at first sight developed. Their case was not strange when you consider that that rascally old match-maker, the moon, was doing his best to push things along, and besides, young people are not exactly responsible for themselves during summer vacations. If you don't believe it, just spend a week in the mountains some summer when the moon is full, and in later years, when you try to button your wife up the back, and find your fingers all turned to thumbs, you will swear that you were positively insane that week.

When our friends returned to their homes, the man found his office duties very, very pressing, and neglected to write his little friend in a far distant town as often as he should have done. When summer came again, he closed his big deal with a band of steel, and boarded the train to close a far bigger deal with a band of gold—far stronger than the strongest steel was this band.

Meanwhile the girl grew tired of waiting. Those letters that she got were few and far between. Of course she thought that some other girl was the cause of his neglect of her, and consequently, on the day that the man closed his deal, she wrote a curt note informing him exactly how little she thought of him. The same day, in response to a telegram, she left to accept a position as teacher of Domestic Science in a distant college.

But our hero missed the letter by an hour. When he

arrived in her town he went straight to her home with his head in the air. The girl's mother met him at the door and told him of the note, and of the Domestic Science position. He made no further inquiries, but whistled ruefully, and somewhat wistfully, and went home again.

Vacation days came once more and were gone. The girl went back to her work. As before, she had success. She made quite a name for herself and her department. Consequently, the president of the college one day asked her to go to a nearby town to give a demonstration and lecture on Domestic Science. She went.

When the day came, the girl was in a flurry. She arrived in the town, went to the hotel, and thence to the school house where she was to talk. Here she found everything arranged for her utmost convenience. The hall was packed with thrifty housewives, and mothers who wanted to learn what authorities had to say on the subject of Scientific cooking. Here and there were a few dirty-faced urchins ready for nothing but mischief.

The young teacher began, and all the house was quiet as the proverbial tomb.

"My first talk," she began, "will be on the subject of Scientific Bread-making." Then she began to explain the theories and practices of the foremost writers on domestic science. After which, she proceeded to give an actual demonstration. She measured, mixed, stirred, kneaded, rolled, cut and baked a pan of biscuits. All done as accurately as I would do in making a chemical analysis of a complex coal-tar product. Each and every point she explained in detail. While the biscuits were baking she gave an interesting talk on the Science of Bread-making. But I don't believe that there is any such science. Bread-making is an art. I used to know a grey-haired little woman that could make the best bread ever, and she never had any use for a cook-book. She was an artist, as much so as is he who paints a picture.

When the biscuit maker drew her golden brown bis-

cuits out of the oven, she puffed herself up with pardonable pride. Could you have made biscuits that looked like those, you too would have swelled a bit. The sight of those biscuits seemed to inspire our little friend. Her audience was held spell-bound by her rare eloquence. Somehow it never occurred to her how those biscuits might be inside, they looked so good on the outside. It remained for one of those urchins to reveal his. He slipped up behind the table, stole a biscuit and sunk his teeth into it. The look of joy on his face changed to one of bewilderment, and then to one of consternation. The biscuit was like rubber! He threw it across the hall and yelled out: "Oh. Ma! This 'ere biscuit is a whole lot worse than them that you swore about last night."

The little cook blushed, became confused, lost control of her tongue and her voice failed her. She could not recover; the fall was too great. She made a hasty exit through the nearest window, and all but ran toward the hotel.

Now it happened that the man came to this town the night before. He came to promote a big real estate deal.

There was a lot of work in it, but that's what he wanted. Work, work, work, for then only was the summer girl out of his mind. He was a bit blue this morning, and did not leave his room until late. When he stepped into the hall, a teary little biscuit maker ran into him and almost knocked him off his feet. The hall was empty save for these two, and—but that is of no concern to us. In a few minutes a piteous little wail came up the hall. She said, "I never will make another biscuit as long as I live."

But she did. She is no scientist now, but she makes biscuits that are the real work of *the* master artist.

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EDITOR-IN-CHIEF: W. J. HUNTER, '15

*The
Busy Season.*

With the first term, and Christmas only two months behind us, we are now just two-thirds through with the year's work; and in the season most suitable for doing good, consistent study. The members of all the classes have become thoroughly familiar with their work, and there is no reason why each man should not send home a report of which his parents, as well as himself, may feel proud. While we are yet students, we think in the terms of a student. No doubt we, like many students, are prone to postpone until to-morrow those things that we should do to-day. Such action is the cause of the majority of failures. With absolutely nothing to look forward to but June, let us strive to make the coming commencement one

of great pleasure; because of good work well done, and in its proper season.

A Smile is Smiles, smiles, smiles. Here and
Worth While there, and everywhere we find a
 smile when we smile. Frown and
 you never see a smile. All the
 world is a frown then. A smile makes the world go
 round; but a frown turns it upside down. The sun, that
 emblem of grandeur and the sublime, is a smile; while
 the dark clouds that lower menacingly over the peaceful
 land, are frowns. Happiness, hope, and health are smiles.
 Disease, pestilence, famine, and despair are frowns. A
 cheerful smile will carry you through life. Even though
 our way should become dark and we become weary, we
 still can find a cheery smile if we will only smile. And it
 is when we are in the depths that a smile finds its real
 value. A smile is worth while any time and any where.

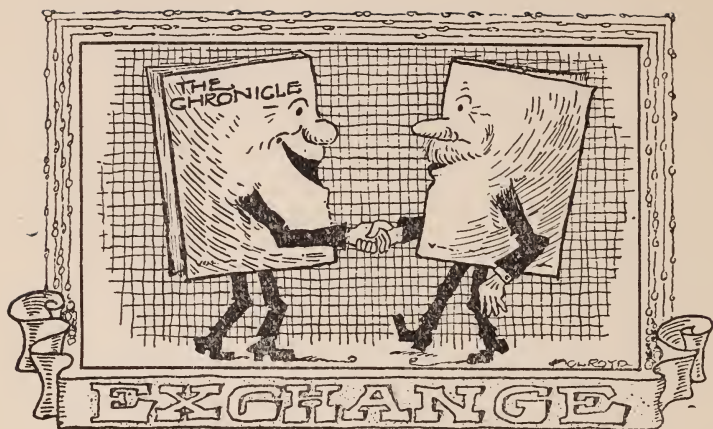
Do Literary Societies really have a place
New Literary at technical Clemson, did someone ask?
Societies. Well, I should say they do. Show me a
 literary college that surpasses us in interest
 and zeal shown in this work. Our intercollegiate debates
 have created considerable interest. And in having pre-
 liminaries in both the societies and chapel training is
 afforded to a great many men. These, and preliminaries
 in all the other contests, have caused an unusual number
 of men to participate in these activities. So this coupled
 with the prospect of a trip on one of the inter-collegiate
 contests has been a great stimulus to society work here.
 This enthusiasm, directed and encouraged by the Pro-
 fessors of the English Department, has culminated in the
 organization of three new literary societies. And each
 of these promises to be good, strong societies. Fellows,
 this speaks well for Clemson, and is indeed a great step

forward to the development of thorough, all-round college men. Have you joined one of them yet? If not, why not get in line? You know their purpose, and the opportunity they afford. It is "up to us" to make them go; to realize that we have time, money, and opportunity invested in our college course, and we ourselves are to blame if we fail to get adequate returns from this investment: and this we do in a large way if we neglect the opportunities offered by the literary societies.

Hurrah, for Clemson's six literary societies!

B., '15.





EDITORS :

D. E. SWINEHART, '15

S. C. STRIBLING, '16

The January issues of our exchanges as a whole are probably the best month's set of publications which has come to our desk so far. Many beautiful thoughts find expression in the short stories and in the poetry of the passing old year and the beginning of the new.

We read with a good deal of interest the January issue of the Chicora Almacén. The first portion of an essay, "Of Present Interest" first attracted our attention. The essay deals with the question of woman suffrage. The writer of this article asks the question, "Is it the power, or merely the symbol of power, our women are striving for," and truly we can't answer her and won't attempt it, but we do say that we believe if South Carolina is to go on producing noble sons and daughters as in the past, that our beloved mothers and sisters will have to give up their political aspirations, and devote themselves to the close home ties placed upon them by their Creator. "Lucy's

Letter to Her Lover" is very amusing. This letter describes to a country friend college life at Chicora by a country girl; it also contains a humorous account of a debate between the "champanes" of Furman.

The January issue of "Carolinian" contains several interesting articles. "The Flight of Years", and the "Evening Star" are excellent pieces of poetry by the same author. This young writer seems to stand out a little above his fellow students in a literary way, for he is the author of two excellent short stories in the same issue. One of them, "The Face in the Crowd", tells of how a young artist saw a face of a beautiful girl for a moment in a crowd, but was so impressed by it that he made a painting of her face, and won fame. He longed to find the girl and tell her of his love, and after five years he found her one day, but she was married and the mother of children. "His Silence" is a story of a young man who was too bashful to tell his love to the girl of his love, but he later married another girl but she soon died, and the girl he first loved, having been left a widow, he finally musters up courage enough to tell her of his love, and is accepted. "Humanity a Pendulum" is a very interesting essay on the changes of literature, religion, and government, and shows that the writer has given a good deal of sound thought and thorough preparation into this article. "Soul Longing," "Annus Novus," and "Evening" are three good pieces of poetry.

The Winthrop College Journal for January comes up to its usual standard. Probably the article of deepest thought and containing the most food for thought is "The Dignity of Childhood." There is no doubt as to the fact that the future of our country will depend upon the training of the child. We as a people are being accused of being a thoughtless, care-free people, and to a certain extent we are. If we allow our children to grow up in the same way we will be allowing our country to be lowered.

The writer of the above article seems to have realized this for she earnestly pleads for a betterment of conditions affecting the early life of the children of our country. "When her Knight Went Riding By", and "Blind Bill," are interesting short stories. "New Year," "Wanderlust," "Night," and "Three Studies in Verse," are good poems.

While "The Newberry Stylus" is a very thin issue it contains some interesting reading matter. "A New Year Thought" is a short piece of poetry. It contains a deep thought, for example, in speaking of the white page we are just beginning to fill in 1915. The poem closes with these words:

"Then when another year is closed,
May we this page still white reveal,
And gain reward from Him who knows,
As at the shrine of God we kneel.

The best story is probably "The Trials of Thelma," picturing the trials of a young girl as she starts to teach school. "The Path of Duty" is an interesting essay and is worthy of a second reading. "A Solution of the Cotton Problem" deals with the present condition in South Carolina, and the writer shows that it would not be wise for the growth of cotton in our state to be entirely eliminated. He strikes the keynote when he says to let every farmer solve the problem for himself, for that is the only solution which will cause universal satisfaction. The only criticism we have to offer on this issue is the fact that each story does not begin on a new page, but the issue is continuous reading matter. We think it would have been a great deal more attractive on the interior, if each story had begun on a page of its own.

The January issue of the "Erothesian" is lovingly dedicated to the memory of Mrs. Laura A. Lander, "The Little Mother" of Lander College. The many beautiful

tributes paid to her memory in this issue proves that her life was truly great, and that she greatly endeared herself to the students and others who were connected with Lander College.

The February issue of "The Wake Forest Student" comes to us fresh from the press. The entire issue is given over to the commemoration of the twentieth anniversary of the Wake Forest Law School. Considerable space is devoted to testimonials of alumni students of the law department, and to excellent short papers from some of the more prominent of the ex-law students.

We gratefully acknowledge the receipt of numerous other publications, and are indeed sorry that time and space will not permit of discussion of all.

S. C. S., '16.





EDITOR: P. L. MCCOLL, '15

DOCTOR RIGGS LECTURES.

On Sunday night, January 24th, Dr. W. M. Riggs met with us in the Y. M. C. A. Hall, and rendered a most excellent lecture on, "Character Building as a Business Asset." The lecture was very strong and forceful, and was thoroughly enjoyed by all who heard it. Dr. Riggs has that ability, which few other men have, of lecturing on almost any subject that might present itself. He pointed out many instances where great men have succeeded in business on account of their character. He showed us where, of a man has no character, he is so likely to get caught at his trickery, and all his plans be overthrown. The lecture was very interesting, instructive, and helpful.

LECTURES.

The Y. M. C. A. is having a very interesting series of Stereopticon lectures on "Rural Life." The first one was given in the college chapel on Sunday night, 31st of January. It dealt with the country church; bringing out the many difficulties which it faced and ways in which their difficulties could be met. The second lecture, "Rural Schools," was given in the 7th of February. This lecture was extremely interesting and was enjoyed by all who attended. These lectures will be continued for sometime,

and it is hoped that the interest shown so far in them will be continued.

We have something good for you at the evening services if you will come out and get it. The lecture for Sunday, February 14th, was on the "Small Town." This lecture was read by Rev. W. H. Wills, who made it very effective.

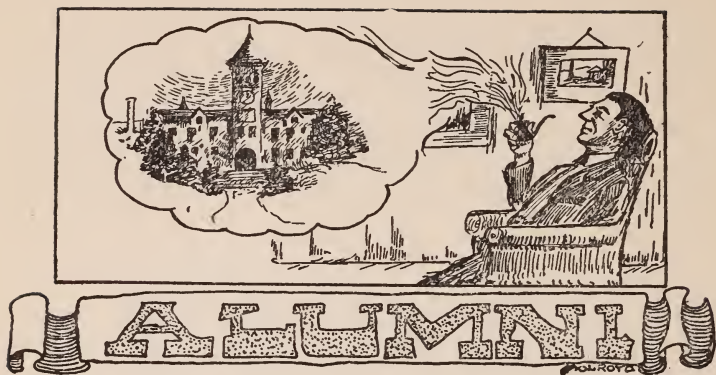
Clemson sent two students, D. F. Folger and B. L. Hamilton, with Secretary Sweeney to the interstate Y. M. C. A. convention which was held in Winston-Salem, North Carolina, January 29, 30, and 31. This convention was one of great importance, and topics of vital interest to all branches of the Y. M. C. A. work were thoroughly discussed by men from both North and South Carolina and by men in the Y. M. C. A. work of the whole country.

Report of the two student representatives were given in the regular Sunday night meeting of February 7. These reports gave the students present some idea of the work that was being carried on and what is needed most. The convention is to meet in Spartanburg next year.

ELECTION OF OFFICERS.

The officers for the session 1915-1916 were elected at the meeting Sunday night, February 14. The following men were elected: Mr. D. F. Folger, President; Mr. C. W. Ward, Vice President; Mr. P. L. McCall, Treasurer; and Mr. M. M. Boice, Secretary. The chairman of the various committees will be appointed sometime in the near future.

We are expecting to have a large delegation to attend the Blue Ridge Conference in June. The association will be represented at the Student Volunteer Convention, which will be held in Columbia, S. C., from the nineteenth through the twenty-first.



EDITOR: M. R. SMITH, '15

Mr. C. V. Sitton, of Pendleton, will coach the Tigers in baseball this season. "Vet" or Vedder, is an old Clemson man, who was a star in both football and baseball in '01, '02. After leaving College he played professional ball in the Carolina, South Atlantic, Southern, American, and N. Y. State League. We feel sure that he will turn out a good bunch of ball players.

The Demonstrators representing the various counties in the state met here several days ago. Among them were some familiar faces. The fact that Clemson men are being chosen to fill such responsible positions proves the fact that Clemson is turning out finished products.

Mr. B. H. Rawl, chief of the dairy division in the federal bureau of animal industry was unanimously elected a trustee of Clemson College to succeed W. D. Garrison who resigned. Mr. Rawl is an old Clemson graduate, who has made a great success in life, and it is with a great deal of pleasure that we welcome him as a trustee of our noted College. Mr. Garrison who resigned is also

a Clemson graduate, who has also been very successful since his graduation. Mr. Garrison was recently appointed demonstrator for Anderson county, a very responsible position.

"Jule" Carson, '14, spent a few days with us last week. Jule officiated in the class game between the Juniors and Sophs., which resulted in a score of 14 to 6 in favor of the Juniors.

South Carolina Experiment Station.

The Clemson College Chronicle.

The Tiger.

The Clemson College Annual.

Literary Staff.

Art Staff.

The Clemson Agricultural Journal.

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Business Manager W. D. Arthur

The Young Men's Christian Association.

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President _____ P. L. McCall
Secretary _____ D. F. Folger
Treasurer _____ H. H. Dukes

The Calhoun Literary Society.

President _____ J. S. Moore
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Treasurer _____ D. R. Hopkins

The Columbian Literary Society.

President _____ R. G. Kennedy
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Secretary _____ E. H. Agnew
Treasurer _____ J. C. Canon

The Athletic Association.

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Historian _____ D. E. Swinehart

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Captain _____ W. A. Schilleter

The Base ball Team.

Manager _____ P. C. Crayton
Captain _____ S. C. Webb

The Track Team.

Manager _____ R. J. Odom
Captain _____ L. Legrand

The Basket ball Team.

Manager _____ J. E. Glover
Captain _____ C. F. Gee

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Secretary and Treasurer _____ C. B. Iler

The Junior Class.

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Secretary and Treasurer _____ W. B. Townsend

Secretary F. L. Bunker
Treasurer R. B. Stewart
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Secretary and Treasurer C. S. Garrett

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Secretary and Treasurer R. M. Finley

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Superintendent E. H. Pate
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Director O. H. Beymer

The Glee Club.

Director J. S. Moore
Manager L. Legrand

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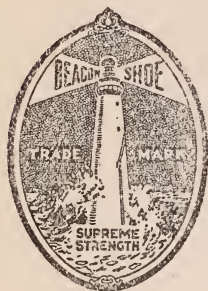
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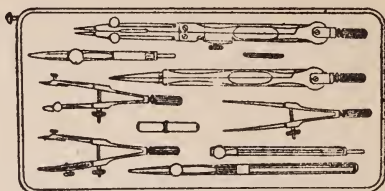
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APRIL, 1915

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The Clemson College Chronicle

Valeat Quantum Valere Potest

Vol. XVIII.

Clemson College, S. C., April, 1915.

No 7.



EDITORS :

H. D. BARKER, '15

D. F. FOLGER, '16

C. G. HARRIS, '17

Spring

By W. A. M., '16.

NOW NATURE wakes and gladly throws aside
Her role of sombre brown, and in its stead,
She dons a gown of gayest, shimmering green,
And like a maiden fair, who seeks to add
To her own loveliness by various means,
Known only to herself, she coyly pins
A bunch of lovely flowers at her waist.
When Winter, ruler of the ice-bound world,
An aged monarch who has never wed,
Sees her fair countenance, he humbly asks,
That she will be his bride. She gives consent,
But e'en they reach his home of snow and ice,
He dies; and leaves his lovely bride,
The undisputed mistress of the Earth.

The Curio Violet

By G. F. M., '15.

JOHAN BRESLAN awoke one memorable morn only to discover the gruesome fact that he was in the great metropolis of New York, friendless, penniless, and hungry. His present lodging was not much better, and in gloomy despair, he allowed his eyes to travel around the almost bare room; then he saw something, something very unexpected and unusual.

Just inside the door was a letter, a letter addressed to John Breslan. Wondering what the missive could possibly contain, John picked up the letter and opened it. As he did so, he caught the glint of greenbacks, and he hurried his examination. The greenbacks totaled up to the munificent sum of two hundred dollars.

The money so dazed John that he for awhile failed to continue his examination, but further search revealed a daintily folded note. Gingerly handling the note, John opened it; inside was a very peculiar flower, resembling in appearance a violet, but radiating from the center irridescent, sparkling rays of a very deep lustre. The more John looked at it the more his interest grew. The violet seemed to be always changing; John could find no words to describe it. His eyes now fell on the contents of the note, and with more wonder, he read:

To whom this may come into possession,

This peculiar flower is very rare; it is grown on the world's garden spot; but at present, this country is torn and wrecked with an endless turmoil of strife. The flower is grown by a lady of great personal beauty; him who carries this flower to her within six months, she will accept as her true lover and husband. Do not trouble about the money; if this proposition meets with your approval, find the lady.

Breslan scratched his head; the sensation produced assured him that he was not dreaming.

For awhile he puzzled over the situation; then he made his resolution: he would accept the challenge. After visiting a nearby restaurant, and satisfying his hunger, he started out in search of a clue.

After several hours search, he found out what he wanted: the only country in trouble was Mexico, and John was satisfied to take this as a sure clue. So the following morning found Breslan train-bound for Mexico.

For several years Mexico had been torn to pieces by internal strife. The trouble dated years back, and at the present time, the two factions were the Federals, under Diaz, and the Rebels, under Madiero. Thus it was that when John Breslan arrived in Mexico, he found himself between two fires. He was at a loss as to what course he should next pursue. His store of two hundred dollars was almost expended; he must do something; the lure of adventure beckoned to him, and his sympathies being with the Rebels, he joined their army.

A few days later, he was sent South, with a patrol under Lieutenant Sanchez. The purpose of the patrol was to reconnoiter the City of Mexico, and also there was an important mission within the city to be accomplished by one of the patrol.

Breslan and the leader of the patrol soon became the best of friends, and before the patrol had finished its journey south, Sanchez had decided to entrust Breslan with the important mission within the city. The reasons for this selection were obvious: first, Breslan was an American, and it would be decidedly easier for him to gain admittance within the city than it would for a Mexican; second, Sanchez was thoroughly acquainted with the bravery of Americans; and lastly, he placed implicit trust in Breslan.

Near sunset on the following day the patrol halted under cover within a few miles of the city. For two or three hours, John rested himself from the day's fatigue, then accompanied by two of the patrol, he set out in the

direction of the city. When he was within a half-mile of the outer fortifications, his companions halted and awaited him, while he proceeded on his way alone.

His mission was to obtain some very important information regarding the numbers defending the city, and the inner fortifications; also to learn, if possible, the intentions of the Federal General-in-Command. For a guide, John had a military map, and without much trouble he gained admittance into the city. But as luck would have, he had not been in the city very long when he came face to face with a troop of Federal soldiers. There was no way to escape, and as he looked like a very suspicious character, he was arrested and carried to the presence of General Ponchez.

After asking John a few questions, the General ordered the prisoner's person to be searched. The search revealed a military map, and this discovery was sufficient to settle John's fate. Without any more preliminary, John was sentenced to be shot at nine o'clock the following morning.

At half-past eight o'clock the next morning, under the guard of two soldiers, Breslan was escorted to the Central Park.

The rumor that a spy had been captured and was to be shot this morning had spread like wild-fire, and a large crowd turned out to see the job well-performed. Among these were many ladies and gentlemen of high standing. So not only was a man to die, but his death was to afford entertainment to the crowd for the time-being.

Promptly at nine o'clock, General Ponchez with a troop of soldiers arrived. Besides him, there rode a very beautiful lady, his daughter, Edith. Her superb figure attracted the attention of all, and even John Breslan, tho only a few moments from death, could not restrain himself from giving her a word of praise.

A few moments passed by, and then the General rode up to the captive and said, "Prisoner, have you any mes-

sage to send or any word to say before you are shot?"

John thought deeply for a moment, and then he reached within his pocket and drew out a letter; from it he extracted the curio-violet; then he made answer, "Sir, I am doomed to die; that fact, I do not regret, but here is a mystery I would like to have you explain if it lies within your power." He handed the General the flower and the note.

As he did so, he saw an expression of extreme wonder and perplexity come over the General's face. With a hasty muttered word of excuse, the General turned his horse and galloped back to his daughter.

A few minutes of conversation ensued, and then the General came back to the prisoner.

Then it was that John succeeded in obtaining a close glimpse of the girl. Never had he seen one of such queenly form and exquisite beauty; she was fascinating to an extreme degree. A second he let his eyes drink in her loveliness, and then his eyes became attracted to a flower she was wearing; it was a violet exactly similar to the one he had handed to the General.

There seemed to him only one explanation of the coincidence, and his mind turned busily to an analysis of the situation.

His thoughts were interrupted by the General. "Sir, will you explain how this flower came into your possession?"

Breslan gladly gave him the desired information, adding that the flower was the cause of not only luring him into Mexico, but that it was undoubtedly the cause of his present predicament.

The General listened attentatively and with much interest; then as John finished he turned and rode back to the assembled spectators. A few words of command from him and the crowd was soon dispersed.

John viewed this action with the keenest astonishment, and it was not until the General rode back and ordered

the two guards to report to their captain that he grasped the situation; then he understood. He was a free man.

The General, with a hearty handshake, introduced him to his daughter, and left the two together and alone.

The girl broke the silence with, "Mr. Breslan, if you do not mind, I will dismount, and we will walk home."

He gladly assented; then almost devoured by curiosity; he waited as he walked beside her for an explanation.

She began: "I know you are dying of curiosity, for what may seem a very natural proceeding to me is of course a most unusual proceeding to you.

"Last year my father told me that it was time for me to select a husband. He desired that I should marry a Mexican, but my mother was an American girl, and I leaned in her direction. This accounts for my American name, 'Edith.' I especially desired to marry an American husband.

"My father did not oppose me very much, and he willingly agreed that I should have my way.

"Thus it came about that a few months ago I visited America for no other reason than to select a husband. I met a great many prosperous and undoubtedly very handsome men, but none of them came up to my ideal. Then one day, I saw you; you were not very handsomely attired, nor did you look very prosperous, but you were my ideal."

By this time, they had reached the General's house, but they did not go in; instead the girl led John back of the house into a very beautiful garden, a most pleasing sight. They sat down very close to a bed of the curio violets, and the girl continued her narrative.

"I found out your name and address, and then I sent you the letter which you found near the door of your room."

There's one thing I don't understand, "why did you address the note to 'to whom this may come into posses-

sion,' and why did you not contrive to meet me while you were in New York?"

"I addressed the note as I did in order to suggest a note of mystery and romance; I did not meet you at once in New York, because I was sure the note contained enough clues, and I desired to put you to the test."

"But the curio-violet ——."

"Oh, that is the bond and seal of my word." With this statement she gazed at him with the love-light in her eyes depicted plainly.

John also looked, and with a feeling of ecstasy and joy, he gathered her in his arms.



Reflections

By W. J. H., '15.

BENEATH the heavens when the day is fled,
And the moon and stars all but silver o'er
The earth and sky, Ah, here I find a store
Of beauty, thought and sweetness sweetly shed,
Which has the touch of things remembered,
Of times and scenes that I have known before,
And in whose mellow charms I joyed the more,
Because my youthful years had not then sped.

And in that golden silence, mem'ry crowned,
I pierce the deep'ning mist of many years,
And gather up the threads of life that bound
Me then. Thus out of all life's joy and cares
I find a sweetness still, which lingers round
Me now; the while I forget the gleaming tears.

Lines on Ambition

By W. J. H., '15.

GLAMBERING ever onward, ever upward,
Man, in his impulsive race thru life
Strives continuously toward a higher ground,
The which when he has risen to, is as
A struggling mound to some sky-hid mountain
crest;

And on the height of each attainment sees
Something higher still, to which he then aspires.
E'en though he should outstretch his fellow-man,
And find himself upon a dizzy ground,
He would in his ambition rise and seek
To o'ertop the infinite.

The Invention of the Cotton Gin

By T. C. H., '15.

WHEN I was but a little fellow in the primary grades at school, I was taught, like millions of other Southern boys, to look upon Eli Whitney as the South's great benefactor. This was quite natural, because history tells us that the cotton gin was a product of this man's brain. However, during frequent visits to my grand-mother in old Fairfield, I was impressed by the tradition that the first cotton gin was made not far to the west of Winnsboro, by a man named Kincaid. Captain Kincaid was a sheep raiser, a miller, and a cotton farmer. He was an engineer, too. His terraced gardens are about the only places in the immediate vicinity that are not attacked by gullies to-day. Captain Kincaid's sheep, like many others in the country, got their wool infested with cockle burrs, and Captain Kincaid produced a machine to clean the wool of the burrs.

On one of his many trips to Augusta, then the nearest trading center, Captain Kincaid met Hogden Holmes, a fellow Scotchman, and an employee in the cabinet shop of Eli Whitney. A warm friendship sprang up between them, and Holmes finally went to the Kincaid plantation as an all-round mechanic. These two men set to work on Captain Kincaid's "wool machine" and in the course of a couple of years had it perfected to the point where two men could clean the wool and cotton of the whole neighborhood.

One day while Captain Kincaid was in Augusta, a handsomely dressed cavalier on a magnificent mount rode up to the Kincaid home, and asked to see the machine that could remove the cotton from the seed. Permission was readily granted. Mrs. Kincaid gave him the key to the mill which housed the gin, and sent a negro boy along to direct him. The boy said that the man stayed in the mill-

house about four hours examining in detail and making drawings of the gin.

In only a few months, Eli Whitney gave to the world the cotton gin. The whole thing was then clear. Whitney knew about the gin of his two friends, Kincaid and Holmes, and in their absence procured plans of it, and patented the cotton gin.

It may be of interest to some to know that in the gin-house where stood the first cotton gin, the first celebration of the Fourth of July was held. The building was burned in February, 1865, by Sherman's men. The foundations are still to be seen beside the creek that once supplied water to the ever busy wheel of the mill.



The Mystery of Counterfeiter's Cave

By D. F. F., '16.

SIX YOUNG college boys sat around a camp fire as the shadows lengthened and faded, listening to the tale of Counterfeiter's cave from the lips of an old mountaineer. Which was, in brief,, this. The cave is in a rock cliff that stands as the perpendicular bank of Eastatoie Creek, a branch of the Savannah. A narrow path leads to the entrance of this cave and it is strange that this path should always be well beaten when very few people ever traverse it. Just after the Civil war some peculiar men went into this part of the mountains and lived in the cave. They remained there for six months before any one found out what they were doing, and then it was the officers of the law that carried them away for making counterfeit money. Thus the cave became known as Counterfeiter's cave.

There were a few of the more illiterate mountaineers of that time who believed in witchcraft, and they dealt severely with anyone accused of the practice. After the counterfeiters had been taken from the mountains, a young woman was accused of being a witch and she told the people that she was. They planned to burn her at the stake immediately, but she heard of their plans and disappeared suddenly. No one could account for her; but for some time after her departure, the country was visited with strong evidences of a devil or witch of some description playing serious havoc at night. Finally one curious man announced that he had found the witch. He said that he had watched for her one night and had followed her almost to Counterfeiter's cave. He told the people that he had intended to go in after her, but she stopped at the entrance, and turning her pallid face to the moon, she made the hills reecho with the shrill laugh of an insane person. The curious man must have gone home

a near way then, for he never consented to tell any more of the story than that.

It was an established fact among the mountaineers, however, that at twelve every night the same shrill laugh could be heard, and the old mountaineer, that told us the tale, said that he was coon hunting near the cave one night and heard it himself, but he had never again been in hearing distance of the cave at night.

Naturally such a tale as the above excited the curiosity of a number of youths who were camping in the mountains and looking for real adventure. We all decided that we would like to hear the strange laugh if such a story could be true. And that very night we persuaded the mountaineer to lead us to a point near the cave from which we could see the entrance and the path in the pale moonlight. It was almost midnight when we arrived at the place and we settled ourselves for the watch at once.

Soon we saw the object of our venture. Moving slowly up the path towards the cave, was the low stooped figure of a woman and following close at her heels was what seemed to be a huge cat. We watched her almost breathlessly until she reached the cave, but she did not stop to give the hideous laugh that we were expecting. It was some seconds of intense silence before anyone moved. We could not believe what we had seen. It seemed impossible that any human being could live in a cave shut off from the world for forty years! And yet such seemed to have been the case. We returned to camp that night with the determination to visit the cave the next day and learn if a woman did really live in it or if we had just seen the figure the night before because we were looking for one. The following morning six young adventurers made their way towards Counterfeiter's cave. To an outsider we would have looked like a band of Revenue officers out for a raid on some moonshiner's still. We were armed with lanterns, flashlights, pistols, rifles, and shot-guns. We felt perfectly safe with all of this defense and

we strode boldly towards the cave. We never thought of fear until we were on the narrow little path where we had seen the strange figure the night before. The creek was roaring over the shoals below and a false step might have sent any one of us into the mad waters. We moved on cautiously until we were within a few feet of the black opening in the wall. There we halted for a few minutes to light the lantern, get the flashlights convenient, and to decide who would lead the way into the cave. A thousand pictures of everything horrible for the inside of the cave raced thru my excited brain in that short interval. I believe that one word of encouragement from any one boy would have caused the six to turn back for camp at once. But no word of the kind came. I knew that I was the oldest and that I was largely responsible for the escapade because of my curiosity and I felt that I should take the lead.

Without a word I took one of the lanterns in one hand and a Colt's automatic in the other and entered the cave, followed closely by five excited boys. I held the light high above my head and peered into the darkness in front. The walls and floor were of solid rock and dry. A few yards farther in, the opening became so narrow that we had to proceed in single file. But soon it widened again and turned abruptly to the right. As soon as we turned the corner and flashed the lights into what seemed to be a large room, a terrific scream filled the cave, echoing and re-echoing thru the cavities. We stood erect for an instant, stiffened with fear. I looked into a dark corner of the room and saw two balls of light, glowing as coals of fire, and moving noiselessly along in the shadows. I knew that this could be nothing other than a wild animal of some kind, and fearing that it might attack us, I fired directly at the darkness between the eyes. A howl of pain filled the cave again and the dull thud of the animal's body, as it hit the floor from its leap into the air, told us that the shot had been effective.

Everything was as still as death again in a few moments and we gained courage enough to enter the room cautiously. We took in the surroundings at a glance. We were in a triangular room with walls of rock about twenty feet in length. The floor was of rock and bare except in one corner where we saw a rude couch of leaves and torn bedding. Across this lay the form of an aged woman, and near it lying in a puddle of blood was the body of the wild cat that I had killed. The picture before us was a ghastly one. A half clad form of a woman brown with dirt, whose hair was coarse and tangled, and whose eyes were fixed on a distant objective in a death stare. She seemed to be dead but no one made an effort to touch the body to ascertain the truth. We stood there for some time in silence until a medical student among us bent over the woman to feel for her pulse. He found the body warm but the heart still. We knew from that that she had been dead only a few minutes and we soon concluded that she must have been frightened to death by our appearance and the shot in the cave. For so many years she had been fearing that men might carry out their sentence to burn her at the stake, that she had grown insane with fear for all human beings and had shut herself off from the world. She must have been at least sixty years old at that time and the shock was too great for her weakened body.

It was hard to believe that a human could live in such surroundings for forty years, but we found articles in the cave which proved that she was the same woman that had disappeared just after the war. We carried the body out to her relatives, who buried it properly in the old family cemetery.

On Seeing an Early 'Rose

By W. J. H., '15.

IN THE garden of the old home
I found the first rose of the year.
In its unfolded petals, clear
The morning dew-drops brightly shone,
And like some prized and precious stone
Made all things 'round seem more dear.

O, flowery gem that bids me look
Beyond the beauty of to-day,
Beyond the fields of early May,
And view again each spot and nook
And turn each leaf within the brook
That mem'ry made and placed away!

The dearest rose of all the year
Within a book I'll hide away,
And there forever let it stay,
A sacred thing to light and cheer
Me onward still, that I no fear
May feel along life's unknown way.

In the Licensed Saloon

By A. B. C., '16.

THE YOUNG wife lies sick in bed. The sister is watching over her. The angelic two-months old babe nurses from the feverish breast of the mother. The big town clock has just struck twelve. "Where is Robert to-night?" the loving wife is asking.

Robert Edward Lindsay is the name of a progressive young lawyer in one of our southern cities. He is from a good, old, aristocratic, Presbyterian family of Scotch-Irish descent. On her death bed, his mother kissed him with the prayer: 'Let my little man be named Robert Edward, after our great Virginian;' and then, she passed beyond to a land free from toil and care. In her fading mind, she pictured a southern hero, a leader among men—sober, industrious, honest, great—a manly man.

At an early age, Robert made the determination to carry out the desire of his dead mother. He accepted no model other than Christ. He was a ranking student in his Sunday School class; he was a conscientious lad among his playmates. His Puritanic hands were free from the touch of cards and dice. His daily life predicted a father to a man.

When Robert became sixteen and was preparing to leave for the State University, Mamie, his sister, at that time eighteen, carefully helped her brother to pack away his necessary articles, among which was the Bible, to take to college. Night-fall, the last at home for several months, came on. Brother, Sister, and Father gathered in the cozy parlor for a little chat before retiring. Sister brought forth from the piano strains of "Where is My Wandering Boy To-night?" Robert's eyes flashed; his heart fluttered.

"I will make good," he uttered in half broken tones.

Sister accompanied Brother to the station. There was a melancholy feeling in the heart of each. The train

rolled away; Mamie waved; Robert waved; they were separated, but their hearts and minds were not.

This homely lad entered the Sophomore class at the University. At first, he applied himself diligently to his studies; but soon, he forgot himself. His lips knew the taste of liquors; his fingers became flippers of cards and tossers of dice. Robert was no more a student—but a nightly loafer of the streets, going many times to disreputable places. Rather than spend the Christmas holidays and summer vacation at the old home, he had the desire to be care-free to the world. Tho living this fast life and under many difficulties, he was at last graduated with honors.

From the University Robert went to the Law School. Another change had come upon this youth of twenty.

His eyes were opened to the cry of the world for men. He looked upon his University days with shame and disgust. He thought of that resolution when he said in the presence of his sister and father: "I will make good." Two years of the Law School prepared him for life. His record here is spotless. He realized that "God helps those who help themselves." He remembered sister at home, daily sending up prayers for his success. He did succeed; and "Robert E. Lindsay, Attorney at Law" became the most popular sign-board that hung from the windows of the Municipal Building.

He did succeed. Ellen Fields, the most popular young lady of the city, with all the qualities of perfect womanhood, became the bride of this young attorney, and the queen of a little palace located on a corner of Main street. Sister and Dad came to live with Brother and Ellen. Robert became an influential worker, and to him came all classes for advice. His dark days were forgotten. Thankful he was that Sister and Ellen had not heard of them. The sunshine was now in his life.

The tragedy follows, clouds darken the sun. One day Robert meets an old University chum on the streets.

They go to the bar-room to drink a health. Robert weakens under temptations. The cup flows a stream of fire-spirit into his system. The table is surrounded by gamblers, thieves, and cut-throats. Robert takes part in the game and wins. The defeated candidate breathes oaths and draws his pistol. Two shots are heard; both men fall. Robert, pictured by his dying mother as sober, industrious, honest, great—a manly man—lies wounded,—dying a drunkard, gambler, and murderer

“Where is Robert to-night?” the dying wife is again asking.

The door bell rings; the message is produced: “Dying in the Licensed Saloon.”

We must turn from the horrible scenes at this point. The story is left to burden our minds. But for what purpose? What lessons are to be learned? Are we to follow the foot-steps of Robert Edward Lindsay? We must answer these questions for ourselves. But let us answer them according to the prayers of that sister, mother, and sweetheart, and in a way that will be pleasing in the sight of the Creator of men.

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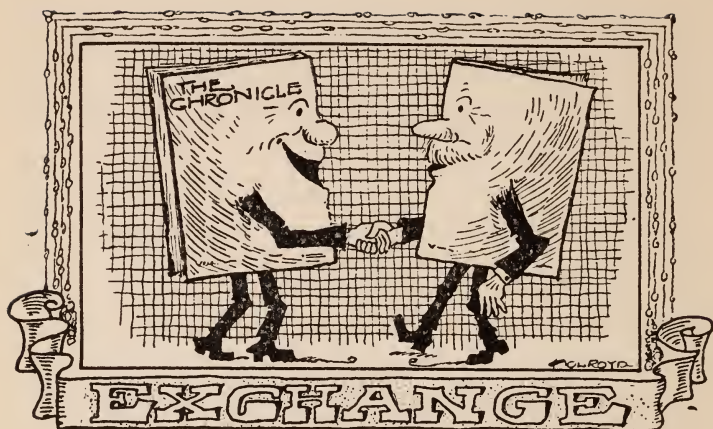
EDITOR-IN-CHIEF: W. J. HUNTER, '15

Dignified Seniors. Last year when we entered A Senior's college, we were the dignified seniors of View. Clemson. You know, every college has seniors, and seniors are dignified—at least that is the way we heard it. But seniors where is your dignity now? Ah, that false title! Pardon our vanity; for we have no dignity. After seven months of work as seniors; we have come to the conclusion, as many before us have done, that we know comparatively little. And yet, we must face the world in a few short months. How fast time slips by! We had hardly realized that our senior year had passed thus far so quickly. If we have been neglectful during our course, and we have, we will now redeem ourselves as far as possible. Where we have fail-

ed, we have thru that experience learned; and thru failure we can yet succeed. With only two months more to go, we will work as never before; for the truth has dawned upon us that our college days are almost over, and the world is before us, and we must make good. That dream of success must be realized.

“Any fool can do what he wants to do, but *Spring Fever*. it takes a man to do what he does not want to do and yet knows he ought to do.” There are times we want to work. During dreary winter days, it is often a pleasure to study, to lose ourself in some good book; we think how comfortable it is in our rooms when the cold wind is fiercely whistling outside. But my, it is such a different problem when warm, balmy spring comes along with its enchanting atmosphere, with its soft twilight evenings, with the “moonlight sleeping sweetly on yonder bank”—with everything that tempts us out into the open, that those who have never experienced pent-up school life can hardly realize the temptation. “Spring fever” is almost the inevitable result. We find it quite a task to force ourselves to work. But here we are afforded the opportunity to show the *man* in us, the opportunity to employ and develop our will power. Are we going to give way and weaken our will power, or are we going to do what we don’t want to and yet know we ought to do? Let’s every man of us try to fight off this “Spring fever,” try to do our work faithfully and earnestly to the end of the session, try to be worthy, from this point of view, of the designation—men.

H.D.B., '15.



EDITORS:

D. E. SWINEHART, '15

S. C. STRIBLING, '16

The February issues of the many publications on our exchange list as a whole are very good. None of them are specially large issues, but the contents have the tone of being selected stuff.

The February "Newberry Stylus" is a very creditable number, and contains an interesting arrangement of short stories, essays and poetry. The first to attract our especial attention was the essay, "The Half-Dead Dream of Universal Peace." The writer of this essay discusses pretty well the war now being waged between the so-called "Christian Nations" abroad, and especially, as to the question of whether this struggle may be taken as proof that Christianity is a failure. His arguments as to the continued strength of Christianity are very good. One argument which he might have used to strengthen his idea that Christianity is not a failure, is the thought that "God moves in a mysterious way his wonders to per-

form." He may be using this horrible war as a stepping stone of a great religious and intellectual revival which may sweep over Europe after peace has been declared. Then let us join with him and plead with the people of our "Christian nation" to be careful before we say that Christianity is a failure simply because this war is going on. There are several other good essays, among which we find "Youth's a Stuff Will Not Endure," and "Influence Lives On," "The Real Thief," "Before Commencement," and "A Country Dance," are interesting stories. "Smile" and "The Moon" are fine pieces of poetry and the sentiment expressed appeals to all.

The February issue of "The Erskinian" is a Junior class number and is lovingly dedicated to "Our Fathers and Mothers." It contains quite a variety of poetry, short stories and essays. In "Robert E. Lee, from Appomattox to the Grave," a beautiful tribute is paid to the South's greatest and most beloved general. "The Call of America" is a well written essay which contains some valuable thought. The poetry and short stories were very good.

Were we to judge all the poetry in the February exchanges we would probably say that "When the College Whistle Blows" in "The Red and White" was the best piece of poetry. This piece of poetry should especially please every college-bred man. The rest of the contents of this issue are all very good.

The February "Palmetto" comes up very well to its usual standard. The best story in our judgment is "Deep Waters." This story contains a little humor toward the close, in the scene where the hero and heroine are stranded in a river in an old buggy and are about to drown and the hero proposes to the heroine by asking if

she would be willing to ride thru life with him. He had been told that he would have to go through fire and water to win his bride, but he says in conclusion that he is thankful he didn't have to go through fire, as water is bad enough. An editorial in this same issue on "Equal Suffrage" should cause us to think. The writer says that it seems that South Carolina is rather in the rear than in the van in taking up this great social problem. But, are we really in the rear? The true South Carolina man of to-day hold the sacred home tie too dear to be willing for his wife or sister to be lowered by being allowed to "dabble" in politics. Then we wish to differ with the fair writer of the above editorial when she says that it is inevitable that South Carolina is to have equal suffrage, for the thing is by no means settled. But we do agree with her that all of our people should give the question "an intelligent consideration."

We extend thanks for the receipt of our usual number of exchanges.

S. C. S., '16.



EDITOR: P. L. MCCOLL, '15

The Southern Student Conference

The Southern Student Conference is the most far-reaching in its effects of all the gatherings of students held in the entire South. To put it briefly, it is a gathering of college men representing all the educational institutions in this field for the purpose of studying the moral and religious needs of student life. The Conference has been held annually for about fifteen years, and until two years ago, every state in the Southern field, as far west as Arkansas and Texas, was represented. But two years ago, it was decided that because of the long distance they had to travel each year, men from Louisiana, Arkansas, and Texas, should have the benefit of a Conference in their own field; and so the Southwestern Student Conference was established. When we speak of the Southern Student Conference, then, we mean the Conference to which all colleges which are in the South and are East of the Mississippi River, send their delegates.

The Southern Conference meets each year in June on the grounds of the Blue Ridge Association for Summer Conferences. These grounds are located in the heart of the Blue Ridge mountains, about fifteen miles east of Asheville, North Carolina. A large hotel has been erected on the side of a mountain, at a cost of one hundred and twenty-five thousand dollars; and this hotel, with the tents which are pitched within easy access of it, fur-

nishes accommodations for about four hundred and fifty men. Situated as it is on the side of a mountain, and with every necessary convenience immediately at hand, it provides an almost ideal location for summer work.

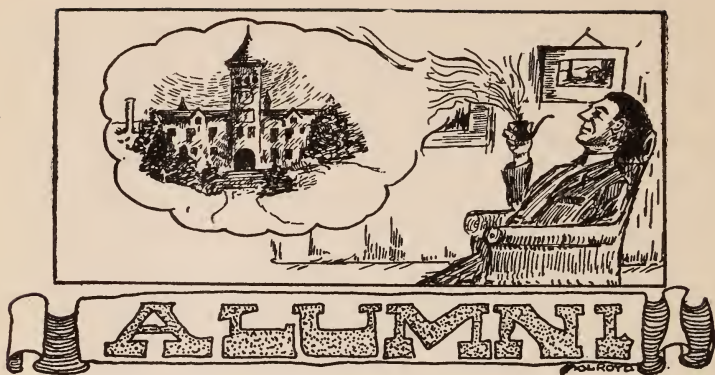
Each year in June, between three hundred and four hundred men, representing about eighty educational institutions in the South, gather here for the purpose of recreation, study, and general discussion of plans for bringing about better conditions in the colleges. Among these delegates are to be found many of the most prominent students. There are always a number of the best college athletes as well as men of well known merit in scholarship and literary attainments; and the fact that so many men of this kind are to be found in the representations each year is largely responsible for the popularity of the Conference.

And not only are the men who compose the delegations among the strongest in the student world, but the leaders and speakers are always men of national and international reputation. The list of speakers for the Conference this June, for example, included John R. Mott, General Secretary of the World's Student Christian Federation; Dr. Glover, of Cambridge University, and Dr. H. H. Horne, the noted lecturer and author, of New York City. Besides the men of this type who came from outside the Southern field, Dr. W. D. Weatherford, of the International Committee of the Young Men's Christian Association, who is known in every Southern college, is always present at the Southern Student Conference; and indeed, it is he who is responsible for the excellent character of the work that is done. There were present this year, also, between fifteen and twenty presidents and professors from the best known of the Southern Colleges. With such men as this for leaders it is unnecessary to say that the Southern Student Conference is a helpful conference for work as well as for recreation and pleasure.

An effort is made to give some place in each day's program to every phase of college activity. The mornings are given over to class work and to discussions of the general college problems; while the afternoons are devoted to athletics of all sorts. In the evenings all the delegates assemble for what is called the "Hillside Meeting." There is a grassy slope immediately in front of the hotel, and here all the delegates seat themselves, giving the whole a setting as of a Roman amphitheatre. This Hillside Meeting is held on eight out of the ten nights of the Conference; and at each of the sessions an address is given on the choice of a life-work.

These Life-work meetings have been productive of more definite results than any other single feature of the Conference. To these meetings are invited prominent men from every profession and calling in life. Each presents his special profession before the students, and tells why he made his particular choice. In this most effective way, men have been shown what the merits and demands of each calling are, and have been able to intelligently decide what life-work they will enter upon. Among the most telling of these presentations has been the call to Foreign Missionary service. Each year there have been numbers, varying from four to a dozen men, who have made the decision at this Conference to devote their life to work on the Foreign fields.

Such results as this, and such a daily program as that which has been outlined, surely justify the statement that the Southern Student Conference is one of the most important of all the conferences held in the South. But perhaps the greatest benefit comes to the colleges as a whole when these men who have attended the Conference return to College in the Fall. The inspiration which has come to them at the June Conference is shared to the other students who have been unable to attend; and every branch of college life is thus enriched by the experiences of these men who have come in touch with representatives from other fields.



EDITOR: M. R. SMITH, '15

Every year the corps of cadets go on an encampment, and with the exception of this year the usual encampment has been held at Columbia. This week of out-door life means a great deal of pleasure for it brings liberty in one sense of the word to a crowd of men under military restrictions. This year our Fair Trip was given up because of scarcity of funds. However Colonel Cummins got busy and tried to select a spot where the expenditure would be as small as possible and the entertainment and hospitality best, therefore he selected Anderson. Anderson is known for its hospitality and it is useless for us to say that we will leave that city with the feeling that it is "My Town." Among the entertainments, which they are offering, is a dance to be given by the militia, the best shows that can be secured and a baseball game between our team and Furman. Clemson wishes to thank Anderson for her kind invitation, which we will accept with pleasure.

A. J. Brown, class of '12, was seen on the campus a few days ago.

Joe Douthit, '14, attended the last dance given here.

D. W. Watkins, '09, is connected with the dairy extension work.



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The Sophomore Class.

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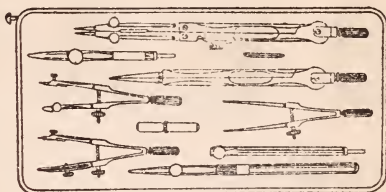
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Total	\$90,438.21	\$754,540.83
Interest from investments and other sources	18,954.20	130,771.72

Total Income	\$109,392.41	\$885,312.55
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Income Multiplied More Than Eight Times in Nine Years

.. 1904 1913

Admitted Assets Dec. 31. \$333,977.61 \$2,204,634.91

Assets Multiplied More Than Six Times in Nine Years

1904 1913

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Insurance in Force Multiplied More than Eight Times in Nine Years

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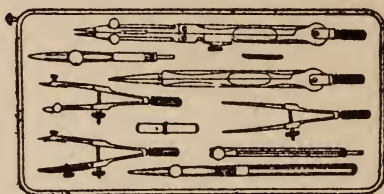


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MAY, 1915

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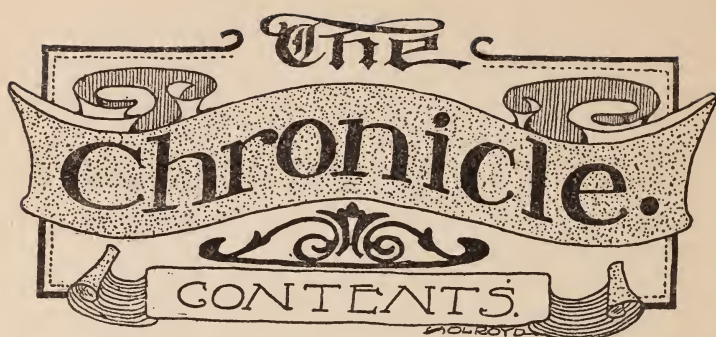
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The Clemson College Chronicle

Valeat Quantum Valere Potest

Vol. XVIII.

Clemson College, S. C., May, 1915.

No 8.



EDITORS :

H. D. BARKER, '15

D. F. FOLGER, '16

C. G. HARRIS, '17

You and I

By W. J. HUNTER, '15.

HEIGHO for the happy, happy hours
That you and I have spent together
Amid these scenes, these hills and bowers!
Oh, happy, happy hours with never
A touch of pain; but, joy and light.
How sweet it is to have the cheer
Of close companionship, and fight
Our mutual battles without fear.

Come let us walk and talk once more
Before our schooldays have departed,
Drink deep of time's remaining store
Ere life's unending race has started.
'Tis joy to be among these scenes

That you and I have known so long!
Let's hope the years that intervene
Will our friendship make more strong.

Farewell to the happy, happy hours
That you and I have spent together.
But let them live among the flowers
A priceless memory forever.



College Honesty

By S. W. H., '16.

IN ALL stages of life honesty should be our motto, but it should be our ideal especially in college, for it is in college that we form our habits. It is in college that we either make or destroy ourselves. The seeds sown in college will undoubtedly bring fruit. If the seed are clean, the harvest will be of the same nature; but, if the seed are unclean, the harvest will be likewise.

Does dishonesty merit us any gain? Some may say, "Yes, by dishonesty, we can make higher grades on our studies, become the wearers of many medals, and in the end be possessors of what some may consider, an honorable diploma, which could not have been obtained otherwise." But the time will come when it will be found that the diploma is merely an outward show, and it does not tell what is in the heart and mind. And above all, this outward show will soon be penetrated thru and thru, as though it were only a thin veil, by the all-seeing eye of God, who sees and remembers every little dishonest deed as well as the larger ones. And "the conscience does make cowards of us all."

On the other hand, honesty in college work does bring a great, as well as fruitful, reward. A person who goes thru college with honesty as a motto will be capable of carrying out that for which his diploma stands. He will not be trained to cheat nor deceive his neighbor, as will be the one who has practiced dishonesty in college work; but he will be trained to obtain his income, his honors, or his leadership by honest means, and he will be ready to assist his neighbor in a similar way. When a position has been awarded him, on the face of his diploma, he will be prepared to do that which is expected of him.

In summing up the ends reached by either honesty or dishonesty, we find that dishonesty, with all its seemingly high honors, usually ends in a failure. But, on the other hand, a person may go thru college honestly and not obtain the highest marks, and he may possibly be ridiculed by some of his fellow students for the honesty he has practiced; yet of all the honors that can be bestowed upon a person, honesty stands at the top. Anyone can say he is proud and thankful when his course has been completed, though he has not won glittering medals, nor made the highest marks in his class, and even though he may be penniless, that which he has is his own.



All Over the Biscuits

By T. C. H., '15.

JIMMIE ANDERSON loved his wife, but not her cooking. That he loved her was shown by the fact that he ate the food that she put before him. Having been married only two months, Jimmie thought that it would be untrue to the girl were he to go to a restaurant; and he just could not tell her how badly she did cook!

However, things could not always run smoothly over burnt biscuits, burnt chops, and burnt everything else. Things were brought to a climax, when, one night tired and hungrier than usual, Jimmie dreamed aloud of the biscuits that Mother used to make. Well, that started something; hot words followed each other in rapid succession, and the quarrel ended with Mrs. Jimmie asking railroad fare home. It was given, too. She packed up, hailed a cab and was on the way to the station in a twinkling. In the cab she began to feel some remorse. Maybe her cooking was not the best, and Jimmie ought to have *only* the very best! The more she thought the more remorse she felt. In consequence, the trip to mother ended in a hotel not far from home, where she could watch over Jimmie, and keep him from harm; while at the same time, she would show him that she was not to be treated just any old way.

Back at home, Jimmie was raising sand. He kicked over chairs, tables, and everything that came in his way—including the cat. When his anger subsided a bit, he locked the house, and went to the nearest hotel to spend the rest of his days in peace. The nearest hotel happened to be the very one at which Mrs. Jimmie registered a scant moment before.

As fate would have it, Jimmie was given the room adjoining that of his wife's. He went in, sat on the edge of the bed, and began to think. Soon his reverie

was disturbed by a soft musical voice in the next room singing a song that he used to sing with the boys about town. It was a rattling good song with an easy swing to it. Jimmie could not resist the temptation to join in, and in a few moments a flirtation sprang up thru the partition.

At dinner a brilliant idea came to Jimmie. He acted on the impulse and sent an invitation to the unknown singer to come down, and dine with him. The invitation was accepted.

Jimmie sat at his table in happy anticipation of the pleasure that he would have listening to that musical voice across the dinner table.

Mrs. Jimmie came down, all wreathed in smiles. She too would enjoy a dinner once more; she would not have to look at that husband of hers across the table. She reached the table, and:

"You!!"

"You!!!"

Both went to their rooms, straightway, with their chins tilted at an altogether unnecessary angle. Jimmie raved in his room for a while, went to the clerk, and demanded a change of quarters.

Scarcely had Jimmie moved out before the clerk assigned the room to a newly married couple in the first quarter of their honeymoon. Once in their room, shut from the eyes of the world, they began that senseless talk known only to honeymooners and babies. In the next room Mrs. Jimmie, who knew nothing of her husband's change of quarters, heard that talk, jumped to the conclusion that Jimmie was leading a double life. There's a woman at the bottom of this! She would fix him properly.

Suiting action to thought, she made way to the next room and there she saw what she thought to be Jimmie Anderson in another woman's arms! Had it been Jimmie, I would have felt sorry for him, but as it was, she

no sooner than began her attack than she realized her mistake, and burst into tears. After a few teary explanations on her part, the newly-weds did all in their power to comfort her. They went with her to her room, and with a few brotherly pats on her shoulder the man eased the sobbing girl a bit, while his little wife stood behind the half open door ready to burst into tears at the very thought that her husband might some day do as this poor girl's had done.

In his new room Jimmy began to feel his pangs of remorse. Maybe he had been too harsh with his little girl. Finally he decided that he was totally in the wrong and would go make up with her. He reached his wife's room just before the newly-weds conquered her tears. Thru the door he saw what appeared to him to be his wife crying in another man's arms. He sprang in like a tiger and for a few minutes a fight was imminent; but after explanations were made, laughter and handshakes took the place of tears and anger.

The newly-weds went to their room, Jimmy and his wife went home next day, got a cook, and there my story ends—just where it started, over the biscuits.

Memories

By A., '18.

THE day is bright with a summer's sun,
The trees are all in bloom;
And from yon shrub a mourning dove,
Doth tell us of his gloom.

In every tree I see it now,
A picture bright and new;
And tho there's naught beneath it writ,
I know 'tis one of you.

But now the sun has gone his way,
And the night is cool and clear;
Still the memory of you is much to me,
For I love you now my Dear.

Tho the birds in a chorus sweetly sing,
To hush the song of the dove;
There's nothing they sing that's cheering to me;
I long for you my Love.

Work

By F. M. H., '16.

“**W**ORK, for the night is coming.” These are words we often hear, but how few of us heed them. There is much in this short sentence; it not only tells us to work but also warns us of the night that is to follow. Our work may be ever so little, yet something will be accomplished. Watch the coral animal, how insignificant it appears alone, but when multitudes unite in work how much they accomplish! Mighty works in nature have they wrought; they have built islands where men dwell. In all ages past, islands have been rising up in mid-ocean, the result of the work of this tiny animal. Then why not let us do our part? Why not learn a lesson from the polyp, and go to work, joining hands with our friends and neighbors, and build a wall that can never be torn away.

No one should allow the time to pass without learning something worth being known. We should make the time, set apart for recreation, moments profitably employed, and thereby, little by little, add something each day to our store of knowledge.

Seconds of time go to make up minutes, minutes to make up hours, hours to make up days, days to make up years, and they are but few in life. Then in the beginning of life let us be up and doing, for soon the night will come when all work will cease. Our eminent men did not wait for age to come upon them before they could find work to do, but they began work early, and hence their eminency. I have heard it said you can teach a boy how to work, but you cannot teach him to like it. I think this is a mistake. The truth of the business is, they are not first taught how. If a child is, in early age, started off aright, it will continue right. It depends upon the starting as to what the ending will be. All professional men like their profession. Why?

Because to follow a profession they must first learn why; and the result is they like their work, and succeed in business. What a man likes most that will he succeed in best. Let us go to work with a determination and conquer this love for ease and pleasure.

Though we may feel discouraged and think our efforts unawarded, still our work grows, it comes to an end. We may not live to see it, but others will come after us; the years do not cease their rounds at our death. The skilled old man, when he plants out pecan trees, does not expect to eat of the fruit, but he has profited by that which others have done before him, and he feels that he must leave something greater for those who will follow after him.

When we complete our college course, let us begin life doing good to ourselves and friends, and not depend on others. Though our circumstances in life may be such that we cannot be independent we must not be afraid of our fellow man. Show him that we are men, and above that, gentlemen. Do not let anyone excel us in anything, but work while we can. Let us be up and doing while 'tis day, for the night is near at hand, when labor will cease, and man will be called home to his reward.

The Winning Fight

W. M. S., '16.

A YOUNG man stood in the shadowy entrance of a deserted banking house looking down on the crowded streets. His face was seasoned with lines of care and his eyes looked out upon the world with dull, mute anguish.

In the brilliant light of the street below him, moved an ever-changing throng. Care-free boys and girls, bound for places of amusement, chattered and laughed gayly over the little nothings that are to them so interesting. Serious-minded business men, thinking of tomorrow's battles; gay theatre parties; the idle rich; the swaggering sport; the men and women of the streets all passed with no thought other than of themselves. The cabs and cars and motor trucks clanged and rumbled over the pavement. The glaring arc-lights, the gaudy shop windows, the flaming signs all lent their brilliancy to the scene.

To Charles Sumner, the man in the doorway, all this was strangely fascinating. He could see all the various phases of his own life spread out as in a panorama in this endless tide of people. He was of the city and had always been a part of it. His parents had been wealthy and he an only child. Ah! those boyhood days. What happiness had been his. With his marbles and his tops, no king could have been prouder than he. And no king could have been more tyrannical in his rule of those he could subdue. Then there was his boyhood sweetheart. She had been to him the embodiment of all things beautiful. Her slightest word was law, for was he not her Knight and she the fair Lady of his loyal heart?

Those boyhood days had passed. Four years of college and two in a University had changed him to the man of business. His good old father, followed in a few months by his mother, had passed into that other and better

world. Then the brunt of the battles of his firm had fallen upon his untried shoulders. The hands of fate played with him, but he was strong and his fight had been a successful one. Thru the years of his college life and during his advent into business, one girl was always in his mind, one face that gave him strength and courage. That boyhood affection had ripened into love. Success and happiness seemed assured to the life of Charles Sumner.

A man with his dreams and plans is a small thing in this world. One turn of the wheel of destiny and he may be cast from the highest round of the ladder of fame, or down to the lowest depths of a living hell.

The money panic that threw the Union Banking Company into the hands of a Receiver, swept away the last penny of the fortune upon which Sumner had knit his future. Sumner, as head of the Union Banking Company, was thrown out of business with the disfavor of the public upon him. The loss of the fortune can be recouped, but another was the crushing blow. That boyhood sweetheart, that girl for whom his battles had been fought, proved unfaithful. Just when the steadying hand was most needed she had turned from him—turned to one who could give her luxuries she demanded.

Across the street from the darkened entrance, the lights of a cafe and dance-hall glittered and beckoned. The man in the shadow stirred. Why not end it all in the oblivion of the underworld? What was there to live for? But then, what was there to die for? Wealth? It is tossed in the hands of fate to be won or lost in a day. Fame? An empty bubble that may burst at a touch. Unrequited love. Better to know the truth and suffer now than to be deceived and have a life-time in which to repent.

Charles Sumner was tried in the school of adversity. Was he to be found wanting? No! The man in the shadow straightened and his eyes flashed with a new de-

termination. As God had given strength and ability, he would have the courage and manhood to exercise it.

With a firm stride Charles Sumner took his place in the crowd, in the world of men, to begin a new and winning fight for the things that count for most in the lives of men.



The Silent Guest

By W. J. HUNTER, '15.

HUSHED are the playful winds of spring,
Hushed in the holy twilight hour,
The little birds no longer sing,
But rest within some lonely bower.
The flaming gold dies in the West,
And dimly grows each flower and tree,
Dark shadows roll, the silent guest
Of night—nature's solemnity.

The balmy night air cool and sweet,
With a silent passion girds me 'round;
And struggling, two emotions meet
To vex the mind. Here one is found
Within the budding touch of spring,
The heavy sweet of blooming flowers;
The other lives, a wretched thing,
Within the dark'ning twilight hours.

I would be glad and drink the fill
Of Nature's sweet and wholesome cup;
But ere that joy my spirits thrill
I am with shadows swallowed up.
And tho I look, or close my eyes
Dark phantoms lurk before me still,
I walk away and yet they rise,
I cannot flee, try how I will!

The Result of a College Prank

A LONG, beautiful avenue, surrounded on each side by uniform rows of spreading live-oaks, led up to a stately Southern home. Sitting in a reclining position on a willow bench in the cool shade of one of the oaks was a young man. He was of average height, neatly attired, and presented a very handsome figure and a pleasing face.

Lying at his feet was his faithful dog, Fido. It was a beautiful spring day, but the young man's thoughts were not as pleasant as they should have been. Musingly, he spoke to his dog: "Fido, old dog, it appears to me that I am constantly having ill-luck. Last year, my serious illness prevented me from graduating with my classmates; and this year, I was fool enough to play a joke on that old idiot, Professor Schuyler, and he caught me.

"Yes, sir, Fido, I'm shipped for good, and that is not the worst of it; father says that I will have to work. That he will not have me hanging around on his hands, an idle, good-for-nothing scape-grace. 'Tis tough, but I guess I will have to take my medicine."

After conducting this speech, the young man drifted into a deep reverie which lasted for several minutes. At last, he jumped to his feet with a shout.

"I've got it, Fido," he said; "I will work on a farm this summer and make enough money to complete my course at some other college; but I'm not going to work with the governor. I think I will go to Western North Carolina. 'Tis a beautiful country at any rate."

A very beautiful landscape, a long, narrow valley, thru which a wonderful sparkling little stream threaded its meandering course, sweeping this way and that way in graceful curves. On each side of the streamlet were long stretches of green meadow, dotted with thousands of cattle quietly feeding on the tender herbage. Bounding

the meadows were acres on acres of verdant wheat; to the north, to the east, to the west, to the south, mountains arose, gradually sloping off and upward, meeting the sky's horizon in a bluish haze.

Practically all of this beautiful scene was owned by one prosperous person, Norman Barnard. A man, prosperous, because Nature's gift had made him so. His home, a magnificent white house, standing on a green knoll near the head of the valley, was in ideal harmony with its surroundings. He not only possessed wealth, but he had the remaining portion of the cup of happiness: a congenial wife, and loving children.

And this was the man to whom Clyde Clinton offered his services as a farm laborer. His services were readily accepted; for this season hands were very scarce.

At a glance, Barnard could readily discern that Clinton was no ordinary farm laborer; so he assigned to Clyde a very neatly furnished cabin about a mile from his own home. And after a few days had passed, Barnard kindly tendered the use of his library books to Clyde at any time he had leisure to read them.

Clyde appreciated these favors very much, and he entered into his work with zest; but farm labor is very hard work, especially to the inexperienced, and at times Clyde was tempted to quit and seek lighter employment. But his endurance prevailed, and, in a month or two, he was firmly established in his new environment.

And with establishment came satisfaction and content. He breathed the pure mountain air, he ate heartily, and he slept soundly. Most of the day, he worked very hard. At nights and during leisure time he read, and some evenings off, he would take a stroll to one of the nearby mountains. It was an ideal life to live for the time-being at least. Clyde was delighted with the prospect.

Then June came, and with it came Eleanor, Barnard's daughter, a graduate of the Normal State College.

Then it was that life changed for Clyde; in place of the daily routine of work which he had been accustomed to, he was given the task of attending Eleanor, for Barnard did not like to have her go about unaccompanied.

Thus it was that his life turned in other directions. His companion was full of life, and she kept him moving about continually. But as she was a very pretty girl, he did not mind executing her commands. They took a ride on horse back almost every evening, and the constant contact with each other soon broke the bonds of restraint which at first lay between them. They discussed many subjects, and pretty soon Eleanor learned that Clyde Clinton lacked a great deal of being what he pretended.

This excited her curiosity, and she tried in several ways to draw from him his past history, but he evaded all her attempts to do so. She began to study him with deep interest, and to her surprise, she found him a very agreeable study. Her interest finally grew into something deeper, but she failed to recognize it at the time.

As for Clinton, he had been strongly attracted toward Eleanor from the first, but knowing his position, he had stifled all expression of his feeling. But there comes a time when human nature succumbs to the inevitable, and so it was with Clyde Clinton.

It was about a month after she came home from college that the incident took place which made of them both transformed beings. It was in the golden sunset, and they were sitting in a reclining, restful attitude on a large rock situated on the slope of one of the nearby mountains. A glorious sunset and a lovely landscape lay before them in panoramic view. Silence had fallen between them, and both in rapture were gazing at Nature's beauty.

The young man's eyes rested upon the reclining figure of the girl. Her chin resting lightly in the palm of her hand she was all absorbed with the view before her. Never before had she appeared so superbly sweet and

attractive to Clyde. Tanned deeply to a brunette type, with burnished coils of copper hair, lithe, supple, a perfectly symmetrical body, and a raptuous gaze, she was indeed sweet to look upon.

Soft and stealing as a moonlight beam, Cupid put in his appearance, and the young man realized that he loved Eleanor, loved her strongly and deeply. He spoke:

"Eleanor, will you give me a description of the man who would be your ideal?"

Without looking around, she gave him the desired information. A slight flush suffused her cheeks as she spoke. Clyde listened attentively but with great surprise, for her description was almost an exact duplication of himself.

Should he remember his present position, and stem the tide of joy that arose within him? It was only a passing thought. Love knows no bounds; it overleaps itself; it will have expression; love can only be requited with love.

And thus it was that Clyde's love for Eleanor was requited by Eleanor's love for him. And not until they had tasted the first joys of their happiness and were on their way to her father's house did she know that he belonged to one of the best families in South Carolina.

Leave All Hope Behind, Ye Who Enter There

By C. G. H., '17.

“COME, Come, Boys! What are you trying to do with my old gun? I know it's old and ugly, but you must not make fun of Grand-pa's old 'Double Reliance' like that.”

These words were spoken in the presence of my father and myself some four or five years ago by an old Confederate soldier to two of his grandsons, who were playing with an old, awkward looking, double barrel shot-gun. The old man slowly arose and, without saying a word, reached and took the gun away from one of the boys, and carried it back into the house.

On my way back home, I asked my father why Mr. S— was so particular about an old worn-out, double-barrel, muzzle-loading shot-gun. By way of explanation my father narrated this story: “Ham, I never told you how Mr. S—, with his 'Double Reliance' defeated in their purpose a band of Yankee calvary during the Ku Klux war, the days of the reconstruction period?” I told him he had not and he began:

“You know how it was that the Klu Klux Klan organization came about, and how nearly all our boys were finally driven from home and scattered by the Federal soldier? Well, I won't say that Mr. S—'s four grown boys were not members; for the whole family were true blue Southerners, but I don't think the old man himself ever went on a raid. But after the boys had all left home and escaped from the soldiers who were sent to arrest them, some worthless hound reported old Mr. S— as a Ku Klux, and forthwith a company of Yankee calvary came to arrest and carry him to Union, the county seat.”

“But, do you think this old man could be persuaded to leave his home for even one night! Not much! Instead, he took down that old 'Double Reliance' as he called it,

and cleaned her up and put a good heavy load of buck shot in each barrel and hung her inside just over the front door.

"And sure enough, just about noon one day there rode up to the front gate a company of Blue Coats, and seeing Mr. S— sitting on the piazza quietly smoking his old cob pipe, ordered him to surrender and prepare to go with them to Union. Mr. S— knocked the ashes out of his pipe, and stepping to the front hall door, reached inside and got his gun, this same old 'Double Reliance'. And without any emotion or excitement whatsoever, called out, 'Hold gentlemen, I have something to say that will do me good to say and you good to hear. Now listen!'

"The old man now stood with his left foot on the top step and his right on the edge of the piazza floor, and in his right hand with the butt resting on his thigh, he held old 'Double Reliance' with both hammers set at full cock. And in this posture he proceeded. 'Gentlemen, I suppose you have a warrant for me in your pocket. I have one for you in my hand. You attempt to serve yours and I'll serve mine. You're hounded my four boys until they have had to leave home. I'm glad they are not here to-day. Now you have come for me. I have a feeble wife and a cripple daughter here in the house, the country is full of thieving, murderous free negroes. And I have never molested anyone. You may just carry your warrant back to head-quarters.' "

"The captain then gave orders for his troops to dismount and prepare for action. Mr. S— waited until all the men had dismounted and then he spoke in a still sterner voice than he did before. 'Hold I say, gentlemen! The first and second man that passes one step inside that gate dies in his tracks, step inside the gate now if you dare! I know you can kill me, but that'll be the only way you can get me to Union. Now I'll wait—make up your minds; mine is already made up. You'll find me here to-morrow, the next day and any day you choose

to come, but I'll have the same message for you then as I have now.' ”

“It is said the men hesitated here for a moment thinking. They could hear the cow-bells tinkling in the meadows, the frogs croaking down in the swamps, and the mocking birds singing in the trees. And the clock in the hall struck twelve. ‘Gentlemen’ said Mr. S—, ‘t’s dinner time. If you’ll come in as friends, I’ll give you dinner, but come in in any other manner and I’ll kill you.’

“It is said the Captain straightway gave his men orders to re-mount. Then pulling their horses abreast the gate, they all gave a respectful salute (Mr. S— returning it,) and rode off never to come back. As the Captain rode off he was heard to say, ‘Leave all hope behind, ye who enter there as enemies.’ ”



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EDITOR-IN-CHIEF: W. J. HUNTER, '15

At the time when the last issue of *A Parting Word*. their magazines is going to the press, it is customary for college editors to make their bows in the field of college journalism and turn over the magazines to the rising staffs. So, to be in keeping with the customs, we make our bow, leaving the *Chronicle*, editorial desk and chair and all other things connected with it to those who are to come after us. That much-famed editorial chair we have never known; it has been whatever you will—a plain ordinary chair, a bed, or anything else that chanced to get in our way. And the editorial desk has moved about from place to place, finding itself at times on the table, the window sill, on our

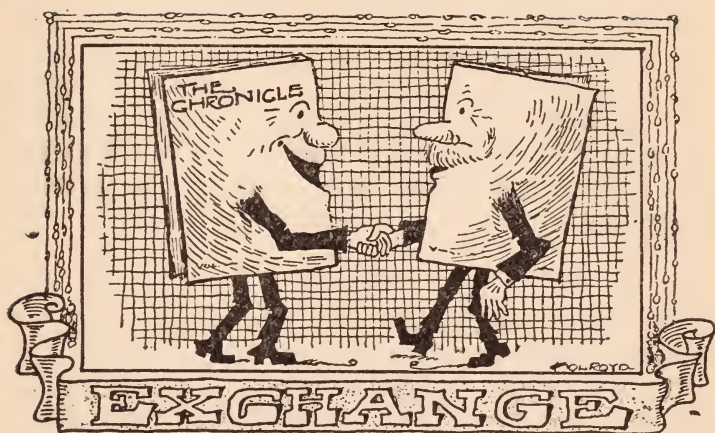
knees, in fact in *most any old place*. It is true, we have often worked over hours and taken time from our studies in order to get the *Chronicle* out on time. However; it is with a degree of reluctance that we lay down our work. We have, indeed, found a pleasure in it. And, too, we have learned a little something of magazine work; and if we had our road to travel over again, perhaps we would profit by the mistakes we have made. And you, the rising editors and managers, will find it very much the same. But of your success we feel confident. It is our earnest hope that the student body will stand back of you in your efforts by way of the pen and the dollar.

How often, before something rather
With the Seniors remarkable happens in our lives, do we turn over the anticipated happening in our minds, looking at it from various angles; how we revel in the joy of what is to be! And true it is, too, that we drink deeper of the expected pleasures than we do of the real event.

We, the seniors, look forward to graduation with an unlimited amount of pleasure. And there is much to be pleasant and grateful over on commencement day. Some think of commencement as a time when we receive that which will mark us well in the world; a time when the future stands with open arms of welcome, bidding us seek and find. Happy we are that such a time should come within our lives. But, no! It is not all sweet, nor is it all pleasant. How many pleasant memories, how many dear associations we leave behind; yea, in many cases, leave behind for all time never to be revived by anything more than memories. We would not grow sad, but this thought weighs not lightly on our minds. We stand not in awe of the future; we feel that we at last shall claim our own. However, at the parting of the

ways, we feel a pang of real sorrow when we bid adieu to those we have known so long. And thus we hail with triple cheers the idea of a class reunion for the largest class of the largest male college in our dear old Palmetto State.





EDITORS :

D. E. SWINEHART, '15

S. C. STRIBLING, '16

As we draw near to the end of our duty as Exchange editors we feel that perhaps some of our readers would like to know the opinions some of our contemporaries have of us, and so we take the liberty this month of printing a few of the expressions of the opinion of the Exchange editors of the publications on our Exchange list.

In the December issue of the "Chimes" of Shorter College we find the following: "No reader could even glance curiously through the September issue of the *Chronicle* and fail to detect the distinctly masculine air permeating it. We feel it in the poetry. Again in such a well drawn character as the "Half Breed" we see the strong vindictive decided forces of character that would appeal to the masculine mind. And is there a college boy alive who would not revel in the arts and wiles of

"The Artful Moonshiners" and envy the two resourceful ones who matched wits and courage with them to capture the two clever criminals? In fact all of the fiction is rather well done. The instructive article on "Electrical Illuminants" reveals careful study of the subject and states some facts well worth knowing. The pen sketches used as headings always lend interest. The jokes are among the 'richest' we have lately enjoyed."

In the December issue of the "Winthrop Journal", the exchange editor has the following to say of us:

"The *Chronicle* comes to us as an old friend, and with the pleasure of meeting old friends, we have read it from cover to cover. The tone of the magazine is rather serious as a whole but makes pleasant reading. The poem, 'Lines on the Present Crisis,' is good and its teaching sound. It is good to see that students of such a college as Clemson are giving thought to the problem that confronts the country. The next article, a story called, 'The Mountain Bandits,' would be more in its place in a Wild West magazine than in a college magazine. The article, 'Just Facts,' is entirely taken up with an exposition of the faults and foibles of human kind. It is full of pessimism. 'Time and Tide,' an essay, and, 'At Sunset,' a poem, are perhaps the best articles in the magazine. 'At Sunset' is one of the best poems we have ever read in a college magazine."

The February issue of the "Lenorian" has this to say of us:

"The *Chronicle* is a neatly arranged and attractive magazine. It could have more poetry, but the stories and essays are unusually good. 'The Negro Question,' in the January number is one that everyone should study and especially a college student, for in a few years we

may be called upon to face a great crisis on the race question, so we cannot give it too close a study."

We seem to have made friends with the staff of the "Lenorian," for in the December issue of the same magazine we find: "The *Chronicle* arrives this time with a general appearance that is very agreeable. We notice only two short poems by the same author. This author is to be congratulated, but it seems that the school might boast of more than one writer of verse. There are a number of short stories, but it seems that there are too many with the general character of 'The Mountain Bandits,' 'The Plot,' and 'The Alkahest.' They arouse and hold interest, but are filled with excitement. 'Time and Tide,' contains some good thought, but is a little faulty in composition. We hope to see more poetry in the next issue."

We find this in the November issue of the "Chicora Almacén": "As we lay aside the Clemson College *Chronicle* it is with deep sense of abiding pleasure. We feel almost like reading it again, although the balance maintained between fiction, essays and poetry is poor. One of the most attractive features of the issue is, 'His Chance', a thrilling story of a college boy's ambition to make the varsity foot ball team. We feel like cheering for Sandy ourselves, and how well we can appreciate his old father's feeling at the close of the game. The editorial department of this magazine is the best that we have seen this month."

The comment below is taken from the Christmas issue of "The Yellow Jacket": "We are indeed pleased to note such a decided improvement in *The Chronicle*, pub-

lished by the literary societies of Clemson College. Last year this publication seemed to have a great struggle getting material, and while what was published was good, there was not much of it. The second issue of this scholastic year seems to have overcome this difficulty, however, and if the editorial staff can maintain their present standard they may feel assured of a successful year. The second issue contains some six stories, two pieces of verse, and two poems. The best written story is 'The Plot'. The story has a well constructed plot and is interesting. 'Just Facts' and 'Time and Tide' are sketches, both of which deal with the faults of man on his journey through life. Both are well written and show good insight into human nature. 'The Mountain Bandits' is an adventure story, with its setting in Arizona. It has a typical Wild West plot; first, the hold-up, then the pursuit, and finally the capture. The writer also brings in the old familiar theme of the detective being the brother of the bandit, with the usual freeing of the bandit on account of the family tie. The writer shows ability to tell a story, but we would suggest that he use an original plot next time. 'An Unexpected Courtship' is, as the title indicates, a love story."

We could go on and give yet many comments from among our exchanges, but we feel that the above ones should convey an average opinion of what our contemporaries think of us. Permit us to say to those who have thrown bouquets to us that we are truly thankful to them, as their kind words have always been an encouragement and inspiration to us in our work, yet, if it be possible, we are more truly thankful to those who have seen our faults, and who have frankly and openly pointed them out to us, for after all, it has been these comments which have inspired us to do better work and

thus try to overcome our faults. So to all are we thankful.

Believing in the principle that it is better to look on the bright side rather than on the dark side of things, during the past year we have tried to comment on the good rather than the bad points of our exchanges, but at the same time, if we saw an outstanding fault we promptly and frankly criticised that fault. We realize the fact that by doing thus we have made some enemies, and perhaps have wounded some of our friends, but we feel that we have conscientiously performed our duty, and we believe that if those whom we have offended will look the matter squarely in the face, they will see that after all we are their friends.

And now, hoping that the next year's staff will receive the same just and impartial comments that we have received, we bring our work to a close.

S. C. S., '16.



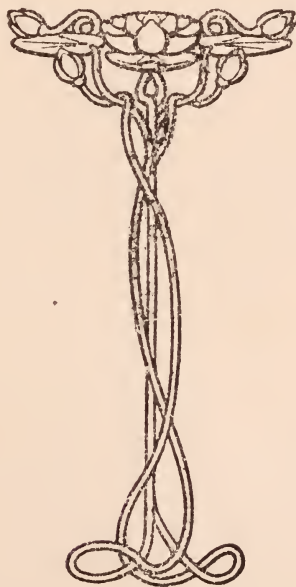
EDITOR: P. L. MCCOLL, '15

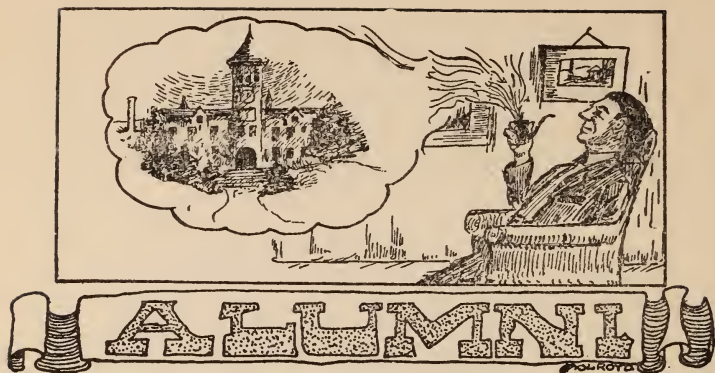
The Y. M. C. A. was very fortunate indeed in having Mr. W. W. Long, State Superintendent of the Extension Work in South Carolina, to address it on the subject, "An Unbiased Study of the Race Problem." Mr. Long is a man that knows the conditions as they exist in South Carolina to-day. He knows where the trouble is and he has a remedy for it. He believes that, until the negro is given a fair, practical education, the race will not rise to a higher level, but instead will fall to a lower level and will tend to draw the white race down with them. A very large crowd heard Mr. Long, and it is hoped that a good number will join one of the two classes which are studying "Negro Life in the South", written by Dr. W. D. Weatherford. One of these classes is taught by Dr. Riggs and the other by Dr. Bracket.

What about a Blue Ridge Cottage?

Well, we are going to have a part in one. A campaign is now on to raise the amount necessary to join our sister college, Winthrop, in building a cottage on the Blue Ridge grounds. This cottage will add much to the efficiency of the delegation attending the Summer Conference. We hope to have a large delegation at the conference this year.

Our new Y. M. C. A. building is going up very fast, and unless some unforeseen trouble comes we hope to have it completed by the time the next session opens. We are expecting to have a better association next year than we have ever had before. We have accomplished a great deal this session but with new equipment and more room we hope to improve our work next session.





EDITOR: M. R. SMITH, '15

As this last issue goes to press, we, the class of '15, turn over our magazine to new hands. To say we expect great things of our successors is not necessary. We know there are good men to follow the paths which we once trod. With this last farewell there is a feeling of regret that will still linger regardless of the pleasure that we look forward to. It will soon be with us, "Our Yesterdays," for us to think upon when our thoughts turn back to our dear old Alma Mater. There is a greater day for Clemson in the future, one that we will proudly look forward to with pride. Among the good things for our successor's to enjoy is the new Y. M. C. A. which will be completed by Jan. 1, 1916. A new athletic field is near by, and the site of a new hospital has been chosen.

We are proud of the fact that Clemson is our Alma Mater, and we should endeavor to make the college proud of us. The class of '16 must not and will not fail to make their new work the best that ever has been turned out. If they will do this then we shall be glad that our work has been turned over to worthy hands. However great they become the class of '15 will look with pride

and not envy upon them; this the true Clemson spirit. The same spirit that has urged men in Europe to break ties with loved ones and sacrifice their all, is the kind of spirit that burns in every Alumnus student and, friend of Clemson. Once more, Clemson and class of '16, we bid you a fond adieu, but not good-by, for if it is a long ways from Clemson, our hearts are right there.



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Income	For Year	For Year
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Total	\$90,438.21	\$754,540.83
Interest from investments and other sources	18,954.20	130,771.72

Total Income \$109,392.41 **\$885,312.55**

Income Multiplied More Than Eight Times in Nine Years

.. 1904 1913

Admitted Assets Dec. 31. \$333,977.61 \$2,204,634.91

Assets Multiplied More Than Six Times in Nine Years

1904 1913

Insurance in force \$2,937,353.00 \$24,146,909.00

Insurance in Force Multiplied More than Eight Times in Nine Years

Dividends paid to Policyholders during 1913 and
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Interest earned during 1913 on mean amount in-
vested in Mortgage Loans Considering saving in
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